BHARATI PATALKAL



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"தராதலத்துப் பாஷைகளில், அண்ணல் தந்த
தமிழ்ப் பாட்டை மொழி பெயர்த்தால் தெரியும் சேதி!"

— பாரதிதாசன்

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FOREWORD

Bharati is probably one of the best poets of modern period in our country and definitely the greatest of Tamil poets of our time and the Tamils can legitimately be proud of this great bard who has given not only a new direction and dimension but a new shape and a new thrust to Tamil poetry as well. It is in his magic hand Tamil Poetry regained its vigour and vitality, clarity and naturalness. It is true that Tamil Poetry has an uninterrupted tradition of more than twenty centuries and yet we find that there was a lull after great Kamban of 12th century. We find a long period of poetic sterility and it is Bharati who has appeared in the poetic scenario in the *year 1882 and has changed the whole poetic world into a lively one.* With the birth of Bharati a new literary epoch was born, a new trend has begun and a new style was found and above all a new generation of Tamil poets has come into existence. Even after several years of his death, Bharati is still considered to be living with us, speaking and singing to us. Every day we hear him and we listen to him and we follow him, we appreciate him and above all we adore him. He has become immortal and he is affectionately called *Amarakavi*, an immortal poet.

Bharati was a great patriot. He loved his language, literature, culture and tradition. His love and affection for his country is well known. His concern for the poor and the downtrodden was very great. His interest in the welfare of common man was unsurpassed. His appreciation and adoration for the ancients is unmatchable. His faith and confidence in the future generation is unquestioned. Women's emancipation was very near to his heart. Children's welfare, their good upbringing, their development etc., were always in his mind. Human values and their role in the mental make up of young children and the old alike were in this thought. Above all freedom, freedom to India was supreme in his mind.

Freedom is the birth right of humanity. No one is born as slave. Freedom is divine and slavery is man made. Freedom is sublime and slavery is inhuman. Freedom is everything. It is in our blood and in our heart and in the human instinct.

The very thought of freedom to India makes him happy, hilarious and forgetful. It makes him sing and dance. Freedom to India and it alone would guarantee to everything good. Bharati forgets everything and in his hilarious mood he sings:

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom to Tiyars
To the Parayas, to the Pulayas
To the Kuravas and to the Maravas
... ...
... ...
No poverty no slavery
No caste no creed
No difference no distinction
Equality! Equality! Equality!

Men and women
No difference, no distinction
No insult No bossing over
Let us burn the evil of the ignorance

Bharati was a poet of patriotism and freedom and it is doubtless to say that he sang his songs for the common man and he always wanted to be direct and simple in his poetry. The supreme aim of this great poet was to penetrate into the hearts of simple folks and to instill passionate love for freedom in their hearts and prepare them to make any kind of sacrifice to achieve the supreme goal viz., Free India and he is rightly called *Makkal Kavignar* (Poet of the masses).

It is well known that Tamil language is not only one of the very few languages of the world of great antiquity but also its uninterrupted literary history for more than 20 centuries is almost unparalleled in the literary tradition of the world. The immortal Sangam Poetry, *Ettuttokai* (eight anthology) and *Pattuppattu* (ten idylls) is a master piece of literature. They are secular in nature and they reflect the exalted life of Tamils.

Following Sangam classics there arose twin epics, *Cilappatikaram* and *Manimekalai*, which are in turn followed by what is known as Bhakthi literature. The great trio, Navukkarasar (the king of words and songs), the great Sampantar (who is known for his melodious hymns), jubilant Sundarar and Manickavasagar of great *Thiruvacagam* are all glories of Tamil poetry, giving new path and new strength to it. By nothing is Tamilnadu so glorious as by her poetry.

The appearance of great Kamban in the literary scenario of Tamilnadu has been a great boon to the literary world. It is the incomparable charm of Kamban's power of poetic style not to speak of his poetic truth and beauty which gives immortality and permanence to the great epic *Kamba-*

ramayanam which is considered to be one of the greatest epics in the world.

Knowing fully well the literary history of world languages Bharati is rightly proud of the unbroken tradition of Tamil and the splendid luminaries of the Tamil poetical heaven. The great antiquity of the poetic tradition, the richness and the brilliance of it, the excellence of Sangam poetry the literary grandeur of *Cilappatikaram*, the magnificent treatment of religious tenets in *Manimekalai*, the spontaneous outpourings of Bhakthi movement through great saints of Saivaism and Vaishnavism the great master piece endowed by the great master mind Kamban etc., throng into his mind and heart.

Bharati is not a man who is satisfied with past achievements alone. He is a product of a new order and a new generation and a man of new mental make up. He is a man of vigour and vitality, imagination and innovation. It is true that we have great antiquity and inner strength; we have survived many upheavals and onslaughts and still we grow strong. There were hundreds of languages which were once very dynamic, lovely and strong. But alas! they are all gone.

But Tamil is still alive, alive among people. It is a living language, young energetic and ever growing in its own way. For a poet like Bharati this is not enough. He knew that a new explosion of knowledge was around the corner. Many new frontiers were there. New vistas were there. Tamils and their language should be prepared to meet the new challenges in the fast growing world, he thought.

It is true that Bharati was a Tamil and sang his songs in Tamil. But his vision and spirit have not confined to Tamil and Tamilnadu alone and they have transcended linguistic and geographical boundaries.

Freedom and patriotism pristine purity of children and the passionate patriotic fervour of the grown ups, the great cultural heritage of the country, the courage and chastity of Indian women, the National and cultural integration, the regional and the local diversities of India, the great Ganga and Cauveri, the lovely Kashmir and Kanyakumari, the young damsels of Kerala and the great intellectuals of Kasi etc., were in the minds of this great master mind.

Bharati is one of the penetrating poets of this century and he reaches and touches the inner hearts of his readers and creates poetic ecstacy in their minds. His poetic excellence is so effective and so eloquent that the readers fall under the spell of this great bard.

Bharati is not only known for his choicest diction but also for effectively making use of this in quick succession. The choicest dictions of Bharati in the choicest combinations make it possible to create intended imagery of high order.

The musical diction and moving words that he makes use of the liquid and limpid phrases that are at his beck and call the effective and eloquent sentences that are formed and above all the spontaneous outflow of poetic truth and beauty that we find in him are really marvellous and they make this great master mind "poet among poets" and "bard among bards".

In translating Bharati's poems into English, the Tamil University has fulfilled one of the dreams of Bharati -- the exchange of his own ideals with the rest of the world.

The Tamil University has recently launched an ambitious project, **Translation Of Tamil Classics Into English** and I am very happy to say that within a short span of time several works have been taken up.

Classics like,

1. Cilappatikaram
2. Manimekalai
3. Bharatiyar Songs
4. Tirukkovaiyar

have been completed and the following are in progress :

5. Akananuru
6. Purananuru
7. Periyapuranam
8. Kalittokai

I am sure that these translations will be of great use to understand the poetic tradition of Indian Literature in general and Tamil Literature in particular.

12-10-'89,
Thanjavur.

Dr. S. Agesthialingom,
Vice-Chancellor.

Mahakavi Bharati had written himself into the history of India. The Poet's prophetic consciousness manifested itself as "Psalms of Patriotism," hailed ever since as "Desopanishad."

Sarojini Naidu declared: "Bharati kindled the souls of men by the million to a more passionate love of freedom and a richer dedication to the service of the country." Fully alive to the multifoliate splendour of Bharati, Jawaharlal Nehru affirmed: "Bharati is not only the poet of Tamil Nadu, he belongs also to the whole India. His verses should be published in all the Indian languages." A similar appeal couched in impassioned words was made by Bharatidasan, decades ago. "Bharati's vastitudes can be known only when the poems of the great one, in Tamil, are translated into the languages of the world." This volume, we daresay, marks the partial fulfilment of Paventar's noble dream.

Byron and Shelley -- the true soldiers of Goddess Liberty -- were in some measure the inspirers of the Mahakavi, who in all humility, called himself Shelleydasan. Prof. K.Swaminathan's dictum in this connection is significant. "In the course of his evolution from Shelleydasan as he used to describe himself earlier, to *Saktidasan* (devotee of Sakti, Goddess of Energy), Bharati reflected the great change which transformed India, a British dependency into a self-reliant power."

Bharati authored the New Poetry in Tamil, which in the words of Prof. K.R.Srinivasa Iyengar, was "at once radiantly autochthonous and bracingly modern." From a mere versifier, he grew, in no time, to be an authentic poet of mysticism by his willing submissions to the compelling rhythm of a larger life. He was able to push back the barricades of the self, one by one, *till at last, his life became one of intuitive love.* "Love" said the poet, "is my religion," and no one practised it as the poet did. His incande-

scent and piercing intellect burnt all dichotomies away. Everything that he beheld was nothing but "the ardent self-expression of that Immanent Being," a lila, a musical manifestation of creative joy. *Kaakkai* and *Kuruvi*, "the scuttering insects, the little soft populations of the grass," *Katal* and *Malai* and all things animate as well as inanimate, were his comrades and his intense love asserted itself in the most suasive way in every one of his poems. To read his poem is to feel the beating of a benign heart, the upleap of a beatific joy -- greater, vaster and richer than anything that one has known. By cultivating Bharati, the aspirant will, sooner or later, discover his fraternal link with all things; he will by and by perceive in the Many the clear and palpable presence of the One: "the changeless and absolute Life, manifesting itself in all the myriad nascent, crescent, cadent lives."

Any translation is but an experiment. A work worth translating has about it a charm that defies transplantation. The lustre of the original grows pallescent in the hands of even the ablest of translators. What is achievable and is usually achieved by a trained hand, is only readability coupled with dependability. If this is made possible, the translator has not flexed his transcreative muscle in vain.

This work which contains the complete English version of the Mahakavi's poems as well as prose poems, is the fruit of the collective endeavour of a number of savants. For the first time, the reader has before him the Englished version of all the poems of Bharati -- the Bard of Bharat. The Tamil University merits no mean accolade for this achievement. It has already brought out an edition of the poems of Bharati in Tamil, chronologically arranged. This work in English punctiliously follows the Tamil edition. A few poems, however, are omitted as they are not from the quill of Bharati's.

The craftsmanship of Bharati, as revealed by his juvenilia, is pretty conventional and is rather dull. However, as years roll by, his irresistible genius starts asserting itself with a wondrous splendour that is truly multi-dimensional. The myriad-minded bard's apperception is achieved with a thousand tentacles of awareness and his utterances -- afire with burning desire --, shoot out like piercing pins of light. His words and vocables energised by a novel poetic fervour, march out, suaviter in modo, fortiter in re, and make a universal conquest.

Almost all the translators of Bharati are represented in this work. Each one in his own way has endeavoured to bring alive in his translation the spirit of the original. Our selection is informed by the sincerity of purpose which has guided each one of them in his labour of love.

Bharati has translated the poems of Sri Aurobindo, John Scurr and Rabindranath Tagore. He has also translated a couple of lines from H.W.Long-

fellow. His Tamil versions of these poets form part of his poetical works. We have therefore included in this volume the originals. As the poem of Tagore is not traceable, I have done the translation in this connection.

Prof. A.E.Asher has gone through the work with sympathy and understanding. Thanks to his suggestions and corrections, the work is no longer marred by major flaws.

We have provided useful and brief notes wherever necessary. An index to the first lines of the Tamil poems is appended to this volume. It is not alphabetically arranged. However it is in accordance with the order of the poems (Tamil as well English) as published by the University. This will facilitate easy reference.

We render our heart-felt thanks to Dr. S.Agesthialingom, the revered Vice-Chancellor of the Tamil University, for conceiving, processing and implementing the grand scheme of "TRANSLATION: TAMIL WORKS."

We render our special thanks to Thiru Seeni Viswanathan for having helped us in the preparation of the Reading List appended to this volume.

This volume -- so are we prone to think --, typifies the tribute of the devotees of Tamil to Mother Tamil and Her son -- Bharati, the Mahakavi.

Thanjavur,
20-7-1989.

Sekkizhar Adi-p-Podi
T.N.Ramachandran.

LIST OF TRANSLATORS

P.N.A.	- Thiru P.N.Appuswami
R.E.A.	- Prof. R.E.Asher
C.S.B.	- Mahakavi C.Subramania Bharati
D.B.	- Thiru David Buck
K.C.	- Prof. K.Chellappan
J.H.C.	- James H.Cousins
H.J.	- Prof. Hephzibah Jesudasan
Mrs.K.	- Prof. (Mrs.) Koppedrayer
P.M.	- Prof. P.Mahadevan
P.N.	- Dr. Prema Nandakumar
C.R.	- Thiru C.Rajagopalachariar
T.N.R.	- Thiru T.N.Ramachandran
S.R.K.	- Prof. S.Ramakrishnan
A.K.R.	- Prof. A.K.Ramanujan
S.R.	- Prof. S.Raman
S.A.S.	- Thiru S.A.Sankaranarayanan
K.G.S.	- Prof. K.G.Seshadri
A.S.R.	- Prof. A.Srinivasa Raghavan
P.S.S.	- Prof. P.S.Sundaram
K.S.	- Prof. K.Swaminathan

1. An Epistle to the Rajah of Ettaiyapuram

An epistle to the lion-hero
Munificent Venkatesa Retta
Of great Ilacai city in the south.

He in whose bosom abides Sri, Brahma,
Heavenly lords and all mankind, cannot
His glory know; He is Lord Etteesa!
His cool lotus feet twain are soul-enshrined
By you; like Kama's fair umbrella white,
Is your flowery parasol pearly,
That soars high and scales the heavenly spheres.
Your ornate disc of royalty holds sway
Over the seven lands, isles of seven seas,
Gandharva land and the nether worlds too.
The bards -- lords of words --, deem you a Pandya;
Affrighted foes deem you the Lord of Death;
Seekers of alms deem you to be Karna;
Patrons hold you more righteous than Dharma;
You yourself your great fame on earth established;
In Ilacai of great groves and gardens,
Where peacocks dance by nimbi delighted,
In a beauteous and lofty mansion,
Hailed by the wealthy, blessed by the holy,
As cynosure of neighbouring princes,
Like the heavenly lord, you sit enthroned
And rule the world; you are the prince handsome,
The rock-shouldered, the Monarch of monarchs!
May you Venkatesu read this in joy,
This epistle writ by my humble self.

In this sea-girt world thrive many tongues;
Of them the one of excelling glory,
To which the Lord whose crown sports the crescent,
Himself added a rare work, most divine,
Is Tamil great, much sweeter than nectar.
This tongue, alas, is least cared for this day;
Its learners are not benefited now
And it languishes; petty tongues flourish.
In tune with the time-spirit, many types
Of the base and mean now reign in this world.
So, seeking your grace as palladium
My father came here for his welfare sure.
He bids me learn this alien language.
What am I to do? If Tamil be learnt
Then none will support me; so, oh Karna!
I have now resolved to learn that language;
Yet, how can the poor ones take to learning?
Without money, learning is not possible;
Without learning, money cannot be obtained.
It is but just and proper to learn first.
I have no money for that; so have I
Come to you in this, my very sad plight,
Confident of your rich munificence.
To save the subjects, is the king's duty;
So to poor me, this day grant much money
And all that is needed, in loving grace.
My tongue, accustomed to hail you alone,
Will feel sore sad to beg of other kings.
Will they wallow in a sea of sorrows
Who come to you—the Mother and Refuge!
Ignore not this, as that of a mere boy;
Oh king, foster me by your grace; make me
Known as one who grew lofty by your grace.
May this be the talk of other people.
Grant me this glory! May you flourish sweet!

24-1-1897.

I remain,
Your servant
Ilacai Subramanian
Ettaiyapuram.

- T.N.R.

Note: Our poet, according to Navalar Somasundara Bharati, was conferred the title, 'Bharati' when he was eleven years old. From this we can infer that he lisped in numbers even as a child. It is unfortunate that none of his poems composed during this period is extant. The

bard's earliest available poem bears the date 24-1-1897 when he was hardly fifteen years old. The original manuscript of this poem was kept treasured by our poet's half-brother, Thiru C.Visvanatha Iyer.

2. On Gandhimatinathan

1898

1. Through his arrogance, jeering at me
   As being young in years
   Like a dark heartless storm-cloud
   Was Gandhimatinathan; observe
   Him, the small fellow.

2. Through his affection blessing me
   As being young in years,
   Like a generous-hearted rain-cloud
   Was Gandhimatinathan, here saluted
   By Bharati, the small fellow.

- R.E.A.

Note by R.E.Asher: *It will be apparent that the second of these verses is a variant* of the first. The difference between the two as composed in Tamil by Bharati is, inevitably much more subtle. One aspect of this subtlety that has completely defied translation is the last line, which in each case is *Parati cinna-p-payal.* Only in the second version does this have simply the obvious meaning Bharati, the small fellow. In the first version there is a somewhat daring pun, the syllable "par" being given the meaning "see", "observe". Thus, the identity of "the small fellow" is different in the two verses.

3. Ilacai Eleven

1898

Invocation

The two feet of the elephant-faced Lord,
The Son of the Eternal One blemishless
Of South Ilacai, will grant beatitude,
Bless my Tamil and make it unsullied.

1. When at the flower-feet of Him whose hand
Sports the deer and enshrined in South Ilacai
Bounded by honied groves, fall skyey lords,
Brahma and Vishnu in humble worship,
Gems from their crowns fall and scatter on earth.

2. It is like the world's tilak, this Ilacai
Where our Etteesan the Lord is enshrined;
His two feet are the wealth that could not be eyed
By him--the wielder of the Disc --, who once fretted
And quested after them as a boar divine.

3. In South Ilacai where thrives twofold wealth
Are enshrined the Lord's beauteous feet twain;
These indeed are nourished in the bosoms
Of Indra the lord of fell thunderbolt,
Vishnu the dark One and eight-eyed Brahma.

4. Ilacai's Lord, the queller of darkness
Deigns to receive when the rich give away;
His feet--the lariat--, drew in the life of Death
Who durst claim the life of the Brahmin-boy
Dear to the Lord and blessed with clarity.

5. O heart, know this for sure; the shapely feet
Of Siva enshrined in cool Ilacai
Where shell-fish crawl in fields,
Are the benign light
That ever glows atop the lofty Vedas.

6. The nectarine flower-feet of the Lord,
The blue-throated One of crimson locks,
The God of Ilacai, save the devotees
From the fettering Hell, and grant them
Whatever their longing minds are after.

7. The flower-feet of the Lord of Ilacai
Where abide the clear-minded intellects
Are adorned by the fragrant eye-flower
Of the Consort of Lakshmi, and flowers
Of divine lotuses incarnadine.

8. The flower-feet of King Etteesan
Of Ilacai where the pearls of lotuses
Lie scattered all over, are they that crushed
And sorely pained the great Asura fearsome
Who durst lift aloft Mount Kailas itself.

9. The King's feet of comely Ilacai ornate
Girdled by the cool hills, hard as the breasts
Of women whose eyes are with poison filled,
Are they that danced peerless on Muyalaka
Who was by the Munis set against Him.

10. The famous feet, honied and lotus-like,
Of Ilacai's Lord Etteesan who is
The Ens Entium will sure divest me
Of all my past Karma, steep me in bliss,
Siva's own--, and confer on me grace too.

11. Siva's majestic feet, hailed by our king
Karna-like, kindly Venkatesu Retta --,
Will foster him, this, my work, and also
Goodly Ilacai in the South for ever.

- T.N.R.

Note: The title of this poem is Ilacai Oru Pa Oru Paktu. As indicated by the title, this poem comprises eleven stanzas in Venpa metre, on the presiding deity of Ilacai which is Ettaiyapuram.

4. A Sonnet on Solitude

July, 1904.

O lady kuyil-like, getting oned with you
And joying, I have spent many a day;
When I think of this and things countless too,
Driving me as by fate to tread the way
In hills and jungles and billowed waters,
My sinner-heart is seized by sudden terror;
I feel bewildered like a bark that falters
Miles and miles off the lighthouse in error.
O lame, limping days! with her inseparate
Even as body and life, when I dwelt,
Like wind you sped away; now when my fate,
Keeps her off, your heavy weight is by me felt.
O Siva, what am I to say of this?
Who can ever to her convey my lost bliss?

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original is the earliest of the printed poems of our poet which appeared in a monthly called *Viveka Bhanu*, the editor of which was the reputed poet Mu.Raa.Kandaswami Kavirayar. The English version is a sonnet, following the Tamil original.

5. In Praise of Varuna Chintamani

1904-1905.

1. "As loving kindness marks them
Even as exemplary virtue,
As they know of God's nature
They came to be called the Brahmins".
Although many works aver thus,
We feel proud by mere birth, alas
And condemn others as Sudras
What though their true way of life be.

2. Life linked to ploughing is indeed
The first and the best in the world,
Chanting Vedas is even better.
To call them that are qualified
For these two, the least of the clans,
Is idiocy; the truth is,
It is only these who feed others;
We'll hail them as landed Vysias.

3. He is Kanakasabhai Pillai
Who flourishes great in Madras;
With '*Varuna Chintamani*',
His dagger of truth, putting foes
To shame, he has cut to pieces
The old lie which for many years
Held Velalas to be Sudras;
To him is this world indebted.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared as a laudatory poem sung by Bharati in honour of the work, *Varuna Chintamani*, Written by Kanakasabhai Pillai.

6. On Dadhabhai Naoroji

September, 1905.

1. Bharat great of yore gave birth to such sons
As godly Rama and Gautama who
The stewardship of many a nation
Secured for Her; this day, alas this day,
She has into decadence, fallen
And is held in derision by others;
To rid Her sorrow a few endeavour
And we, the feet of these, gratefully hail.

2. He is the born-leader of those wise ones,
The beloved son of Bharat; he has vowed
To wipe out somehow the tears of Mother
Or in that endeavour give up his life.
From his youth and even now when he is
An octogenarian, to this cause
He has nobly dedicated his wealth
Body and dear life, and strives tirelessly.

3. An intellect, to match his vast learning,
A compassion, to match his intellect
And a capacity--to persevere
In many ways--, to match his compassion
Are his, the hero's matchless endowments.
He will not war with bows, futile weapons;
Words he wields, and this selfless *sanyasi*
For ever works for the good of others.

4. When Mother cries in anguish, evil ones
Are totally blind to it and live in ease.
If these come to him, even to them he is
Soft, and preaches good, this man of culture.
He can even cross swords with Brahma
To explicate the ways of lasting truth.
A patron true he is, our Dadhabhai;
May this old venerable seer's life, span
Many more years gracefully to guard us!
May the doers of evil vile, reform!
May the women great of Mother Bharat
Give birth to sons like Dadhabhai Naoroji!
May those sons teem and flourish for ever
Like innumerable stars that stud the sky!
May men like unto him flourish everywhere!

- T.N.R.

Note: Bharati wrote an article on Dadhabhai Naoroji and it appeared in *Chakravartini*. His article concluded with the poem here translated.

7. In Praise of Bengal

15-9-1905.

1. Even when limbs grow weak, for its food
The lion accepts not the flesh
Offered by a fox; she honours
Such lion-like greatness and strives
To uplift the Motherland great
From her fallen state to her former
Majesty; she comes as a ship
Of weal; may she -- Bengal, flourish!

2. In Bharat-land that grants at once,
The thing wished for, like *Karpaka*,
In fame were we born; never would we
Accept gifts from Strangers or aliens;
You our god, have come to urge sure
We should not thrive like petty men
Looking up to others at all!
May you for ever flourish well!

3. Beauteous Bharat great!
Wipe out your tears and smile!
Weed out all your inner worries!
Your sons have grown lofty indeed.
That which gives weal to woman's heart
Is indeed her sons' glory great!
May Bengal that blesses you with
Life glorious, flourish for ever!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Swadesamitran.* The poem was earlier sung by Bharati in a meeting of Swadesi-students, arranged in the Madras beach.

8. Song of the Nation

November, 1905.

1. Rich with lovely streams and luscious fruitage,
Cool with the soft, peerless winds of the south,
And green with the crops of fields, are you, Mother.

2. Your nights are argent with moon-rayed brightness;
Your are thick with trees in efflorescence;
Bright is your smile and your speech nectarine;
You are free with your many boons of bliss.

3. Your glory is sounded by thirty crores
Of throats, sixty crores of puissant shoulders
Are armed for you; who can ever call you weak?
Rare is your might; grace you grant us; praise be!
You rout and quell the armies of your foes.

4. You are knowledge; you are dharma indeed;
You are our heart; you are our very soul;
You are also the life in our body.

5. You are the strength of the shoulder, Mother!
You are the Heart -- the abode of Bhakti!
In every temple is only installed
Your glorious form, ornate and divine.

6. You are Uma with the ten dread weapons!
You are Lakshmi throned on lotus-petals!
You are Vani, the grantor of all lore!

7. You are of endless wealth, pure and peerless;
You are rich with sweet streams and luscious fruitage,
Blue-hued are you; candour is your nature;
Bright is your smile; your jewels -- a glory;
Pray protect us, peerless Mother! Praise be!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original itself is a translation of Bankim Chandra Chatterji's Bengali poem beginning with the words, "Vande Mataram". That was a poem on Bengal. Credit goes to Bharati for converting it into one on India as a whole. Bharati's version appeared in *Chakravartini*, *Swadesamitran* and *India*.

9. From: A Psalm of Life

December, 1905.

"The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime".

- H.W.L.

Note: The Tamil version of the above lines is found in an article by Bharati on Gopala Krishna Gokhale which appeared in *Chakravartini*.

10. Welcome to the Prince of Wales

(Sung as bidden by Mother Bharat)

29-1-1906.

Welcome, Prince! Long may you liye!
The precious son of a great king
Of an island far in the West,
You deserve to be welcomed.
Royal Highness, you and your wife
Have come across these thousands of leagues
Just to see me. Hail, all hail!
Listen to my words that come spontaneous
From a full and joyous heart.
Before your fathers started to rule
My loved children in this land
My heart was riddled with a hundred sores
Caused by the numberless torments inflicted
By unloving aliens for a thousand years.
No use now to grieve over the past.
When your people came after them
Some of those sores have been healed.
Wars were no more and my poor sons
Could live at last in peace, and secure.
Once again upon my land as of old
The grace of God, rains in abundance.
Many new industries arose

In the land to create wealth.
Besides, all the horrors ceased
Of cruel religious fanatics.
Female infants thrown into rivers,
Children crushed under chariot wheels,
Widows burnt with their husbands' corpses,
And other such evils disappeared.
A ray or two from that sun of knowledge
Which pierced the darkness in the West
Found their way here to light my sons.
But still a billion problems
Remain unsolved.
Poverty and a thousand other
New evils have come with you.
Still all these through God's grace
Will fade away, not strike root.
All diseases your men will cure.
That they came with medicines is no lie.
And so for ever let them flourish,
The people of England worthy of fame.
My dear children and those united
In a friendship devoid of pinpricks
Neither in any way hurting the other
Live well together! And your father the king
Of that fair race, may he be happy!
Live you, and she, Mary your love,
The gentle swan in your heart's sweet lake!
And my own dear children, long may they live!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Swadesamitran*. Bharati was happy to welcome the Prince of Wales as can be seen from his article serialised in November-December (1905) issues of *Chakravartini*. The Prince referred to here is George, afterwards King George V.

11. On Dr. U.V.Swaminatha Iyer

1. "The red sun is resplendent; fresh honey
Is passing sweet; the celestials are
With immortality endowed." Will any
Over these rejoice? If Swaminatha
The poet who is like sage Agastya
Comes by blemishless renown unending,
Is that a matter for celebration?
Why do you all revel in delight great?

2. We are this day by the aliens governed;
Even though they know not of Tamil's greatness
They in love, have on great Swaminatha
Of golden Kudanthai city,
The title "Mahamahopadhyaya"
Conferred; thus is he by them this day hailed.
Had he flourished during the olden times
Of Pandyas, could words spell out his fame?

3. "Silver and gold have I none; nor am I
In any way blessed to partake daily
Of the many million joys of this world".
Think not so and despair, oh King of bards
Of Kudanthai! The praise of Tamil bards
So long as that Potika-bred tongue lasts,
Shall be yours; their hearts will always bless you;
You will surely thrive deathless for ever.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Chakravartini*. The original manuscript of this poem was preserved by Dr. U.V.Swaminatha Iyer and is now in the custody of the library which bears the name of Iyer. The poem was sung in honour of Iyer who was the recipient of the title, Mahamahopadhyaya.

12. Vande Mataram, the Mantra

February, 1906.

When the soft liana called Love
That grows on Motherland Arya
Doth wilt, to infuse it with life,
Like rain comes Vande Mataram.
Lofty Bharat-Devi's sublime
Mantra is Vande Mataram.
When brave wisdom and rare glory
Of noble Aryas do languish
They being in base murk immersed,
That which rises with its young rays
Over the Bay of Bengal great
To chase away the darkness dense
Is Vande Mataram; it is
The Mantra of Arya-Devi.
May the noble goddess flourish!
May Vande Mataram flourish!

From the shores of Ganga that flows
From the cloud-capped Himalayas
To Kanya Kumari in the South
Where flows the Indian Ocean,
From Pune where heroes abound
To various other cities,
The wondrous mantra that in love
Is chanted, the mantra at which
Foes shudder, is Vande Mataram.
Even if sinners chant this mantra
They 'll attain to culture sublime;
It is heavenly nectar; it is
The lovely taste of honied fruits;
It is the mantra cherished by Ever-glorious Bharat-Devi.
Ah, it is Vande Mataram!.

- T.N.R.

Note: The original Tamil poem appeared in *Chakravartini* (Feb., 1906) and in *Swadesamitran* (24-2-1906).

13. India's Past

4-4-1906.

1. Seeking the lovely golden hand of her,
   The daughter of mighty shouldered Lord of Panchal,
   In the past, Vijaya of the famous bow
   Wrought wondrous exploits; you have these forgot.

2. You are oblivious alas, of all
   The exploits great in the field of battle
   He wrought, by reason of your cruel fate.
   What horror of horrors is this, oh God!

3. In the jewel of a land, rich and strong
   Where valour in war as displayed by Bhima
   And his younger brother Arjuna, flourished,
   Now teem the little detestable worms.

4. These thrive in a sensual sty; on alms
   They thrive; living thus totally debased
   They end up on the funeral pyre.
   What horror of horrors is this, oh God!

T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil poem appeared in *Swadesamitran*. Bharati has prefixed a note to this poem, which runs thus. "Some thoughts which upsurged in our heart on witnessing the shooting marvels of two Rajputs in the tradition of the archery practised by Arjuna and others, celebrated in the ancient Puranas."

14. The Past Glory and the Present Debasement of My Motherland

11-4-1906.

Whither are they gone -- smile and sweet music?
Troubles and tears own the country entire;
Men have women become; women animals;
All majesty is gone; this land lacks lustre.
It is no more the wondrous land of Aryas!

It is now the country base, of mean men!
Are they dead and gone -- valiant heroes?
Here are only the disappointed low!
Gone are Vedas, Upanishads, true scriptures!
They but blabber here idiotic tales!
Time was when women chanted old Vedic hymns;
Today they have become sweepers of streets.
In the sweet land where flowed milk and honey
Famine vile doth hold the sway.
In the land of seers whence wafted wisdom,
Lechers and thieves -- slaves to falsehood, -- abide.
In the land abounding in gold and gems
Very many starve and daily perish.

– T.N.R.

(To be continued)

Note: The Tamil poem appeared in *Swadesamitran*. The note after the poem says that further instalments will be forthcoming. For reasons beyond anybody's guess, the poem was not continued.

15. To Abhedananda

4-8-1906.

1. Blameless and perfect in his knowledge
 of Veda and the rich rare Upanishads,
transfigured by the splendorous Light
 which is the Bliss of Brahman,
and endowed with gifts exceptional,
 he adventured into a land
where darkness reigns at noon
 to radiate the light of Truth.

2. The One remains,
 all living things are its shadow-forms;
'tis the surest folly
 to call Him thine or mine;
still the five senses cloud the mind
 and deny the Truth.
But you have proved their victor,
 O knight-errant of the Spirit!

3. As if great Shankara, flaming minister,
 whose fame reached up to the sky,
as if Shankara himself had returned
 to revisit this hoary land,
there came Vivekananda the shining Light
 and when it withdrew,
you came forward to make good the loss,
 and continue his healing among men.

4. Purest of saints, Abhedananda,
 the light of whose darling feet
fell upon this blessed city,
 you whose penance is like the cloud
with its promise of showers,
 cherishing in our hearts the grace of your love,
we try to pierce the veils of Maya
 and reach the altar of Truth.

- P.N.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India.* Bharati wrote the poem under the pseudonym, "A Vedanti."

He has himself explained the words பரிதியின் ஒளியும் சென்றிடா நாட்டில் thus:-The American continent which is shrouded in night when our continent is having day-light."

Swami Abhedananda, the hero of this poem, is one of the direct disciples of Bhagawan Sri Ramakrishna.

16. 'I'

17-9-1906.

1. "Behold but through the eye of grace" said he;
But I took to knowledge empirical;
Then nought but murk did I see, oh my dear,
In which I could not even see my seeing self."

– Tayumanavar.

(A Sonnet)

2. If billions and billions of scholars wise
For thousands of yugas failed to know
This "I", can I its nature realise?
Can the fish know the greatness of sea, oh!
Said the great ones: "Behold through the eye of grace."
Other than my way dark, I know not aught;
"I am everything" say the wise of human race;
Plunged in murk phenomenal, I know nought.
I have somewhat occasionally sensed this,
Yet mental light would in a moment fade.
What may this "I" be? Some dead souls, I wis,
With mere flesh equate it, I am afraid.
May they that call it "Illusion" so say;
The great call it God and the fools inveigh.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Swadesamitran.*

17. Lines on the Moon

25-9-1906.

Among all the lovely sights to behold
In Hindustan--the Abode of Beauty--,
That which is wrought of lofty majesty
And is deemed as nectar by sweet minstrels
In the opinion of an English bard
Is that which is ineffably the sweet light
That pours beauteous in all directions
From the fair isle of moon which glows alone
In the ocean of black extensive sky.
Once I lay alone asleep on the beach
And when I woke up at the dead of night
I eyed the sky; can I its majesty
Articulate with my tongue of mere flesh?
In a dream divine that defies the thought
I bathed! May moon serene flourish for ever!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Swadesamitran.*

18. On Ravi Varma

6-10-1906.

1. The Lord-God created the rays of the moon
To serve as food for the Chakor; He made
Nectar the food of the celestials
And the tusker white for Indra to ride.

2. In blossoms, in blue sky, and visages
Of women, God deigned to create beauty
That the world-renowned Ravi Varma might
Relish them with his eye of endless wisdom.

3. Glowing with inconceivable lustre
His pictures which adorn mansions and huts
Delight all hearts; gone is he to the heaven
Deeming it enough, his glory on earth.

4. Rambha, Urvasi and dames heavenly
Breathed alive on his canvas; to compare
His copies with originals, he is gone.
The dames divine are bound to wilt in shame.

5. If even great men whose divine works of beauty
That will with everlasting glory endure
Should aye, one day quit their glorious life,
What are we to say of world's Mayic nature?

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*.

19. Chatrapati Shivaji's Address to His Warriors

(17-1-1906, 25-11-1906, 1-12-1906, 8-12-1906 - *India*)

Hail, hail Bhavani! Hail, all hail Bharat
Hail, all hail Mother! Hail, all hail Durga!
Vande Mataram! Praise be to Mother!
Commanders of armies! Ministers great!
Leaders of elephantry! Heroes great!
Atirata Kings! Leaders of cavalry!
Footmen who smite and dumbfound enemies!
Wielders of spears and throwers of javelins!
Unleash your darts that are death incarnate!
Gems of valour that in myriad ways
Can rout the hostile hosts and smite them all!
May you all flourish! May you all flourish!
May Devi great, grant you grace divine!
This is the famous nation that suffered not
The stinking odour of enemies base!
Will Bharat-Devi brook the unblest feet
Of Barbarians--revilers of Veda?
This is the nation whence wafted to the world
The fame of heroes through minstrels matchless!
This is the nation where flourished mighty kings
And saints blemishless, dharma incarnate!
This nation dubbed the ignoble woman
Who bore not heroes, as nullipara!
'Ancient is Bharat and you her children'!
Forget not; 'Bharat is the tilak of earth:
You her children'; forsake not this thought.
Bharat is the deity of the whole world;
You are her children; forsake not this thought.
On the north, sky-piercing Himachal
And on other sides the great seas, protect her.
Ganga, Sindhu, Jamna of pure billows,
Spas, Waters, rare gardens sweet, fertile fields
Peerless, and lofty mountains here abound!
That ever-green fields may stave off hunger
The pitch dark rainclouds for ever pour here!
Divine home of angels! Glorious land
Eagerly sought by the holy Munis!
No imperfection mars this Land of Wisdom!
Majestic land by celestials sought!
Is Bharat's glory by me effable?
You are her children, never forget this.
Ruthless barbarians, men demon-like,

Enemies dead to glory, hardihood
And knowledge, doers of evil, the Turks,
Like Asuras that came to war against
The realms of heaven, have come with armies
And cause endless woes to our Motherland.
Temples and scriptures sacred, they defame;
Infants, people old and kine they destroy;
Women they rape and do acts that undo
The performance of holy sacrifices.
They set fire to the works--holy scriptures;
They violate women of good families;
Friends! Countless are the miseries they cause;
They abjure dignity and men unman;
Wealth they lay waste and sow seeds of darkness;
Quelling firmness, they make women of us;
The great name of Bharat they stigmatise;
They make slaves of them--the sons of heroes.
Shorn of valiancy and loftiness,
Lo, our Aryas became slaves of the base!
Can that be life at all, which endures this?
Like a bubble now born and burst anon
To thrive, will you fall at the feet of the base?
Men that are born on earth, are bound to die.
Call you theirs a life, who seek not to quell
The vile aliens that blast our Motherland?
Will ever men shed their honour and consent
To live base, as slaves of barbarians?
Is there amidst us any, living dog-like
When his dear mother is by aliens held?
Under alien rule, a willing beggar
He lives fear-ridden; he is not an Arya!
He that fosters his body vile with nought
Of love for Motherland, is not an Arya!
He that suffers the capricious reign
Ignoble, of aliens, is not an Arya!
If any be here--small ones and un-Aryan--,
They many go whithersoever they like!
They that desire not death and Valhalla,
May those then flee from the ken of my sight'
When brothers are by Turks destroyed, he that
Dallies with women, may in joy revel!
He does not think of alien tyranny;
He will hide in his house; let him seek hiding!
Dead to the languishing nation he thinks
But of his sons and daughters, let him go!
When his countrymen starve, he thinks it great
To feed and fill his maw, let him away!

I'll not suffer their presence and hatred,
Mere eunuchs and women in men's disguise!
May Aryas stay here! May men remain here!
May the heroic and the lofty, stay here!
May they to whom honour is all, stay here!
May they who cannot meanness brook, stay here!
May sons of ceaseless love for Motherland, stay here!
May they who die when dies glory, stay here!
May they who hate slavery base, stay here!
Haters of barbaric culture, stay here!
Those who melt for woes of others, stay here!
The undeceitful and the pure, stay here!
Heroes who Devi's feet adore, stay here!
May the quaffers of sinners' blood stay here!
Lovers of spirit--not body--help us!
They that are fearless when even the sea overflows, help us!
Can they--our feeble enemies--, withstand
Our puissance great, for even a bare hour?
The grace of the heroic Devi's soft feet
Will be for us, help sure and unfailing.
May you come friends, Do not feel bewildered.
Ineffably glorious Arjuna,
Karna, Bhima, Drona, Bhishma, Rama
And other heroes of rare valour great
Will aid us; we will the Heaven attain;
Nought but sure victory, our lot will be.
Unselfish saints will shower benedictions.
Come, do away with the barbarians!
With spear, decapitate the heads of foes;
Stand firm and unleash your deadly javelins;
At the sword-tip and that of the dread trident,
At soldiers' feet and down the chariots
And at the wheels thereof, when heads of foes
Roll and roll, come ye to joy at the sight!
We shall be deemed men, only when we pull down
Root and branch our foes, who are out to weaken
Our weal and welfare great; if in this war
We die, it is elysium we come by.
If we live thus, the everlasting fame
Of securing for Devi supernal
Her due place of glory divine, shall be ours.
Is it easy on earth to behold a war
Like unto this, so holy and divine?
A few desire the Heaven to attain
By sacrificing goats in the yaga.
Well, let us perform the great sacrifice
By shedding blood and killing deception.

There is no sacrifice to match this one;
There is no tapas to equal this one.
Of yore, Arjuna stood on the battle-front
And when he saw before him in that field,
Uncles, brothers, brothers-in-law, and men
Like unto father and god-father too,
Loving friends and gurus, his heart melted;
Thus spake he to his godly charioteer:
"O Lord, will I pierce these with my arrows?
Even if I over earth and heaven
Lose lordship, I will not slay them in war;
Will I ever kill them that are dearer than mother?
My body is atremble; mine own bow
From my hand doth slip; my tongue has gone dry;
My mind is sore agitated; my legs
Grow limp; my head swims; triumph I seek not;
Nor greatness, nor weal, killing kith and kin;
Even if they kill me, I will not harm them;
It is no reign when extinction is total."
Thus spake Indra's son and threw on the field
His mighty bow, and down he fell dispirited.
Our God of Vedas that stood near the car
Thus addressed the brave bowman, now bowless:
"You but blabber with your brain grown addled.
You call it a sin, to kill them, the gang
Of Suyodhana, from dharma remote;
Truth you know not; valuing much, kinship
And grown womanly, you drool and gibber.
Traitors, evil ones, they that harass men,
And the arrogant base--though these may be
Their brothers--, it behoves heroes true,
To punish them all in severity.
You know not perhaps aryan justice;
Like the vile wicked, you feel sore at heart.
You've grown womanly; this is un-Aryan
And inglorious and will annul weal.
Conquer effeminacy; forget not,
Peerless prince of fame, your greatness; arise!"
When the Lord-God taught him knowledge true,
He whose shoulder was strong as diamond
With a mind glowing with supreme dharma,
Ignoring sibship and companionship,
Smote the foes, embodiments of evil,
And scattered their corpses as prey on earth.
Aryan heroes who are blessed to live
This day, in the glorious country great
Where famed Vijaya flourished of yore,

Know that your countrymen are your close kin;
The evil base that this day, oppose us
Are vile barbarians and foreigners;
They are *aliens by birth and language too;*
They know not the glory of Aryas great

(To be continued)

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was serialised in *India.* Bharati desired to continue the work with intent to produce a poem of outstanding historical eminence surcharged with patriotism. He therefore thought that his desire could be better served by the production of a book in this connection. He even announced that such a book would be forthcoming. However he was unable to implement his promise. Bharati's note *to this poem makes it clear that some of the,* remarks on *Muslims* should not be misunderstood by them. The remarks should be contrued in the light of vira rasa.

20. On Sri Subbarama Dikshitar -- An Elegy

1-12-1906.

Poesy, works of excellence and taste,
The graceful art of painting -- the wonder
Of the world --, great enterprises many:
In lofty Bharat which in these excelled,
These languish by alien tyranny.
As wealth garnered and manly valour are
Now dead, gone are the great enterprises,
Which flourished well of yore, in great glory;
In the famous land of holy angels,
In the land where great and peerless men thrived
Like usurping monkeys, infamous men
Vile and mean, throng everywhere. While so,
Like an oasis sweet, midst the desert,
Like Vibhishana midst Asuric tribe,
Like a blossom of lotus in mire,
In the revered heavenly family,

To restore Bharat's ancient majesty
Like the second coming of saint Narad,
Who in grace deigned to dwell with us in sooth,
He -- the ever-sublime lord glorious,
Taintless Subba Rama --, came to be born
And here throve to the delight of Vani.
Lo, even he from us has departed;
Great is the sin our men have wrought, alas!
When shall ever come such another man?
Like a fruitless tree sere, we stand debased.
Of what avail is sorrow? What is there to say?
"Munificence great with Karna ended;
With Kamban great, poesy did perish;
With glorious Arjun beyond compare,
Died heroism" say the men of learning.
With the death of Subbha Rama divine,
The peerless Master, enshrined in my heart,
Fecund music with all its excellence
Is gone for ever, alas! Sad to tell!
Oh Lamp of Art! Oh Lamp set on hill-top
To shed light bright on Ilacai village!
Oh Lamp of wisdom everlasting to chase
Away the inner murk of men like us!
Devi-Muse from yourself rent asunder
Will languish like the dying flame of wick
Totally drained of its oil, alas!
The sorrow of your parting, exceeds words.

I hail not kings, nor do I ever hail
The pseudo-leaders of religious sects.
Your glory is paralleled by yours alone;
I came bowing when I beheld you.
I came to you deeming your words divine.
Alas, woe is me! If again I should
To Ilacai come, how sore would it be --
The suffering true of my humble heart!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. dated 1-12-1906. It is said that it had earlier appeared in *Swadesamitran* dated 26-11-1906.

The poem is an elegy written in honour of Subbha Rama Dikshitar son of Balaswami Dikshitar. Balaswami was the younger brother of the famous Mutthuswami Dikshitar who along with Shyama Sastri and Thiaga Brahmam formed the trinity of the South Indian Classical Music.

21. Vande Mataram — Hail!

19-1-1907.

1. Vande Mataram, Vande Mataram,
   Vande Mataram, Vande Mataram, Vande Mataram!

2. In Arya-land men and women
   Invoke this brave mantra: Amen.

   Vande Mataram...

3. In distress and singeing pain
   Our countrymen affirm this fain.

   Vande Mataram...

4. In triumph or death, -- united
   We exhort, unabated

   Vande Mataram...

5. O brothers and all chaste women
   With love and without flaw we'll chant

   Vande Mataram...

6. Mother Bharat, may you flourish!
   You are our refuge and our life!

   Vande Mataram...

7. Jaya Jaya Bharat! Jaya Jaya Bharat!
   Jaya Jaya Bharat! Jaya Jaya, Jaya Jaya!

   Vande Mataram...

- T.N.R.

Note: The translation here given follows the Tamil original as published in *India*. Bharati later revised this poem, deleted stanzas 4 and 5, numbered stanza 6 as stanza 1 and also slightly altered the pallavi and anupallavi. It is in this revised form this poem appears in *Swadesa Gitankal* -- 1908.

22. May Tamil Flourish For Ever

20-4-1907.

1. May Tamil great and Tamils good flourish!
May Bharat great, a gem divine flourish!
May ills that this day torture us, perish!
May good things reach us; may all evils die!
May dharma flourish, adharma perish!
May manly deeds of this noble nation
And great efforts grow lofty and flourish!
May our countrymen grow from strength to strength!
Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India* on 20-4-1907. It was republished in *India* on 16-10-1909. The title given to this poem by Bharati is: "The New year".

23. Vande Mataram

18-5-1907.

1. "Vande Mataram" we will sing!
These words throughout our land shall ring!
"Vande Mataram" we will say!
Motherland, hail! To you we pray.

2. No more talk of caste and creed,
No more talk of birth and breed;
Who first drew breath in this our land,
Brahmin or other caste, with us he will stand.

3. What if an outcaste? Does he not live
With us right here and his labour give?
Has he become a Chinese man
And will harm us the way an alien can?

4. A thousand castes we have, oh dear!
But outsiders have no place here.
However they quarrel, can the sons of one mother
Cease to be brothers of one another?

5. Only united, true life we attain;
Divided go down, and none of us gain;
This is the lesson we all have to heed;
Once we know this, what else do we need?

6. Whatever fruits our efforts will bear
All of us equally in them will share;
For all thirty crores of us there shall be life,
Or for all thirty crores of us death after strife!

7. A pittance we preferred as serfs in a cottage
Forsaking our birthright for a mess of pottage;
This scandal and shame we have got to erase,
Spit on it, spurn it, and end the disgrace!

- P.S.S.

Note: The translation here given follows the Tamil original as published in *India*. Bharati revised this later. Stanza 6 was substituted by the following stanza when Bharati published in 1907, the pamphlet entitled *Swadesa Gitankal*.

(6) "Our Bharat-Devi 'll quell all our evils
And confer on us boundless grace benign;
Unto the golden feet of the Mother
Dedicate body, life and possessions."

It should also be mentioned here that Bharati restored the original version, later.

24. Pseudo-Patriots

1-6-1907, 15-6-1907.

1. Neither stoutness of heart
Nor nonest skill have they;
Oh parrot, these are cheats
And verbal heroes all.

2. They join the crowd and add
   To its noise; nothing great,
Oh parrot, perceive they,
   These wilful forgetters.

3. Can the blind hope to have
   Autonomy? Comforts?
Greatness? Oh parrot!
   Can the sexless dream of joy?

4. Eyes they have, but cannot see;
   They are a bunch of girls,
Oh parrot! Oh what use
   Are words which avail not?

5. "Our textile mills, our own
   Garments" they would loud cry.
Oh parrot, did ever
   Mantras produce mangoes?

6. "Salt, sugar and sarees
   Home-spun", loud will they vaunt,
Oh parrot, and vanish;
   They know not how these are wrought.

7. "Women's honour, bhakti
   To God": Thus blab their tongues
Oh parrot, they are all
   The utterly faithless.

8. When women were raped
   And engendered evil
Oh parrot, like cowards
   They clung fast to their life.

9. In the Mother's Temple
   When others wrought evil
Oh parrot, fear-ridden
   They deemed life more precious.

10. Fear and sheer impotence
   And petty vassal-mind
Oh parrot, were lofty
   To them, the dead and dumb.

11. Do these beasts, oh parrot,
Deserve to live at all
With no passion for truth
Vigour and inner strength?

12. Can one be, oh parrot
Amidst the heinous gang
Who think that life sullied
Is greater than honour?

13. Their heart is after wine,
Their lips chant the Lord's name;
"Hail Mother" they loud shout,
All mindless, oh parrot.

14. "Ancient Past" blabber they,
The hypocrites; what do
The ignoramuses
Know of it, oh parrot?

15. National infamy,
Shameless itch for base wealth
Mark these cads, oh parrot,
Who are in meanness steeped.

16. Their own brothers perish
In misery; yet are they
Without scruple, oh parrot!
Of goodness are these reft.

17. Sons of Bharath die like worms
In famine and disease;
They eye this, oh parrot.
Sunk in unfeeling sloth.

18. They essay not to fend
The famine that preys on
Mother, but shout aloud
"Hail Mother", oh parrot!

- T.N.R.

(To be continued)

Note: The Tamil original was serialised in *India*. Bharati desired to add some more stanzas to this poem. His note at the end of this poem (India) says: "To be continued". However the poem as published later in *Swadesa Gitankal* (1908) contains eighteen stanzas only.

25. Adoration of the Country

1907

This is our motherland, Bharat!
It's here our parents dear loved and lived
In joyous wedlock pure.
Our forebears too in ages past
Had lived for centuries, ere they died.
A myriad noble thoughts they had
To enrich the land and make it great
Shan't I enthrone you in my heart,
While my grateful tongue doth sing thy praise:
'Salutations to thee! Mother! Salutations!'

This our land gave us life
And sustenance, and blessed us too:
This is the land of our mothers dear;
It fostered them in their infancy
When as babes they lisped their words;
It saw them grow into tender maids
And sport and dance in the moonlit night;
Their golden limbs gladdened the waters
As they swam and bathed in pure delight,
Ere they returned to the quiet of their homes.
I shall sing thy praise in grateful tunes,
'Salutations to thee! Mother! Salutations!'

In time they loved and wives became
And learnt to manage households great;
They fondled and fed their golden babes
And raised and fostered righteous homes;
Here all around were temples tall
That soared aloft to bless the lands;
When our forefathers died, their flow'ry dust
Became part of the country's rich humus;
Shan't I sing thy praise in grateful tunes,
'Salutations to thee! Mother! Salutations!'

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original was published along with two other poems in the form of pamphlet entitled 'Swadesa Gitankal'. V.Krishnaswami Iyer who later became a judge of the High Court of Tamil Nadu met the expenses for the publication.

26. Enkal Nadu

1907

1. Himachal is our mountain
 The world hath not its fellow;
 Ganga is our fountain
 Pellucid, sweet and mellow.
 Our Upanishads are twelve--
 Unknown to any other clime--:
 Deep into our minds they delve,
 And soar aloft sublime.
 Praise we Bharat, golden fair,
 Our own dear land beyond compare!

2. Land of the heroic free
 Where sages have lived at peace,
 Soothed by the poesy
 Of Narad's melodies:
 Where Buddha came to birth,
 --The embodiment of grace--
 And showed to men on earth
 Divine Compassion's face:
 Sing we Bharat ancient, fair
 Our own dear land, beyond compare!

3. Evil shall not daunt us
 Though poor, we will be proud:
 The world shall no more taunt us
 With being a self-seeking crowd:
 Here Nature's bright and sunny
 And yields us every good,
 Including milk and honey,
 As our unfailing food.
 Land of noble Aryans fair
 Repeat we: 'Bharat is beyond compare!'

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original is one of the three poems which constitute *Swdesa Gitankal* -- 1907. The poem was republished in *India.* on 14-8-1909.

27. Lajapathy

1908

1. Even if the Sun be in the skiey expanse
   Do we not behold its rays flowing down
   Now, to mingle with the light of eyes
   Thus endowing them with lustre of light?
   Even if they, in wrath, have exiled you
   Away from this soil, if you get established
   In our thought that knows no forgetfulness,
   And if you do flourish there without let
   O Lajapathy! what can they for this do?

2. It spells no good to haunt a man and him
   Exile from country to country; they might
   Have wrought this with ease; but myriads there are
   Instinct with the knowledge of his glory;
   In them is he well enshrined; how can they
   Ever hope to expel these and live in peace?

3. Who among them that practised universal love
   Was ever spared (of punishments)? Hiranya's child
   Showed utmost love unto Narayana;
   Who could ever relate the vile horrors
   He underwent; is it then a wonder
   To witness the miseries of patriots
   Courageously devoted to Bharat!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was one of the poems of *Swadesa Gitankal* (1908) published by Bharati.

28. On Bhupendra

1908

1. He is the chela of Vivekananda
--The Conqueror of rebellious organs
Of sense, the one divine whose form is wrought
Of supernal wisdom --; even if exposed
To the wrath of the celestial Lord
He will not from Dharma deviate.
He is Bhupendra, the loving servant
Of Mother India that is Bharat.

2. When dharma falls and unrighteousness thrives,
When great ones wane and the base do wax great,
When sin holds sway over deranged nature,
To kill evil Kali, to usher in
The advent of a new blessed era,
He the diamond-hearted hero great
Stands firm and reveals to us in all love
The state of things when this yuga should end.

3. Even if the ruler of earth should have him
Incarcerated, him the people deem
As their very eyes, sing his glory great,
Pour on him blessing and feel delighted.
Yet there are a few -- thoughtless and mindless --,
Who do condemn things good, as evil vile.
These are like the birds of darkness that shun
The sun and love dearly, dread darkness dense.

4. His thinking cannot harm others at all;
His heart melts in love for the land of Bharat.
No one is his foe; this wise seer doth know
That one Life animates all lives on earth.
They that imprisoned him are totally blind;
They know not aught of the great glorious.
"No joy ensues without pain in the past!"
Surely have the wise men thus summed it up.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Swadesa Gitankal* --1908.

29. Lajapathy's Lament

1908

Am I to bemoan my fate? My country
I lost; separated from goodly wife
Children dear and my home here I dwell!
Will I ever be blessed to behold and hail
The flower-feet of my aged father who is
Verily a Rishi of Vedic times?
Can I ever behold the bright blemishless face
Of my beloved son, Arjuna-like?
Can my wife, an anril-bird that brooks not
Parting of her mate for a split second
This wretched plight of mine ever suffer?
Even if my family and relations
Hate me, Oh, it is nothing; what did I do
To deserve this exile from my loved land?
Arya-Varta is the land whence Vedas
Sprang; it is a land where justice ever prevails!
It is the land where flows the divine Indus
To which is linked the five gems of rivers!
It is the Mother-land of those righteous
Who quelled the senses five, and of those heroes
Innumerable, who their enemies vanquished!
It is the holy land great, where our Deity
Killed the base Kauravas to stablish Dharma!
'Tis the noble land divine which heard (in cheer)
The twang of strong-shouldered Arjuna's bow!
'Tis the lofty land of mercy where Karna
Flourished and Dharma the king fostered Dharma!
It is the great land where Bhishma, the Pillar
Of Aryan culture lived a celibate!
It is the heroic land where Bhima flourished
And Aswattama. waged fierce battles!
It is the golden land fecund with hills,
The home of Sikhs, our mighty Lions of war!
It is the divine land where Dayananda
The Sage of Truth and Saviour of Aryas
Expounded the true import of the Vedas!
Will I ever behold my dear land
Of Panchalam, or will I perish here
Beset by sorrows unutterable?
What may be the happenings in Bharat
These days? What may be the hardships, of which
I know not aught, my people are put to?

Are they distressed at my plight? Or have they
In their miseries forgot even my name?
If to my enslaved land, holy and great
I'm brought for killing, I 'll be most happy.
Incarceration in darksome prison
For generations, I mind not; if I am
Jailed in Panchalam, I will never wilt.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Swadesa Gitankal* -- 1908.

30. An English Official Addresses an Indian Citizen Bent Upon Freedom

1908

1. O slave sunk in thraldom,
   Can you think of freedom?
   E'er seen it in the past?
   Merit none have you, outcast.

2. Done with feuds religious?
   Or wars sacriligious?
   Speak you of justice here?
   I bid you disappear.

3. O slave, is your fear gone?
   Are you a man of brawn?
   Do you not on alms live,
   To beggary a votive?

4. Can you, slave, board a ship
   And the ocean outstrip?
   Can a cur of dung-hill
   Aspire a throne to fill?

5. Do you know unity
   Or masculinity?
   Slave, speak not gibberish;
   Your valour is womanish.

6. Could you live together?
   Would your baseness wither?
   Would your lassitude die?
   Could you sloth defy?

7. When you eye the white hue
   Can you, your fright subdue?
   To the bare truth, hearken:
   Freedom is not in your ken.

8. You are not of the sect
   A nation to protect
   Go, the house you should tend
   And to duties attend.

9. Would you an army lead?
   Or deem slaving your meed?
   Lowly jobs fit you well;
   May you in them excel!

– T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Swadesa Gitankal* -- 1908.

31. On Maya

1. Will knowers of truth think on you Maya?
   Can you dare harm the stout-hearted at all?

2. Maya! may be you are armipotent;
   Still can you brave the flame of Mind's clarity?

3. You are resolved to spoil me, Maya foul!
   Know that I will rout you sure, oh Maya!

4. To one wooing death, depth of sea is nought;
   Can you harm heroes that transcend body?

5. When duality, dies, where will you be?
   Can you, little prig, face the great Monists?

6. Will I go in for the joy you offer?
   Will a lion accept a cur's sceptre?

7. You, will I clapperclaw by my sheet will,
   But hurtless, stand 'gainst your impotent will.

8. I am no man's slave, I know oh Maya!
   I 'm armed for you; I 'll hack you to pieces.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Swadesa Gitankal* -- 1908.

32. Arya-Darshan—A Dream

1908

1. Oh! what a dream it was,
     The dream I dreamed
   When I slept not
     But was wide awake!

2. A forest I saw;
     A forest dense with trees,
   And in the sky right overhead,
     I saw the light of a full round moon.

3. Oh! what a dream it was,
     The dream I dreamed
   When I slept not
     But was wide awake!

4. A lovely golden hill,
     A lovely golden hill was there,
   And many a tarn was round about
     And many a flowery pool!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

Buddha Darshan

5. Upon the hill,
   There, upon the hill,
 I saw a spreading banyan tree
   Which in solitary grandeur stood.

(Oh! what a dream it was)

6. Under that golden tree,
   There, under that golden tree,
 Sat a glorious Godly Being
   Compact of Pure Intelligence!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

7. Lo! 'twas the Lord Buddha,
   Lo! 'twas the Lord Buddha, our own,
 I saw His radiant Lustrous face
   Whence Pure Intelligence beamed!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

8. I saw His Glory,
   I saw the Glory of the Lord,
 Immersed He was in a tranquil ocean,
   An overflowing Sea of Peace!

(Oh what a dream it was)

9. Behold a miracle,
   Behold a goodly miracle!
 I saw the light of the Buddha vanish;
   And a deep darkness fall!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

10. Sudden there streamed a light,
   Sudden there streamed a light, once again
 I saw the dwindling darkness fade;
   Amazed and thrilled I stood!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

Krishnarjuna Darshan

11. Upon the hill,
There, upon the hill,
I saw a single chariot of gold
And a team of horses standing!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

12. On the box was the charioteer,
On the box was the charioteer of the jewelled car.
Fascinated by His comely grace
In wonder dazed, I stood!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

13. Thy mystic 'Om' I heard;
Thy mystic 'Om' I heard Him utter,
Cupid's lovely form He had, but blue;
And Bhima's mighty strength!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

14. And eyes brimming with love,
Eyes brimming with love divine;
And a whirling discus which terror struck
Into evil-dwelling hearts!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

15. Lo! Armies appeared there,
Lo! Armies appeared there whose name is legion:
And horses, elephants, and chariots tall
In countless numbers stood!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

16. On Krishna's goodly chariot,
On blue Krishna's goodly chariot,
I saw a youthful warrior standing.
Overborne he seemed with thought!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

17. This is he, the Conqueror,
Surely, this Vijaya the bold.
How well does that name become him,
How well that name of fame!

(This is he, the conqueror)

18. A valiant, manly form,
Oh! what a valiant, manly form!
Yet dejected seemed that noble chief.
Why--How astonishing this!

(This is he, the conqueror)

19. Blest indeed was I;
Blest indeed was I to hear:
For with mine own ears I heard
Every word which that chieftain spoke.

(Oh! what a dream it was)

20. 'I care not for victory,
I care not for victory, Oh! my Lord,
I will not hurt them, no, nor touch them
Though my own life be forfeit.'

(Blest indeed was I)

21. 'Shall I slay my kinsmen?
Shall I slay dear kinsmen of mine?
To rule when all kinsfolk are slain,
Won't it be a worthless rule?'

(Blest indeed was I)

22. Out of abounding love,
Out of super-abounding love,
That mighty warrior, archer bold,
Many a word he spoke at length!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

23. He heard those words;
He, Krishna, heard those words:
And on the Lord's countenance, lovely as a lotus,
There gleamed a gentle smile!

(Oh! what a dream it was)

24. 'Oh Come! Take up your bow!
Oh Come! Take up your bow in your hands
And this crowd of puny folk
Pulverise into specks of dust!

(Oh Come! Take up your bow)

25. 'Stand up, and yield not to despair!
Stand up, and yield not your heart to despair!
No, nor speak words of foolish wisdom
Which only cowards speak!

(Oh Come! Take up your bow)

26. 'One Supreme Truth there is,
One Supreme Truth eternal,
Never can that Truth be destroyed;
Nor ever be whittled down.

(Oh Come! Take up your bow)

27. 'There is no sorrow, now:
There is neither sorrow, nor pain:
Nor is there any joy:
Nor birth; no, nor ever death!

(Oh Come! Take up your bow)

28. 'Weapons cannot hurt it;
Weapons cannot hurt it at all:
Fire cannot burn it;
Nor can water wet it.

(Oh Come! Take up your bow)

29. 'Your duty is: 'To do.'
Your duty is: 'To do the Right'
Without bestwoing a single thought
Upon the fruits thereof!

30. Oh Come! Take up your bow
Oh Come! Take up the bow in your hands:
And this crowd of puny folk
Pulverise into speaks of dust'

- P.N.A.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Swadesa Gitankal* -- 1908.

33. Liberty

1908

1. Those that set their brave hearts on liberty,
Will they take aught else thereafter?
Thirsting for the nectar of gods,
Would they think of today?

2. Dharma alone lives; All else is transient;
Those that have seen this truth,
Would they seek to live thereafter
In servitude dishonourable?

3. Every one that is born must surely die:
Those that have realised this law,
Would they deem to pleasure to live,
Disregarding honour and duty?

4. To be born as man is rarest privilege:
Those that realise this truth;
Would they agree to enslave their souls,
Even if their bodies be thrown in the fire?

5. Would you barter the sun that shines in the sky
For a glow-worm to play with?
Losing freedom dearer than eyesight
Can you live in servitude bowing?

6. Thinking to enjoy comforts
Would you give up freedom?
Is it not foolish to buy a picture,
Selling both your eyes for the price?

7. Having said Vande Mataram and bowed to the mother,
Can you offer worship to Maya?
How can you ever forget that Vande Mataram
Is the true song of salvation?

- C.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Swadesa Gitankal* -- 1908.

34. Mehta to Tilak

1908

(The Moderates address the leader of the new party)

1. Oh Tilak, will this suit our race?
Can your act ever be of grace?

2. To every precedent unknown
Is this new custom, you own;
This has in every city, sway --
Your novel trouble-fraught way.

3. Resounds everywhere freedom's voice
Extirpating our serfdom's joys;
All this is utter madness sure.
And to our men calumny pure.

4. Unto the whites is this nation:
To all others a damnation;
Your advice to urchins and lads
Is all bad, making them but cads.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Swadesa Gitankal* -- 1908.

35. Mazzini's Vow

1908

1. I swear by the feet divine of the God
Of great grace; I swear by the austere name
Of my nation--a lamp unto the world--,
That gave birth to us and nourished us all;
I swear by the lofty ones who perished
Hailing divine motherland of heroes,
In whose cause they did in a thousand ways
Suffer excruciating cruelties.

2. I swear by those lofty dharmas famous
Ordained on me by God that the nation
Which He gave so naturally to me
And my brethren may exult in delight.
Is it not but nature that one doth love
The nation that gave one, one's own mother
And serves as the home of one's progeny?
By such love I do take this solemn oath.

3. I swear by the hostility I bear
By nature, towards evil-doing vile,
Improper acquisition, misrule base,
Injustice and wrongs of similar kind.
Deprived of nation and the least of rights
To noble clanship and citizenship
I am condemned to be born in a country
Bereft of the banner pure, of freedom.

4. I swear by the shame that wells up in me
When I stand before other countrymen;
I swear by the great longing of my life
Which languishes without strength to achieve
The Bliss of Release to seek which alone
My life was with an embodiment blest.
Though born to perform the goodly tapas
By reason of the slave's mentality

5. My life is grown effete; but its desire
Doth swell; by that soaring desire I swear.
I swear by the memoried majesty
Of my forbears of abundant renown.
I swear by the very downfall to which
We are this day so weakly subjected.
Glorious sons perish at the gallows;
They wallow in vile incarceration;

6. They are alas exiled to other lands
Where they perish utterly mortified.
At this the Mother of our dear country
Weeps and weeps; I swear by her sacred tears.
I swear by the unexampled sorrows
Caused by our enemies to us--millions.
You have heard me swear and to these I add
These, my further solemn obligations.

7. Greater than the holy commandment of God
Issued to this country, and greater than
The indispensable duties cast on
All men born in this country to perform
God's fiat, is the knowledge that if God should
Order the creation of a race--firm
In faith and resolute--, o'er this strong earth,
That race can flourish only if it is

8. Fully aware of the divine will which
At its creation infused it with skill
To flourish; it should again know further
That its stability depends upon
Its people and that they themselves, without,
From others seeking help, should ply their skill,
Bearing well their responsibility,
Which alone, be it known, will spell success.

9. To perform duty and to give freely
Not caring a little for petty self
Are dharma; a spirit of union fired
By unflagging resolution marks strength
That is glorious; with these principles
Indelibly imprinted in my mind,
I hereby swear these oaths, solemn and rare,
Well remembering all the vows I have made.

10. To this "Society of the Young" wrought by
The youths who are wedded to my dharma,
I dedicate in truth and gift away
My life, my body and possessions all,
That our golden country may by power
Of union and freedom ever flourish
As a republic, truly pursuing
The great policy of non-alignment.

11. Companied with these lads, let me always
Work, with no fault to mar my endeavours;
I will never think of any other work.
For sure, always, by word of mouth, by writing,
And by deed from blemish totally free,
To the extent which is possible for me,
I will explicate the great ideal
Of this novel society to our men.

12. For fruition of this lofty ideal
The only way is unity; to stablish
Triumph and to make it endure for e'er,
Dharma alone is the goodly way true;
I will strive to imprint these indelibly
In the tablets of the hearts of our men.
Any society other than this--ours--,
Never will I at any point of time join.

13. This society marks our land's unity;
I will e'er abide by all the behests
Of its leaders in strict obedience
And aye, in wilful veneration.
Even if I were to forfeit my life
I will not publish their secret commands.
By righteous practice and precept also
I will render them my very best help.

14. From this day and always, I'll not omit
To do these; I swear, I swear, if ever
I should from this course deviate at all,
May the Almighty annihilate me!
May people too condemn and contemn me!
May evil false surround me for ever!
May I into flaming inferno fall
And suffer perdition everlasting!
May the Lord--God abide in me
And keep me steadfast by His Grace
In these solemn obligations
To which I have willingly sworn.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Swadesa Gitankal* -- 1908. The poem was composed at the request of the great patriot V.O.Chidambaram Pillai.

36. An Englishman to an Indian Patriot

1. You have roused the passion for liberty
Throughout the country; fire kindled burns, see.
I will cause you suffer travail in jail,
Can aught ever my power countervail?

2. With your crowds, 'Vande Mataram' you cry,
Thus it is aye, you choose us to decry;
Building ships you cause them ply over sea
To amass wealth immense and make us flee.

3. To the timid, truths you inculcated
And against laws of land militated;
'To perish impoverished is disgrace'
You cried and spoke with valour us to outface.

4. The eunuch slaves into men you transformed,
No longer would they be the old deformed;
You redeemed them content with indigence;
Firing them with greed of magnificence.

5. The servile workers you have incited;
To seek glory great you have ignited.
The way to undertakings you have shown
Killing lassitude and seeking renown.

6. Passion for Swaraj everywhere you lit,
Seeds of freedom you sowed for your benefit.
Can a rabbit do what the lion can?
Can you hope to survive, sect and clan?

7. I will shoot you, din into your good sense,
I'll kill you and cause you troubles immense,
Who can dare defy me? You, will I jail;
Wreak vengeance; nought over me can prevail.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Janma Bhumi* -- 1909. This and the following poem, according to the "Native Paper Reports" appeared in *India* dated 4-4-1908. The Reports contain a line by line translation of both the poems. They were again translated during the proceedings of the Ashe murder case.

The titles given to this and the following poem by Bharati are respectively as follows:

1. What Collector Wynch says to Sri Chidambaram Pillai.

2. The reply by Sri Chidambaram Pillai to Collector Wynch.

37. The Reply of the Indian Patriot to the Englishman

1909

1. Slaves to aliens we will no longer be
In our land; we will be from fear free;
No nation will your injustice endure,
Will God to this be a witness for sure?

2. 'Vande Mataram' we will hail till we die;
Thus will we ever our Mother glorify.
Is it sin to hail Mother as life dear?
Will dishonour to our worship adhere?

3. Are we to suffer your constant plunder
Which will in days to come, our death engender?
Are we not men? Will we merely weep?
Will we ever live cheap? Are we but sheep?

4. Are the thirty crores of us curs and dogs?
Are we the progeny of pigs and hogs?
Think you only to be men? Is this fair
Your stubborn stand of a mere doctrinaire?

5. Is love of Mother-Bharat a great sin?
Can this be a matter for chagrin?
We 'll end poverty: Is this with crime fraught?
Can you to this grow angry, all distraught?

6. That is the true way that leads to unity,
We have known this to be a certainty.
Your cruelty will not us dismay.
We will stand firm for ever, come what may.

7. Us you may hack and whack, yet your desire
   Will not fruit bear; never will quench our life's fire.
   Great Bhakti is indeed our strength inner,
   It will to our broken hearts minister.

- T.N.R.

Note: See Note for 36.

38. Thirst for Freedom

1909

1. When will this thirst for freedom slake?
   When will our love of slavery die?
   When will our Mother's fetters break?
   When will our tribulations cease?

2. Lord! Architect of the Bharat war,
   And sustainer of Aryan life!
   Lead, lead us, to victory!
   Is it right we remain slaves?

3. Are famine and disease alone our share?
   For whom, then, are the laurels and fruits?
   Would you abandon us, your suppliants?
   Could the mother cast her child aside?

4. Brave Warrior! Aryan Lord!
   Destroyer of the demon-race,
   Where's your dharma? Is not your duty
   To revive us, and chase Fear away?

- P.N.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of '*Janma Bhumi*.'

From the "Native Paper Reports" of the British Government of India, we learn that the Tamil original appeared in India dated 7-3-1908. The Reports also contain a translation of the first lines of the poem under the heading, "Exhortation to Sree Krishna."

On 9-3-1908 Bharati sang this song at the meeting held in Triplicane beach to celebrate the release of Bipin Chandra Pal from imprisonment. A translation of this song was marked as an Exhibit in the Ashe murder case.

39. Aryan Traits

2-5-1908.

Many indeed are the Aryan traits;
To embrace for sure, the practised virtue
Of their ancients as their own, is one of them.
To come by a love unexcellable
For their Motherland is one such trait.
To name their progeny after the great
And mouth such names in ecstasy, is one.
To guard the home from aliens too, is one.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was published in *India*. Bharati wrote an article on Rani Lakshmi Bhai. The article concluded with this poem.

40. Dasanka of Bharata Devi

10-10-1908.

1. Parrot green and gem-like!
Who did bless this sinner
With the boon of Yoga?
Declare her name, the Mother's
It is Bharat Devi!
Hail her in solemn verse
Who has on earth stablished
The famous lamp unique
Of perfect wisdom great.

2. Parrot of honied words
Devi to me is bliss.
Pray declare unto me
Her great golden country.
Let that be known to you
As the Arya-country
From sky-capped Himachal
To Kanyakumari.

3. O parrot babbling sweet
She in truth is our life.
What indeed is the town
That holds her blessed home?
It is Varanasi
--True nectar to the wise
Who know them to be God
Steept in godly wisdom--.

4. O my comely parrot!
Them she frees from trouble
And protects, who ever chant
"Vande Mataram".
What may her river be?
'Tis supernal Ganga
That irrigating flows
With piety and gold.

5. Green parrot of Eden
Hers are the Vedas four,
Eternal is her youth.
Point to me her mountain.
Know that for sure, to be
The one of unsunned snow,
The one that peerless stands
The very sky piercing.

6. O parrot, winged wonder!
Beyond reckoning she's
Great, glorious, wealthy.
What courser does she ride?
Know this to be the truth:
No car of steeds, she rides,
She does a lion ride.
The terror of this earth.

7. She is mercy incarnate
Yet, oh pretty parrot,
With what weapon does she
Her foes quell, when provoked?
Her mercy prevents her
From wielding the weapon;
But should she wield *Kulis*
Sure death to all the foes.

8. Lovely emerald, what drum,
Pray, tell me, resounds there
Fronting Mother's dwelling?
'Tis the drum of Vedas
Whose gift is salvation
Hearken to its message:
"For ever speak the truth
And do that which is righteous."

9. Come my tender parrot
Freed are they from sorrows
That ever adore her.
What garland does she wear?
A garland of lotus--
All golden she does wear,
And by her tender smile
Subdues foes, and dazzles,

10. Coral-mouthed parrot!
Sin and evil she quells.
What triumphal flag is hers?
It is that which protects
Them that hail her feet twain
Laying low evil ones;
The Flag of Thunderbolt
Of undiminished lustre!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*.

41. Our Mother

1. When was our Mother born--
Who can hazard a guess?
Not even the learned that discern
What happened in the days of yore.

2. Though our Mother's age
No one can compute,
Alone on earth does she shine
For ever in virgin bloom.

3. Three hundred million
Her faces are;
But all, all of them
Throb with one vibrant life.

4. Eighteen are the languages
That she speaks;
But animating them all
Is only one thought.

5. Vedas are the speech
Of this sword-wielding Lady;
Merciful to her votaries,
She extirpates evil men,

6. Six hundred million
Her hands are;
All of them perform
Only righteous deeds.

7. If vile wretches there are
That seek to subdue her,
She routs them all
And reduces them to pulp.

8. More patient than Earth
Is our Holy Mother;
But before wicked men
She is Durga, the destroyer,

9. She adores the ascetic God
That wears the horned moon on the matted locks.
She worships as well the discus--bearer
That protects the seven Worlds.

10. Peerless in mystic meditation,
She perceives that Truth is One;
She also revels in worldly joys--
This Lady of immense riches.

11. Rulers reputed for
Justice seasoned with mercy
She blesses with boons in plenty
Others she devours and dances in delight.

12. Heroic daughter she is
Of the snow-clad Himavant;
Even if his might should melt away
She will grow from strength to strength.

- S.R.K.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*.

42. Freedom

21-11-1908.

Though we sink and die for the cause
For which our fathers shed their blood
Our progeny will be by Freedom fostered
And the great war once begun in its cause
Though destined to meet with many failures
Yet in the end will achieve victory.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. It was prefixed to the essay called 'The First Attempt' by Bharati. The Tamil version, according to Bharati, is a free rendering of a verse by Lord Byron. Our poet has given in prose the meaning of his rendering. It is as follows: "Shedding blood, though men might die generation after generation, yet the war of freedom continued by the sons would ultimately end in victory notwithstanding many failures."

43. Victory to Mother

5-12-1908.

1. With lofty thoughts soaring high
Mother her triumph registers
Over a hundred nations;
The vanquished, shorn of bravery
Bow before Mother and hail her.
(The wheel of fortune turns alas!)
Mother stands steeped in indigence
Shorn of her heroic majesty.
What though her state be, never does
Great mother, from piety swerve.
May success be Mother's always!

2. Time was when pandits the world over,
-- Authors of millions of great works--,
Came thronging here in longing quest
Of the unique truth ultimate.
(The wheel of fortune turns alas!)
Learning, this day, is on the wane
As patronage has ceased to be.
What though her state be, the Mother
For ever adores that which is
The Residue of Residues,
The Ultimate Truth Immortal!
May Mother flourish for ever!

3. Gone is the life of bowmen great,
Gone is the day of heroic sword,
Gone are the great scriptures of truth
Wrought by men of excelling wisdom.
All these to resuscitate
That benefits may be restored
She will provide what is needed,
By saving that work that saves.
May Mother flourish for ever!

4. Even when sinners daily exploit
   And denude her of her great wealth,
   Like a jar of nectar--drink divine --,
   That suffers no diminution
   Like the waters of ocean-streams,
     She yields eternal wealth endless
     Much sought after by so many.
     May Mother flourish for ever!

5. She devised crafts and granted them
   To this world to thrive in well.
   Many religions she revealed
   To usher in beatitudes;
   To envision a different truth
   For multitudinous nations
   She hath this day fostered a love
   So great and grand for Liberty!
     May Mother flourish for ever!

_ T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. Bharati explains Valla nul occurring in stanza 3 as the Upanishad or the Gita.

44. Freedom Plant

19-12-1908.

1. With tears, not water, this plant we reared:
   Is it your pleasure, Lord, it should be seared?

2. A lustrous lamp with our life's ghee fed:
   Is it your pleasure it should be dead?

3. After years a thousand there came on a day
   A diamond most dazzling: shall we throw it away?

4. Virtue will win -- is it a lie of the sages?
   Our suffering not enough through all these ages?

5. Can't you see heroes and men of letters
   Slaving at mills, rotting in fetters?

6. Countless good ones, their hearts stifled,
Blinded, bewildered, of all things rifled?

7. By baleful tyranny kept separated
Fathers from families, lovers ill-fated?

8. O Father, we have abused all that you gave us:
Who but you now to heal and save us?

9. Isn't sweet freedom the best of your boons?
Will you not guard it against unkind baboons?

10. Can life exist if there is no rain?
Without freedom are not all things vain?

11. Merciful, generous, can you not see
How our hearts are of falsehood free?

12. Is it in vain our substance we spend?
Torture our bodies, moan without end?

13. When for you and through you we fight for your right,
How comes it you cannot pity our plight?

14. Is this a new thing to which we aspire?
Didn't our forefathers have all we desire?

15. If virtue and you abide as they say
Grant us this one gift in our day!

-T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*.

45. On Tilak Maharaj

1908

1. To Saraswati he had service great
Rendered and mastered other nations' arts
At which the great masters are struck with awe;
Verily he is the sea of sastras.
Our Bharat, once Saraswati's birth-place
Is this day a barren desert become;
Heart-sore at Her plight, he has bound himself
To a vow, to chase the meanness away.

2. In the heart of Bharat ever shrined is he
Who of justness is an embodiment;
An eternal foe to deception vile,
To extirpate it his heart doth ever rage.
They that have resolved to serve Bharat-land
Till the very last moment of their life,
Hold fast to this Arya's name and chant it
In love, as Saivites the sacred pentad.

3. Dear are the heroic Marathis
To Bharat-Devi who wears the Tilak.
Like that very Tilak is he, the famed one,
Bal Gangadhar Tilak, the Maharaj,
A flaming fire is he to the hostile,
Our Tilak the peerless Prince of *Munis*.
I hail his glorious lotus-feet twain
That I may come by Thought immaculate.

-T.N.R.

Note: M.V.Easwara Iyer published a biography on Bal Gangadhar Tilak in 1908. This work contains the Tamil original. Tilak was the political guru of our poet.

46. Gokhale Swamy's Song

2-1-1909.

While witnessing the flawed dance of Morley
In poor me effloresced and grew a fruit;
Would it grow ripe or perish premature?
Should it grow full ripe, would it still reach me?
Would it be snatched by Curzon the monkey?
Would squirrel-rulers nibble it away?
Could I get it and eat it with relish?
Would hiccough beset me? Who could predict?

-T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was published in *India*.

47. Welcome Muse, the Beloved

16-1-1909, 23.1.1909.

Welcome my bejewelled beloved, hailed as Muse!
Many days and months and years have rolled by
Since I straight beheld your gracious visage.
During those days when you held me your slave,
In solitude, far from the madding crowd,
We revelled in the sea of endless joy.
During those days of our idyllic union,
Among wafted voices like Kuyil's from groves,
There was none so sweet-throated as your own;
Nor could the flowers, so many, ever boast
Of a lustre matching your eyes'; waters
Of the cool springs gushed not with the coolness.
Of your words--gems of purest ray serene.
Alone with you, deeming you as my life
And my deity, I served you many days.
As a thorn sticking in the throat pains him
That quaffs a cup of nectarean drink.
When I was oblivious of myself

Immersed in the bliss, of your company,
Came indigence to me, aye, the vilest
Of the vile on earth to besiege me sore.
When for a while he absented himself
And had the thorn removed and returned,
The golden jar of nectar had gone, alas!
To rid my penury when I undertook
One of the jobs in which the futile are
Engaged, by enlisting myself under
The service of the lord of a village
Situate in the South and him did serve,
One with a whale's body and a whelp's brain
You the treacherous one, abandoned me.
I wallowed in misery, totally robbed
Of all your gracious joy ineffable.
Somedays passed on; ha, what am I to day!
The very memory of my life with you
Wore away. Thus is a fable related:-
A saint cursed to become a pig, addressed
His son thus: "Son, when I into a base pig
Turn, suffer me not to live wretched;
To cut that body abominable
With a sword, shall indeed be your duty;
No sin you commit, as you obey me."
To this, the son did consent reluctant.
When the saint turned into a pig, the son,
The words of the Muni remembering,
Much grieved at the present form of the great
And glorious saint, rushed to knife the pig.
Then spake the sanctimonious pig thus:
"Sirrah, cease, desist, stop! This life indeed
Is not at all as painful as I once thought;
Wind and water and esculent tubers
And such other countless joys here abound;
Go; after six or seven months come back;
You may then kill me." With disgust he heard
These words and moved away by shame besieged.
Many months rolled by; the son of the Muni
Was aghast to behold his porcine father
Gladly frolic with his sow and piglets,
A good many. Unable to bear this
He spoke thus: "Father, oh father, whay may
This be? Can this ever square with the life
You lived, hailed by saints in Vedas well-versed?
Words as these he spoke and stood sorrowing.
He desired to kill the pig with his sword.
Then the saintly pig atremble spake thus:

"Stop, go away, you wretched evil one!
This life unto me is sure very sweet!
If you feel aggrieved at this, take your sword
And plunge it in your bosom and perish!
This saying the saintly pig ran away
With his family go guard their dear lives.
At this the young man began to muse thus:
"Alas, when men from their state fall into
A plight wretched, they are for quite sometime
Unaware of it, all bewildered!
After a few days they begin to feel
A fascination for their novel life,
As false as base; they delight in this, as if
They had never known of any other life.
Thus thought-defying Maya cheats us all.
Like the fabled saint, that sexless one throve
With a whale-like body and a cur's mind,
Surrounded by wives seven in number.
I served him, forfeiting my sense of pride
And wallowed like the saint in the fable.
O Goddess of Poesy, forgetting
Your love I lived; thereafter this poor one
Roamed many a country for a few years;
With many I lived doing many things;
Many many I saw and sorrowed;
My days passed on; like the ship on a sea,
That had lost its captain, on Time's ocean
I suffered wave-tossed and was bewildered;
I came to know what pain and pleasure were.
Height and depth, light and darkness, good and bad,
Esteem of countrymen and blame, friendship
And enmity: These I learned to assess.
O you Damsel-Poesy, all these days
Even in my dream, you would not grace me
With your beauteous face of lustrous smile.
Like a sword deprived of its keen splendour,
Like a face robbed of its joy, like the land
Of servitors shorn of all liberty,
Like sastras divorced from truth--mere garbage--,
Utter darkness pervaded my whole life.
Time passed, my thought grew averse to this life.
I longed for the life of renunciation;
Those are the true renouncers who receive
Pain and pleasure with equal thanks.
When taste-buds blunt, one hates toothsome morsels;
Will any call that one a renouncer?
When dead to the joy of life, one hates life;

Is that renunciation? Why spin words?
Six or seven months passed; it dawned on me
That between my poor self and the great state
Of renunciation, the gap was vast.
What was there for me to do in this world?
I could not come by the state that is next
To renunciation and much sought by
The resolute of mind; I would not set
My mind on sensuous meanness praised by
Countless men; I would not deem it proper
To do away with the blame-worthy body
By giving up life through suicide.
'Of the various joys known to mankind,
If something untinged by animalism
Could be gained, it would be worthwhile to work
For it with unabated zeal and zest.'
Thus I thought and at that very moment,
Oh gracious Damsel of sweet Poesy!
I thought of your love. If a man that lay
Accursed, a stone for centuries on end,
Should regain his human form and become
Aware of his wondrous transformation,
How happy would he be? I, the poor one
Felt even so. Again I felt like him
Who, a hero eager for battle, was
Released after shameful imprisonment,
And was blessed to fight for a righteous cause.
O bejewelled Kuyil! Your smiling lips,
Your deep eyes, your clear forehead, the sweetness
Of your words, the thrill of your touch: All these
Again took shape in my thought and again,
Oh great Glory! I sought refuge in you!
Pray, protect me; if I should lack your grace,
I--a sinner with nothing else on earth
To support me--, will die in misery;
Think on this and deign to be merciful.
The majestic poet who in Sanskrit
Composed *Sakuntala* of global fame
And the great authors of Tamil *Cilampu*
And the epic of divine Rama's life
Were all endowed with hearts filled with your grace.
Should you think that I cannot rank with them
I do not aspire for that eminence;
Sovereignty of your heart ill-becomes me;
I do not seek it; oh soft one, bless me
With a word of yours very like a fruit;
I will abide by it and that will do.

If you with your cool and flower-soft fingers
Soothe my head, I will dwell in happy pride.
Of the loved union--full and free--, you had
With me in the past, I will not dare think.
Gone are my youthfulness and clarity;
While young all men are gods; as days roll by
They decay. O lady whose eyes are like swords
I, the poor one, am again bent upon
Serving your good self with a melting heart.
Muse--loved and jewelled--, I bid you welcome!
It is your duty to bless me with grace!

-T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was serialised in *India*. However, so far only a portion of this poem has been published. Even here the words of the bard have been tampered with. For the first time the entire poem as published by Bharati is brought to the notice of the public by the Tamil University.

48. Guru Gobind Singh

(30-1-1909, 6-2-1909, 13-2-1909, 20-2-1909.)

Vikrama of Seventeen fiftysix,
'Annus mirabilis!' ..... Guru Gobind,
The elixir great of mighty victors
Flourished at Anandpur in joyance great.
Ha, he was the jewel of a Guru
Who fashioned the race of lions of Panchal,
An ocean of wisdom and a poet
Of melodic harmony. He, the Lord
Of heroes, could stay with his sword
The crumbling heavens. The solemn mandate
Of this soterial Lord of the wide world
-- The Prince Guru Gobind Singh--, drew to him
Aye, day by day, from all the directions
The valiant warriors of brave Panchal.
Afire with a desire to know the hest
Of "Heroes' Guru", thronged they in thousands
At Anandpur; thither did they gather

On that hallowed day, to drink in the words
Of the divine Guru ever-glorious.
The fecund groves and gardens, fresh flowers
Of iris-hues and green fields extensive
Blessed and smiled and thus joyous greeted them;
"We bid our people a hearty welcome".

"What may he say? How may he grant us grace?
What may he bid us do to sanctify our lives
-- Seven of the past, and seven, future-?"
Thus they did muse and like anxious Devas
Stood before him who was Vishnu Himself
And looked up to him to know of their task.
On a sudden ascended and there stood
On the pedestal, a form wrought of youth
Valour, and aye, regal authority.
From the eyes flashed forth divine flame immense,
A shield of halo encircled the crown,
A sword, keen and kingly, emitting fire,
-- No tongue on earth can describe this terror --,
Was held aloft by the uplifted hand.
Him the heaven-descended holy magus,
The pride of lions in a spell of trance
Eyed in sheer silence bowing low their heads.
To the sword-tip, the majestic Guru
Pointed and made bare the holy intent
Of his hallowed heart; divine words gushed forth
Like the rumbling of an angry volcano
As his divine red lips parted to speak:
"I wish to plunge this sword into the hearts
Of men and there bathe it; O ye chelas!
Full many a bloody sacrifice seeks
The Deity of Dharma, aye, all a-thirst.
Is there amongst you any that is willing
To have his heart ripped open, that the thirst
Of Devi may be quenched by ruddy drops
That fall drenching earth? Him the chelas heard
And stood for a moment in mute terror.
A small second in stillness sped away.
From out of the assembled myriads
Came forth a hero and humbly spake thus:
"Gem of Guru! Rent by your kingly sword,
As food for God of excelling Dharma
That as yet is unslaked, I offer to die.
May you this votive offering approve".
The sacred visage was wreathed in smiles.
Into the temple the kingly Guru

Went with him; very soon, the gathered crowd
Witnessed blood streaming forth as from a tank.
Lo, the Sad-Guru comes from the temple
Like a flash, and lightning-like he shoots
Before the assembly; with the triumph
Of the first sacrifice, his visage beams.
The Guru--King lifts aloft once again
The blood-soaked sword and articulates thus:
"I did desire to deep implunge this sword
Into the hearts of men; o ye chelas!
Devi demands yet another sacrifice.
Is there any another, aye, amidst you
Who can dare appease Kali with his blood?"
Hearing this a second hero walked forth
As a willing victim; him the Guru
Led into the temple; there performing
Sacrifice again, the Guru returned.
The crowd beheld the blood and quaked in fear.
Again, yet again, and aye, once again.
Five were by the supreme one sacrificed.

Men who are merely in dharma well-versed
Are not to be reckoned as truly great.
They indeed are the great ones who expose
Their bosoms to the sword-thrust and perish
That Dharma may thrive well; these are the true;
These are the ones truly liberated.
Amid the hundred thousands of devotees,
To identify these few, the Guru--
An ever-glorious sea of mercy--,
Devised this test of utter cruelty.
As he came by Five who in boundless love
Could offer their dear lives, the happy truth
Dawned on him: "Countless are they like the Five."

The devotees thought the Five goodly gems,
The five that shed their blood, preciously red,
Had truly gained *valhalla*, the *Veer-Swarg*.
As them the Guru from the temple fetched,
Loud did roar the devotees in sheer joy;
Great was their wonder; wiping their eyes twain
They looked deep at them, again and again,
"Hail, hail Gem of Guru, hail Guru-Lion!"
Thus they hailed him in hymn and solemn strain
And danced in joy. He, the incarnation
Of Grace, smiled; it was like the lustrous smile
Of the goodly sun. He embraced the Five,

The blemishless Muktas, and on them poured
Benedictions; then to the assembly
He spake in words resounding as the sea:
"Behold, Kali and our auric Devi
Of Bharat are but one as you well know.
My loved ones, five times did I, aye, fare forth
To sacrifice, striking terror in you.
It was but a make-believe; would I ever
With my hands take the life of any one
Of you? I concealed all the while the Five
Thus putting your mettle to cruel test.
Now am I convinced that you indeed are
The true sons of Mother-Bharat. My sword
Did tear this day, you see, five goats only.
The test but attests your great courage true;
Rid of sorrows, my heart revels in joy."

The Dharma that the Guru did preach
Grew in glory as the Way of the Chelas.
To this day the adherent of the Way
Is called Khalsa. Khalsa means the Great Way
Of Guru-mukh Sangat, the Society
Of the Liberated while yet alive.
The Arya graciously decreed the Five
To be the founders of *Muktas* Sabha";
Thus was constituted *Khalsa* the Sang.
"With wilted spirit they have not perished yet;
The renowned people of hoary Bharat;
Loss of manliness, they have not yet suffered;
Valour and devotion are still their lot."
The Saint declared these to the world.
A leader unique, divine, glorious,
Like Krishna of yore, he did birth assume.
Behold! As he with pure heaven-bred words
Uncontaminated by dirt of earth,
Chose to bestir, She wasn't dead, the Mother
-- The resolute One of eternal youth --.
Sure would she rise to defend the honour
Of Her clan. This the world from the Saint, learnt.
As the First One fashioned the universe
With elements five, so too the great Saint
With five disciples wrought the lustrous race
Of Bharat; Dharma throve, aye, thus revived.
The nominal men who tyrannously
Wielded a sinful sceptre shook with fear.
Goddess Liberty -- Magna Mater --, smiled.
In Vikrama -- seventeen fifty six --,

Guru Gobind Singh of wondrous glory
Summoned his princely disciples, and held
A durbar -- a rare sight of great marvel --.
The King of Saints was seated on the throne
Of wondrous beauty; the five disciples
Dear as life, him encircling stood; them he
Robed and garlanded with his divine hands;
He assigned unto them seats of honour
And blessed them, dear as precious orbs of eyes,
In melting love, and then, the gathering
He addressed: "Behold this, the first Khalsa!
O ye! Know this to be the Sang, to guard
Well the nation and its Dharma." Thus he.
From the river that flowed nearby, the Lord
Fetched water sweet, in a small iron-pail.
He stirred it with the tip of his sword
The while chanting mantras; he stilled his mind;
With heart oned with Shiva, he did 'japa'.
Into that solemn durbar, there came
Great Goddess Victory in joyous leaps.
Did he merely stir with sword the water
Of river? He did in truth, stir to life
The waning skills of the race of Bharat,
Infusing into it fresh vital life;
The whole nation became quick and vibrant.
He made the Five of tapas, stand before him
And on them the holy water sprinkled
To rid them of all blemish; the Guru--
Grace-incarnate--, touched their eyes. Behold this,
O ye of the world! That very moment
The godly one touched their eyes, the goodly way
For the whole nation, was flung open.
Initiated were the chelas all.
Spake the Lord thus: "My loved ones, this Diksha
To you administered, is called *Amrit*;
It is indeed a rare beatitude;
Great grace is the lot of all Dikshitas.
Now hearken to your Dharma: One only
Is God; all men in the world are brothers;
All are equal and are with freedom blessed.
O ye disciples! From now on, ye all
Are but one in family, deed and all.
Wipe out divisiveness; division
Indeed is death; may they all, all, perish,
The fell devisers of divisive castes
Amongst Aryas. You are all of that one caste
Wrought of heroism, ushered in to hail

Dharma and Godhead, Truth and Liberty.
It is your caste that shall quell injustice
And shall annihilate all cruelty.
Yours is the brave-faced caste, whose hair shall never
Be cut; never shall your caste throw away
Iron-bangle, breeches and girded sword.
Your caste shall ever foster brotherly friendship.
No king but God shall rule you; men indeed
Are your friends; you are the foe of tyranny;
Thus shall thrive the Republic of your caste.
For ever hail you Motherland divine
And live in glory, aye, in all glory."
Thus he spoke and them blessed in great delight.
His feet his chelas hailed aned roared in joy.
As the flag hoisted aloft by the King
Guru Gobind wafted, the world extolled;
Wholly perished the reign of Aurangzeb.

-T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was serialised in *India*.

49. The Dread Thunderbolt

27-2-1909.

While one who is burnt by its close passage
  Of a thunderbolt says nothing, another
Whose head is struck by a few hailstones
  Castigates the merciful clouds with harsh words;
Even so, that one berates his loved one
  For throwing at him a ball of flower petals
Totally ignoring my deep suffering, when
  I am wounded by the spears of her lovely eyes.

- R.E.A.

Note: Bharati's 'Jnana Ratam' was serialised in *India*. This poem is recited by Chittaranjan, the younger brother of the heroine of 'Jnana Ratam.' Bharati has also given the meaning of this poem in simple prose.

50. The Song of the Nation

19-3-1909.

1. Mother! Thou art rich with splendid waters,
Ambrosial fruitage, cool fragrant winds,
Gardens galore of jasper greenery.

Vande Mataram...

2. Moon-thrilled nights, fragrant trees with cool blossoms,
Lustre of smile and mellifluous words are thine.
Thou art a grantor of delight and boons.

Vande Mataram ...

3. Billions and billions of thy voices resound;
Thy countless phalanxes stand in order;
Is it not lack of sense, should they call thee weak?
In excelling might thou wilt surely secure
Beatitudes and drive away hostile forces.

Vande Mataram ...

4. Thou art Buddhi! Thou art Dharma! Thou art
The Bosom and the Arcanum therein!
Thou art life animating Body!
Thou art the Strength of Shoulder, Love of Heart!
Divine and beautiful icons that grace
Every temple are indeed thine own forms.

Vande Mataram ...

5. Goddess Parvati who wields ten weapons,
Lakshmi gladly throned on lotus, Vani
By whom is Buddhi blest, are but Thee, Mother!

Vande Mataram ...

6. Thou art sheer divinity, peerless One!
Thou art blemishless; Thou art blessed with
The wealth of waters; Thou wilt grant us
The rich yield of fields; green in hue Thou art
Fresh and fecund; Thou art joy; Thy face is
Lit by a lovely smile; richly bejewelled
Thou dost our life ever sustain on earth.
Our great Mother we hail Thy golden feet.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. It was re-published in *Karma-Yogi* in February, 1910. This is a second rendering of Bankim Chandra Chatterji's poem, "Vande Mataram" by Bharati who says that this translation is better suited for musically rendering the song. It should be mentioned here that Sri Aurobindo also translated Bankim Chandra's poem twice.

51. The Present Condition of the Indians

13-3-1909.

1. It is beyond heart's endurance
When thought hovers on these debased,
They fear, they dread and they perish;
This world for them is full of fear.
"Vile demons haunt this tree--nay, haunt
That tank--nay, nay, are deep asleep
On the hill-top." Thus they assert
And grieve much, thinking fear-breeding thoughts.

2. They will say: "Lo, the necromancer!"
This said, gripped by fear they will quake.
Mumbo-jumbo! Thaumaturgy!
How many are the troubles of these!
Kings after all govern their subjects
With taxes collected from people;
But to these, the very government
Is dreadful as a fearful ghoul.

3. The sight of soldiers puts fear in them;
Village menials affright them;
When at great distance they see one
With a gun, they will hide in the house.
Someone goes somewhere; eyeing his dress
These stand up and shake in fear.
Before all men, with folded hands,
They ever behave like cringing cats.

4. It is beyond heart's endurance
   When thought hovers on these debased.
   Are their factions but a very few?
   Shall we say: 'Ten million!' Nay, more.
   The father says: "A five-headed snake!"
   Should his son call it "six-headed"
   They are at once sundered, alas!
   For years they will remain as foes.

5. They know not the import of sastras
   They will believe the words of them
   The sastri-fiends but blame him--
   The righteous one of their own clan.
   Yet will they praise and obey too
   The base who are out to trap them.
   In wrath they wrangle, dubbing men
   As Siva's servitors and Hari's.

6. It is beyond heart's endurance
   Yet my thought is untinged by hate.
   They do not even have conjee to drink;
   They know not the reason therefor.
   They wallow in famine and daily
   Tremble and suffer in distress
   And perish in misery; there is
   No way to ward off their sorrows.

7. Their maladies are legion;
   They have no strength to stand or walk;
   Like eyeless babes led by others
   These too fare forth and get ensnared.
   In this country that once fostered
   Billions and billions of great arts,
   In this very country holy
   These vegetate like senseless brutes.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. The words used by Bharati in line 2 of stanza 5 are *சாத்திரிப் பேய்கள்* and not *சாத்திரப் பேய்கள்*.

52. Sirius

3-4-1909.

1. In one moment light travels, the scholars say,
Nineteen thousand katam; such is its speed;
It is indeed difficult to comprehend it.
The sun's light reaches us in eight minutes.

2. Westerners speak of a star called Sirius, it is reckoned
That its rays, travelling at the same speed
Take three years to reach this mantala--the earth;
If so, is it easy for thought to fix its distance?

3. Oh men, hear this! This star among the innumerable stars,
It is said, is nearest to the earth--a mere millet.
Again there is a star whose rays take
Three thousand light years to reach the earth.

4. Know that the human insects with manifold pains
Devised but defective instruments to discover these (stars).
And there are billions and billions of stars far, far away
Which cannot be spotted through these tools at all.

5. The bird of intellect that soars returns fatigued;
The dictum that the expansive directions are boundless
Exceeds sense-perception; is beyond mind's comprehension.
Endless indeed is the vastitude of the direction!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. This poem was lost sight of by all the editors of Bharati's works, so far. It is reproduced for the first time by the Tamil University.

53. We Cannot Blame You

8-5-1909.

1. O Mother, we cannot blame you;
   Your grace we are unfit to receive
   To flourish; very bad are we,
   Base and utterly blame-worthy.
   It is not in our nature to tread
   The golden path; base ways are ours.
   We forsake the good that seeks us
   And embrace evil falsity.

2. Endless is your mercy; to all
   You show pity; in a bare trice
   Banishing all troubles, oh Goddess,
   Before our very eyes, you made
   The Turks rise to goodly greatness.
   Evil-prone, for good many years
   They wrought unspeakable crimes foul;
   Them you ignored and enslaved them.

3. If for even a split second
   With purity thrice-blest, we cannot
   Hail you with such words as, "Mother!
   Sea of wisdom and grace benign!
   Great Goddess! Ens Supreme! Save us!"
   And cry out, and are unwilling
   To hail your names, but choose to wilt,
   Mother, can we ever blame you?

4. Who can protect the insect small
   Which into flame willingly falls?
   If by grace we put out a lamp
   It will wing round and round and then fall
   Into another lamp and perish.
   If like that we but willingly
   Fall into utter perdition
   Mother, what is there for you to do?

5. In times past, when you did deign
To grant us all grace, we the brainless,
Did not bid you a warm welcome;
Nor did we choose to adore you;
We fought internecine battles
And were smitten to smithereens.
When now you come again, we keep
Our visages turned away in shame.

- T.N.R.

(To be continued)

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. Bharati's desire to continue the poem did not fructify.

54. The End of Kali Yuga

5-6-1909.

The one that owns much gold will scatter it;
That one, grown strong, will rule with an iron-will.
That will be deemed as tapas to gift away
Gold to the wrong ones; women--all shameless--,
Will desire to rule; they that rule the world
Will loot the subjects and will waste it all.
With false words, they will confiscate the wealth
Of merchants. As the world doth near its end
All piety of people will 'wildered be;
Protection will cease; evil will be afoot.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. The Tamil version is a rendering of an English poem by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel. Mrs. Steel composed the poem to deride the budget presented by Lloyd George.

55. To the Sea

12-6-1909.

O grey wild sea,
Thou has a message, thunderer, for me.
Their huge wide backs
Thy monstrous billows raise, abysmal cracks
Dug deep between.
One pale boat flutters over them, hardly seen.
I hear thy roar
Call me, "Why dost thou linger on the shore
With fearful eyes
Watching my tops visit their foam-washed skies?
This trivial boat
Dares my vast battering billows and can float.
Death if it find,
Are there not many thousands left behind?
Dare my wide roar,
Nor cling like cowards to the easy shore.
Come down and know
What rapture lives in danger and o'erthrow."
Yes, thou great sea,
I am more mighty and outbillow thee.
On thy tops I rise;
'Tis an excuse to dally with the skies.
I sink below
The bottom of the clamorous world to know.
On the safe land
To linger is to lose what God has planned
For man's wide soul,
Who set eternal godhead for its goal.
Therefore he arrayed
Danger and difficulty like seas and made
Pain and defeat,
And put His giant snares around our feet.
The cloud He informs
With thunder and assails us with His storms,
That man may grow
King over pain and victor of o'erthrow
Matching his great
Unconquerable soul with adverse Fate.
Take me, be
My way to climb the heavens, thou rude great sea.
I will seize thy mane,
O lion, I will tame thee and disdain;

Or else below
Into thy salt abysmal caverns go,
Receive thy weight
Upon me and be stubborn as my Fate.
I come, O Sea,
To measure my enormous self with thee.

- Sri Aurobindo

Note: The Poem printed here is the original. Bharati's translation in Tamil of this poem appeared in *India*.

56. The Frenzied Mother

4-9-1909.

1. Our Mother--a demon is She
Full of frenzy wild and fury.
Her lover is a madman of ire
Whose palm doth sport the blazing fire.

2. In the melodic sea dulcet
Where tossing billows fume and fret
Leaps the Mother in great joyance
And there doth dance in all pleasance.

3. In poesy-haunting Eden
With divine fragrance well-laden,
Decked with flowers of sweet honey
She dances in drunken harmony.

4. The Vedic hymns, in joy, She sings
With Spear of Truth, Her canter rings.
She strews sastras, the Mother kind
Within the reach of all mankind.

5. The Bharat War! How great was it
Blazed Arjuna's bow, by Her lit.
Million heroes opposing, She
Slays in a trice, in gory glee.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*.

57. On V.O.C. and Others

11-9-1909.

If there had not been born in India the wondrous Tilak
Aurobindo, Bipin Chandra Pal, Lala Lajpat Rai,
And that good-hearted gentleman Chidambaram, where
Would our fertile and loving mother-country be, where
Would the great mantra-Vande Mataram--be?

- R.E.A.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *India*. It is prefixed to an article of Bharati, entitled "V.O.Chidambaram and Coimbatore-jail".

58. Hymn to the Goddess of Liberty

1. Bereft of the comforts of home
   Were I to be gaoled in woe,
   Altered, both in estate and wealth
   Shame-rife, to fall in disgrace low;
   Or a million misfortunes varied
   Transpiring were to rout me,
   Goddess liberty! even then,
   I will not forget to worship thee.

2. Those unblessed of thy divine grace
   Be they rich beyond all compare
   Be they exalted, versed in lores
   Taught and heard, numerous and rare
   Besides in innumerable
   Virtues others let them excel.
   Of what use the life such as theirs?
   A dead carcass adorned in jewel.

3. Goddess! the land shorn of thy light
   Do we call that a nation? Say,
   Will there be life? Have they knowledge
   And uprightness? And wealth, have they?
   Are there epics? Have they the arts
   Scientific, the Vedas? Nay.
   To forgo the ministrations
   Of thy grace, sinners, aren't they?

4. They will die of incurable sickness
   Willless to ken a zest for life;
   Insulted even by the brutes
   Infamous, they'll stand last in strife;
   They know not the life free from blame
   Eyeless to joys even in dream;
   They, who, devoid of thy grace,
   Mother! who gifts immortal fame.

5. Goddess seeking thy grace, distressed in heart,
   Those who offer their lives, and also their love
   Though, condemned in fell gaol, they stand and smart,
   They deem it as blameless heavens above.

6. Mother! those who know not thy virtues rare
   And think the disgraceful slavery, great.
   The golden dome that worldly joys prepare
   They must shun as dire gaol of hellish state?

7. They of many western lands, a new state
   Achieved, through fair courage, applauding thee.
   "Lives in crores to Death we will consecrate
   To win thy grace" -- so did they cherish thee.

8. Thou, of such wondrous aspect resplendent
   Worded how can thy servant hymn thy praise,
   Born in a wasting wasted land fragment,
   Lost in pride, unhonoured by thy signal grace?

9. Thou strong fence that fends justice great and right!
   A life of stealth, sorrows and poverty
   Which darkness to quell shine thy rays Oh Light!
   Nectar of the heroes! I pray to thee.

- S.R.

59. The Beauteous Flag of the Mother

1. Behold the gem, the banner of Mother!
Come and humbly adore it and extol.

2. Tall stands the mast, and from its crest
The flag of red silken lustre wafts
With the well-printed dazzling words
Proclaiming 'Vande Mataram.'

Behold the gem ...

3. Is it a piece of mere silk? Into it
Blows and twirls a mighty cyclone;
Even when it rages excessively
It wafts serene a ruby-drift.

Behold the gem ...

4. Indra's thunder-bolt and young crescent
Of our Muslims bedeck the flag;
At its midst is Mother's mantra;
Its majesty is ineffable.

Behold the gem ...

5. Behold them beneath the mast
An immense throng of peerless heroes;
Tried and trusted and brave are these;
They may yield their life, but not the flag.

Behold the gem ...

6. Behold the phalanxes! Is not
This noble sight a joy for ever?
Behold their bedecked chests and forms --
The abode of divine valour.

Behold the gem ...

7. Soldiers of Tamil-land, Maravas
Whose eyes blaze with raging fire,
Cera warriors, stout-hearted Andras
And Tuluvas devoted to Mother's feet

8. Kannadas, Odyas and Maratas
Whose might will put to fright even Death
And righteous wrestlers of India
In form very like the supernal lords.

9. Rajput heroes whose fame will not fade
Till the end of the entire world
Or as long as martial prowess lasts
Or as long as chaste women breathe

10. The natives of Punjab and those of great realms
Whence heroes from Arjun onward took birth,
They of Bengal who even when they slumber
Forget not their devotion to the feet of Mother:

11. These have gathered here to guard it; behold this!
May their strong-willed bravery thrive for ever!
May the banner of Mother-Bharat
By these adored, flourish in fame for ever!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original formed part of *Janma Bhumi* -- 1909.

60. The Moderates Go Desperate

1909

1. What can we do friends? This is a wonder
Hitherto unbeknown to this our world.

2. It is all because of Tilak,
Gone are good and bad, that is our luck.
The evil gangs are everywhere,
The fellows have lost fear and care.

3. Many of this nation are spoiled,
From work and duty have recoiled.
Words of Dadhabhai hold sway,
Freedom they claim; it is their doomsday.

4. The titled are not respected,
The aliens' words are suspected.
Idolized are now the lawless,
Plaints to government are deemed useless.

5. At all foreign goods they flare up,
Dissent helps their wrath develop.
Something 'Vande' say they and are rapt;
Their speech and dance are in evil wrapt.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Janma Bhumi* -- 1909.

61. The Servitors of Bharata Devi

1. No slave to the aliens am I!
No slave to the aliens am I!

2. A slave am I to the feet twain
Oh Bharat-Devi's gloried reign.

No slave...

3. A slave am I to Tilak saint,
Apex of virtues and restraint.

No slave ...

4. A slave am I of Lord Bhupendra
Who smiles in prison like Indra.

No slave ...

5. A slave am I to truthful Pal
Whom even Death cannot appal.

No slave ...

6. Slave am I of Brahma Bhandava bold
Who even through fire did dharma uphold.

No slave ...

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Janma Bhumi* -- 1909.

62. Pallar-Dance

1909

Chorus: Come, that we may sing,
For Freedom's bliss is ours!
Come, that we may dance,
For Liberty is ours!

1. A Brahmin no more will be hailed
As "Lord, Lord," again;
No more a white man in our land
As "Master" shall remain;
No more to those who would receive
Of such their alms, we bow,
Or bend to those who us deceive;
Never from now!

2. Hail Freedom! Freedom! everywhere
The word is trumpeted!
That we are brethren, equals born,
For certainty is said.
Come, take the gleaming ivory shells
And breathe, "The strife is done!"
That earth may listen, and earth may know
That we have won!

3. O joy! the time is come when one
Is only as his neighbour;
The cheats of pomp and foppery
Are gone from us forever;
Who are the great? Only the good;
And these shall great remain;
The evil men in fall have shown
Their strength is vain!

4. The sweated labour and the plough
Of us shall honoured be;
Vain revellers a target stand
Unto our mockery;
Shall we the fat unwholesome weed
Labour to water and save?
Or waste, in serving greedy drones,
Our life-blood brave?

5. This land beneath our feet, we know,
Sure, is our very own;
Its proud possession could belong
To us and us alone;
Nor would we slave to any soul,
Come from the whole wide earth and hoar;
The Perfect only, we would serve
For evermore.

H.J.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Janma Bhumi* -- 1909.

63. Beseeching the Mother

February, 1910.

Thoughts and aims must come to pass:
And the mind shall think only good.
A stout and sturdy heart I seek,
And a clear, lucid intellect.
All the sins that I have done,
Like mist before the rising sun,
Should by thy Grace dissolved be,
Mother! as I stand before thee!

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Karma-Yogi*.

64. Maha Sakti

February, 1910.

1. Finding her glistening in the moonlight,
I took sudden refuge in her;
I have subdued the senses at last,
and demolished vain Desire.

2. She made the glitter of the Stars
The motion of the wind that blows
The vastness of the ethereal space,
And the joy in my heart-praise Be!

3. She said: "Serve me and thrive,
and mind not the fruits of action."
she has chased all sorrows away
and wedded me to Joy.

- P.N.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Karma-Yogi*. The translation here published follows the version of *Karma-Yogi*.

65. Prayer To Mahasakti

1. Destroy all my delusion
Or else cease my breath;
Fell to the ground my frame
Or slay the thought within;
Set me firm in Yoga true,
Or mangle all my flesh:
O thou who madest all this world
From thy monadic state divine.

2. Bondage all remove,
Or away my burden of life;
Make clear my intellect,
Or make me a lifeless corse;
Shall these be deemed as grain,
That are but empty chaff?
O thou who movest all things
As Mahasakti immanent.

3. Won't ever my pretence melt, Mother
And tears flow, of devotion pure?
Won't my heart become pellucid
And my flawed ago false, perish?
Won't the flood of thy Grace slake
My currish hankerings for good?
Oh thou Ens Ineffable
That doth pervade everywhere!

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Karma-Yogi*. The translation here given follows the version of *Karma-Yogi*.

66. Morning Hymn to Mother India

1. The day hath dawned;
Our austerities have fructified;
The vile forces of darkness have melted into thin air;
The golden beams of the morning sun illumine all over;
The sun of wisdom shines in all its splendour.
Thousands on thousands are we, your votaries,
Gathered to praise you and pay you homage.
Amazing it is that you are still asleep
Arise, Awake, Mother dear.

2. Birds boom, drums din;
The song of freedom fills the air.
Listen, O, Listen to the blast of the conches.
Women fill the streets;
Wise Brahmins recite the vedas
And chant thy holy name.
Soul of my soul, pure ambrosia,
Arise, Mother, awake.

3. We behold the sky bathed in sunlight;
We long to see thy eyes floodlight the earth.
Our own loving hearts in bloom
We offer on your lotus-red feet.
O Mother of the Vedas and the numerous sciences
Whose excellence defies description
O Mother pure, whose trident caused
The demons to tremble, Awake.

4. Dost thou not know our heartfelt longing
   to behold thy grace-raining eyes?
 Golden one, Offspring of the snow-crowned
   Lord of the Himalayas
 How long should we, poor souls, yearn,
   And what penances perform, for thy grace?
 Is it proper that thou shouldst still slumber?
   My life sweet, awake.

5. No mother remains asleep when her children call her
   Mother of a vast country, canst thou not realise this?
 What kind of mother is she
   Who doesn't respond to infant's lisps?
 Queen, sovereign of great Bharat!
 In all your eighteen languages
   We salute and extol thee in several ways.
 Arise! Awake! thou who gavest birth to us
   Bless us with thy benign reign.

- S.R.K.

67. Unit Universalised

February, 1910.

1. When merged and become universalised
 Can ever the unit persist? Oh Mind!
 When it is resolved to liquidate you,
 O Mind, -- wicked worm --, can buddhi falter?

2. When dawns the knowledge, that all that exist
 Are but one life, can the heart ever flounder?
 When one is immersed in the flooding grace,
 Can pain dare hold its sway, thereafter, aye?

3. If peerless knowledge of pure consciousness
 And its puissance great is come by, Oh Mind!
 What though the onslaught of countless troubles be,
 Could they touch at all the thought of the freed?

4. "With your being firm established in Sivam
Perform your deeds". Thus spake the Deva Great.
Will they ever the world fear who travel
On the godly way from falsehood immune?

5. They swim and joy in the soul-sea of light;
Can fear near them, tell me Mind, you sirrah
Behold, the flood-gate of honey is flung open
We will dam it for our soul's irrigation.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Karma-Yogi*.

68. Petitioning Mahasakti

Clarity of intellect, firmness of heart,
An inwardly coursing flood of love,
Unique lordship over the senses,
Longing quest all the time after the way
Of Your grace and establishment
In Karma-Yoga: May you grant me these
O Supreme Ens that is without
Any mark or guna, but indeed is all.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Karma-Yogi* .

This poem was later added to the autobiography in verse (Kanavu), by Bharati.

69. The Comet

March, 1910.

1. Like a palm tree set on a millet plant,
With a growing tail on a little star,
You blaze forth in kinship with eastern moon.
Oh lustrous comet! I bid you welcome.

2. You range over countless crores of yojnas;
They say your endless tail is wrought of gas
The softness of which is indeed peerless.

3. They aver that your tail touches the earth too
And you fare forth with no harm to the poor;
The wise talk of your myriad marvels.

4. We that are over Bharath spread, have forgot
Long long ago the lore of works; we learnt
Of your nature true from aliens only;
None amongst us is with clarity blessed.

5. Come, Oh flame! I will put you some questions.
They say, you will cause harm to the evil.
And will immerse in a sea of misery
The ancient world. Is this true or untrue?

6. "By Her mandate great -- the Primal Goddess,
You fare forth executing punishment
Purging the world of its impurities
And making it pure" they say. True or false?

7. "It is a rule with you to appear once
In a cycle of seventy five years;
This time you will cause many marvels" say they.
I ask of you, if this be true or false.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Karma-Yogi* .

70. A Dream

1910

"Like untruth, story old and dream
Away did it all slowly stream."

- St. Pattinatthar.

1. The dictum of them well-versed in Vedas
That all life is a dream, is no error;
The base earthly pomp, I know well myself,
Is impermanent; I have not on earth
Beheld "The Supreme State beyond the Void"
As they call it; is there aught that can balk fate?
I have but sensed a part only of truth.

2. I have realised the total falsity
Of Maya; but alas! I do lack grace
To con and scan the nature of Brahman;
Nor can I by dint of mere devotion
Hold as good, words of some one, which are not
By my own intellect comprehended;
Let me therefore wait and abide my time.

3. All the world is a huge dream and in that
The life of those mischievous human insects
That merely eat, sleep, cause harm and perish
Is a dream within a dream; in this life
The love of maidens with tilak dazzling
Surely is ambrosia for a few days
Which bewitches beings ineffably;
Well, may that divine dream of love flourish!

4. When I was ten years old, boys of my age
Would all climb up and down many a tree,
Would swim in river and pond, run and play
In frolic gay, and jibber and jabber.
Afraid of my father's strict injunction
I would desist from gambols in the street.
Alone in my library I languished
Without company or camaraderie.

5. Can I even in my Tamil dulcet
Describe the visitant-dream of that time?
This sweet dream was not slumber-bred; it was
A waking dream; I beheld a virgin
Of fair gait, sweet of speech with jet-black eyes
And a frame that breathed the fragrance of flowers;
With this goddess I fell madly in love.

6. She was nine spring times old; to me she was
Epical Sakuntala! Others may
Wonder at this; what could I do? Am I
To be blamed? If the flood of love should draw
Could any escape it? Before the bow
Of Manmath which has many a great saint
With ease vanquished, what am I, a mere child!

7. The love that springs past boyhood is in truth
Fraught with blemish; it is aught but divine;
Tainted is that love by the thought, that joy
Is meant for the body base to thrill.
As of right are the boys in love to wed
The charming girls of their choice entitled.
When my looks fell on her -- the carp-eyed roe --,
The barbs of Manmath, my life seared away.

8. Kanaka's son, Kumaragurupara,
Mellow Gnanasambhanda and Duruva
Were like me, little boys; these were to God
Devoted, and lived chastened lives.
To Manmath -- Mind-born and Nibbler of Mind --,
I made a total gift of my dear life;
Theirs was divine glory; what I -- the fool --,
Came by, I shall relate some other time.

9. To fetch a pitcher of water she would
Fare forth with a face bright with pearly smile;
Before her would march Manmath every day
In battle-array; like the base evil spies
Who at the hest of petty kings that plot
To pluck root and branch the goodliest plant
Of Liberty, lie in vile ambuscade
To surprise the noble patriots true

10. I would wait with joyous eyes and watch her
From behind, tripping all along the way.
That which is attached to the wheel of a car
Moves with the car; even so was poor me.
Drawn by her I trailed after in sheer joy;
Thus did I spend my days a good many.
If her flower-face lustrous turned on me
I would revive, though of all senses reft.

11. "The spirit is with senses and organs
Linked; in this concatenation, man wields
His will to come by weal and is crowned with
Fruition sure". Thus say they who in sciences
Are well-versed; I too know this to be true.
If we are freed from animal-nature
Heaven itself is ours for mere wishing.

12. In this mayic world phenomenal,
Whatever is beheld is wrought of Mind.
If to-day in the heart, deep desire lurks,
On the morrow its outcome is yielded.
They of drooping heart, victims of fatigue,
They that goat-like, leap on things variform
And quail before besetting difficulty
Can never obtain their desired objects.

13. Fate would they blame, and their dear friends defame,
Hurl on foes obloquy in soaring wrath,
Hatch stratagems, cite pseudo-scriptures false,
Study and scan horoscopes and air out
Base atheism bred by mind falsified.
"Desire -- total and deathless --, alone could
Confer on man fruition." This they know not.
All perplexed they would be like the eyeless.

14. Billions were the worries which besieged me
As my heart of love was on the virgin set.
Many myriad words may be uttered;
Yet devotion is truly ineffable.
Like a lame man struggling for the honey-comb
On a lofty branch, with feet sudden blest,
I know not how at all it came to be.
She did in love link her heart with mine.

15. Unilateral love, be it known, is
Like the venom churned out of the ocean;
If love blameless is indeed mutual
Can even ambrosia ever match it?
Even they with ineffable tapas blest
And who spurn the life of the heavenly
Shall into recipients of love turn
From maids with whom they are in love entwined.

16. Like the moon enveloped by thronging clouds,
Like flower soft, shrouded by cruel frost,
Like the sweet milk by neem embittered,
Like long eyes that are deprived of their light,
Like truth assailed and wasted by falsehood,
Are they from love of golden girls witheld
And burnt and consumed by one-sided love
Which even to think on spells perdition.

17. Can the King of Devas sing of indigence?
Can I, of raw unilateral love?
That rare virgin, my beloved darling
Began to pour on me limitless love.
Like them of the ancient Deva-Yuga
We knew not aught of evils wrought by the base,
Such as watch or restraint, rule or custom.

18. Like two sylvan birds in love, like a pair
Of celestial Yakshas by love bewitched,
With none of cloying physical love to mar,
Our spirits mixed and merged with each other.
Thus I spent a few divine days with her,
My Honey whose lips rained words of rubies.

19. On the divine Atirai-day I was
Alone with her, the bright-eyed antelope
In the mandapam of Sankara's Temple
Engaged in a confabulation sweet.
On a sudden she vanished and came back
With collyrium in the palm of her hand.
"On your forehead I shall fix a tilak"
She said and so she did. Undone was I!

20. She that gave birth to me left me forlorn
And entered the heaven when I was but five.
Her father would Siva's feet, thrice a day
Hail with hymn and sacred song of Tamil sweet.
After his worship, I would come to her,
My golden life, with holy blooms honied
Offered in the sacred adoration;
She would joyously smile like a sweet bloom.

21. My father bade me leave for Nellai town
There to learn the arts of the barbaric.
Like sending a lion-cub to eat grass,
Like apprenticing a Brahmin-boy under
A butcher, my father bade me take to
Un-Aryan, limicolous instruction.

22. Coveted by petty servants foxy,
Slaves, spies who roam like pariah-dogs, eunuchs
Who sell themselves for a mess of pottage,
Sycophants and men base as these swindlers.
Parted from my bird of Paradise, would
My mind be drawn by such education?

23. They cultivate Arithmetic for twelve
Whole years, but cannot tell the stars of the sky;
A thousand wondrous epics they study,
But know not the poetic Muse profound;
Commerce and Economics they blabber,
But are blind to the nation's poverty;
The names of all sastras, they know by rote,
Yet are not the slightest benefited.

24. Throve Kamban, a true man; the lofty rhyme
Did Kalidasa build, Bhaskara great
With mere eyes scaled the heavens and measured
Sidereal hosts and orbs innumerable;
With miraculous skill Panini wrote
His erudite grammatical thesis;
To the depths of life phenomenal, dived
Sankara and declared Truth's nature true.

25. On Cilambu sang the younger brother
Of the Chera; divine Valluvar composed
Heavenly scriptures; glorious Pandyas
And Cholas gave gifts of land and upheld
Dharma; with the sword of grace, Asoka
Wielded his flawless sceptre; Shivaji
Hailed by the valorous, extirpated
The barbaric and alien tyranny.

26. All these they learn not -- they that in India
Enter schools of English education.
'The ancient glory that is India's past.
The ignominy that is its present,
And the state by her to be reached' -- to them
Is unknown! Mad learners of eunuch-instruction!
Oh, what am I to say and how learn them!
My soul is all cinders because of these.

27. Wanting to do me good, my good father
Whose heart was guileless, did assign poor me
To the deep pit of alien education,
The cruel black chasm insurmountable,
The horrendous cavern of the fierce beasts
Of evil delusion, doubt, apathy,
Rancorous wrangling and falsity foul.

28. To the fibsters called 'Iyer' and 'Dorai'
That taught what was claimed to be the art
Of English, I would this proclaim, listen:
"As I spent all my time on your lessons
I became fatigued; sunken were my eyes;
Verve I forfeited; my heart grew timid;
Excessive doubt held me in its power;
Gone was my dear freedom, and my reason
Was tossed like a sliver in an ocean.

29. This would I swear in thousands of temples:
'It cost my father a thousand, and what
I came by were evils many thousands;
Well-being, not a whit, was my portion.'
As a result of my former good deeds
And by the grace of our Bharat-Devi
Despite my fall into your mighty murk
I was somehow saved from dire destruction.

30. If thought upon, mind would melt; in extreme shyness
My tongue would pain me to divulge this.
Howsoever I grieve, I do not know
How this misery could be averted!
I would now relate what it was, alas!
Is there aught to parallel the event
Known as marriage, in this, the human life
Which is full fettered by the karmic chain?

31. They call it 'house' which mars the 'House of Bliss';
They call it 'arta' which is 'anarta';
They do call it fragrant matrimony
Which is unaromatic acrimony;
If it be not possible, better sin,
Lose virtue and be bound for perdition;
Do whatever you like save this marriage.

32. Even if one should willingly perform
Tapas for a thousand years, rarely -- yes --,
Very rarely is one to be endowed
With a woman like unto the spouses
Of Vasishta, Rama and Valluvar.
Deeming it to be nectar, will ever
One imbibe toddy sold by an outcast?
Listen not to the impure, oh my lads!
Hold fast to manliness and spurn marriage.

33. Whatever be the doings of the men
Of other nations, in fallen Bharat
O youths who are out to quell the blemish
Of sapless existence cadaverous!
Though you should suffer endless miseries
And you be sneered at by a billion men,
Yet, never, never shall you entertain
Even a thought about this blasted deed.

34. When the mind dwells on the deed which is nought
But murder though called beauteous marriage,
Wrought on infants who are but barely weaned,
By the evil, the most cruelly evil --
The nescient, the most ignorantly base --
Men that quell family, root and branch, --
It is apt to curse them to a mean life
Of base slavery for a thousand years
And ultimately annihilation.

35. As a boy of ten, I, deep in my heart
Enshrined a virgin; now in my twelfth year
My father married me to another.
I knew this to be a crime, yet had not
The strength to oppose it; nor did I know
Aught of the singeing my heart had suffered
By the spiralling flame of lofty love.

36. When I did marry a different girl
I thought not that my former love should cease;
I now turned all my thought on this marriage;
As there was truly some ancient nexus
I but thought my wedding to be a game;
Before buddhi could mature by learning
Love one thing was, Duty yet another.

37. Between the enchantment by Manmath cast
And the bondage by the mad people wrought,
I, a boy of twelve lacked not troubles, alas
I knew not of Dharmic law that says:
"What though the plight be, if duty springs thence,
Despite worries, one could toil and do all
And be with truth (thus discovered) attuned."

38. They but fettered me with sastras, kriyas,
Pooja, omens, mantras, tali and bell
And did not unto me reveal the course
And form of Dharma; they would forge brainless deeds
Of falsity, full-fraught with puissance dire
And call it the righteous path; should elders
Cling to mere form alone, how could a boy --
Lean-witted --, even come to know of Dharma?

39. In the meantime, father was beset by
Great grief, by chill penury; all his wealth --
Great indeed it was --, he lost by the ruse
Enacted by the barbarous aliens.
Those flattering friends who earlier flocked to him
Showed him their back and did vanish away.
Would his kin and servants by him pampered
Henceforth esteem him, after his downfall?

40. In this blasted Kali-Yuga, when the race
Of Brahmins festers and decays, he thought
That to amass wealth by sweat and more sweat,
Was the only good worth doing; he did
Many a transaction and acquired wealth;
But when it burst like a bubble of water
His heart sank and he became a bag of bones.

41. If in this evil and illusive world
Mind chooses to pursue a thing through thirst
Though mouthfuls are drunk again and again,
The illusive thirst is never quenched at all;
Daily advent of things favourable
Feeds on and on for ever the desire.
Though till death do flow things coveted
The base die, their hearts, sere and dry, alas!

42. "Limit there is none for desire; be not
Deceived that peace can be attained after
Enjoyment of things" thundered the Silent One.
Let us hail his feet thrice a day. Subtle
And sharp was intellect, much praised by
His country-men; stout was his heart also;
But he, my father, was by money lured;
The good man ended in a sea of troubles.

43. "This world is not for them devoid of wealth":
These words of the bard are not untrue at all.
They that lack wealth have no race and no help;
Hourly do they suffer by flooding worries;
The prime duty of the destitute is
To earn; I only blame the deluded
Who perish by morbid cupidity;
Blameless is Sri -- Mahalakshmi --; praise be!

44. I will daily hail the wise men who said:
"Dharma alone confers happiness true!"
How many billions are the miseries
I was put to, coveting other things;
The very thought quells my power and breaks
My heart; oh youths of this nation! learn this:
"Dharma alone confers happiness true."
To Dharma hold fast and you will be saved.

45. "Truth can be realised only after
Getting chastened by cruel karma hard:
Thus has Thou, Oh God, decreed! This indeed
Is just; yet does this with thy grace agree?"
Alas, before even a tithe of truth can
Be known, one has mortally to suffer!
Like a tortoise ascending slow a hill
Men of earth have to acquire saving truth.

46. Gone was father; withering indigence
Came in the wake; refuge none could I have
In the world; my mind lost all clarity
And body, capacity; all-idiotic
Learning gained by waste of money on dullards
Was muck and mud and availed not. Why, why
Was I born in this miserable land?

47. All the world is a huge dream and in that
The life of those mischievous human insects
That merely eat, sleep, cause harm and perish
Is a dream within a dream and for this
Why ponder deeply and wallow in pain?
Of what avail is the past--dead and gone?
Who will like to give up his ghost thinking
On this ephemeral and flitting life?

48. Those who are not with wisdom pre-blessed
Shall in this world have nought but misery.
I grieve not for the past; I forget not
That it will be like casting the fishing-rod
To hook the pole-star-- Duruva --, symbol
Of wisdom true; O Mother! The Author
Of all past, present as well as future!
May you at least hereafter grant me grace.

49. Clarity of intellect, firmness of heart,
An inwardly coursing flood of love,
Unique lordship over the senses,
Longing quest all the time after the way
Of thy grace and establishment
In Karma-yoga: May Thou grant me these
O supreme Ens that is without
Any mark or guna, but indeed is all!

Note: This poem under the title *Kanavu*, was published in the form of a booklet at Pondicherry by Bharati. This work was banned by the British Government. Bharati maintained a diary which he called "My Journal of Thoughts and Deeds". It contains, inter alia, the following observation. *Kanavu* -- The Government has got to be made to amend its order of proscription -- The songs attached to the *Kanavu* book.

In his letter to Ramsay Macdonald published by The Hindu on 10-2-1914, Bharati observes as follows:-

"During the trial of the Ashe murder case at the Madras High Court, I could get some glimpses into the sort of "evidence" which made the police suspect me as a possible abettor.

"It would appear that some of the so-called "conspirators" -- the charge of any conspiracy of murder Mr.Ashe, be it noted, broke down in the course of the trial and was abandoned by the Government -- had with them copies of a harmless love poem and a social reform novelette written by me ..."

- T.N.R.

The love poem above referred to is "Kanavu" and the novelette "Aril Oru Panku".

71. The Oath of Draupadi

First Part

Invocation to Brahmam

1. The great hail it ever as Om,
It smashes karma and quells evil;
It wipes out embodiment and ushers weal
Nor name nor form is It endowed with
And is beyond the pale of mind and buddhi.
It is of the shape of all things existent;
It is, aye, Wisdom, pure and unalloyed
Whose nature is Bliss absolute.

2. Brahmam, It is called.
I contemplate this mala-free Being
That I may be blessed with goodly tapas and yoga,
God's own knowledge and devotion,
The grace of victorious Civa-Sakti
Which does away with darkness,
That this work of sweet Tamil
May live married to immortal fame.

Invocation to Saraswathi

3. She is throned on lotus white, arrayed in glory;
She holds the "yazh" that is a riot of sweets;
She came to me when I was but an infant
To bless me and rear me in grace
That I may put forth blooms of Tamil poesy
Like wine intoxicating
Like nectar passing sweet.

4. Vedas are her beauteous eyes and they are
Tinct with the collyrium of exegesis;
The moon serene is her forehead;
It is of Thought that her tresses are wrought;
Disputation and Logic are her twin-ears;
Resolution shines as her ear-rings;
Illumined Knowledge is indeed her nose
And her mouth is multifoliate sastras.

5. Vivid imagination hath formed her honied lips,
The great Kavyas her gemmed breasts;
All arts from Sculpture are her flowery hands.
She dwells on the flowery tongues
Of wondrous bards of Tamil, the mystic masters
Of the hidden excellencies of words,
The rhythmic builders of the lofty rhyme.

6. I seek refuge in Vani; I am sure
Of her gracious gift of articulation
A great tapaswini is she; her name
Will last to the end of the world;
She is Draupadi of jewelled breasts,
The Consort of the Five; to sing her historied glory
In majestic numbers of Tamil
I invoke the Goddess of the Arts.

I. The Invitation

Hastinapura

7. Behold Hastinapura, the peerless city!
Endless are her rows of streets
With mansions huge as snow-clad hills;
With pearls are bright her alcoves all;
Many are her orchards where beetles hum.
The city is dight with pellucid pools,
Her dames are bright as the heavenly ones.

8. Behold the Brahmin-streets!
They foster arts and chant Vedas;
Yagnas many they perform
Running well their sastraic schools;
They hymn the songs that are mantras true
And argue well in righteous ways;
Tapaswis are these in dharma firm
And yet are they by Kali touched.

9. There abide very many true seers;
Also are there pseudo-saints;
There abide the hallowed ones
With Godly wisdom well-endowed.
Also are there men -- sorcerers all,
With conduct base and hollow pretensions;
These live by practice sharp
And their words are but bitter gall.

10. With hill-like shoulders many are there;
They walk the streets garlanded.
There are men who can wield
Spear and sword, bow and mace;
Both morn and eve they practise
The art of warfare to quell the foes.
Well-versed are these in the science of war
And alone can each a hundred tuskers smite.

11. Arya Maravas a good many are there
  Who know well to rule this tough world.
As loving husbands the warriors kiss the honey
  From the lips of their moon-faced wives.
Drunk with the honey that lotus supplies
  They roam the streets like tuskers in rut.
Now let me sing the streets of princes
  Who vie in prowess with great Indra.

12. Swelling music sweet fills the streets
  Where the dancing girls throng in great number;
There the bards recite the hoary epics
  And every street the painter's art attests.
Hordes of tuskers,mighty and murderous
  There do teem amid horses and chariots galore.
Wrestlers many their skill display
  And lack not men to watch their art.

13. In manifold gems, the city is rich;
  From these are wrought jewels bright.
In scented pastes and flower bouquets,
  In lasses lovely with magnetic eyes,
In dust of gold and censers too,
  In goods and things by Devas coveted,
In edible fruits delicious sweet,
  In gaiety and gleeful game, the city is unsurpassed.

14. The friend of Siva, The God of Wealth
  Is great Kubera -- Alakapati.
Behold here all his wealth
  In the marts and markets!
Mighty merchants, and great citizens
  That pursue several types of crafts
Flourish well, with none to fear
  And dwell in joy in this queenly city.

The Court of Duryodhana

15. Dark it is, and broad, and wide
  And doth course, aye, magnificent;
Of access easy the Jumna flows
  With its water tasting sweet.
On the banks of this river divine
  Is the golden city, a real jewel.
The King of kings here doth reign
  With his Serpent-Flag flying aloft.

16. Duryodhana is he called.
    The undaunted and unbending.
  It is of him the Vedic Seer said
    That he can alone equal
  The strength of a thousand tuskers;
    Such is his valour and strength of arms.
  To his kith and kin deemed foes
    He is indeed a fierce flame.

17. He, the mighty-shouldered
    Rules as his father wills,
  Great ones in mantras versed
    Are a rich adornment to his court.
  The righteous Arya, Bhishma great,
    The reverend Sire of endless fame --,
  The Masters two of Vedas and warfare,
    The great adorable men --,

18. Vidura true of righteous ways,
    And ministers a good many,
  His younger brothers mean and false,
    And Sakuni base, are also there.
  Karna, the very life of the King
    The liberal cloud that rains for ever --,
  Honourable, brave and wise, is there,
    Though, alas, blind in soul.

The envy of Duryodhana

19. Despite his great heaps of wealth,
    The undisputed suzerainty of sceptre,
  His sea of four-fold army fabulous
    Like which kings on earth can never boast,
  And ethereal joys, all at hand.
    Very like those of Lord Indra
  He, the son of eyeless Dritarashtra
    Bemoans his lot with a burnt heart, Listen;

20. "So long as Pantavas wield their lofty sceptre
    And remain lords of the world,
  Can my reign be reckoned as reign at all?
    Aren't my manliness and glory but empty sounds?
  Bull-like Arjuna peerless! In his eyes
    And the broad bosom of Bhima glorious and heroic
    Is writ large my ignominy.

21. "As the very lord of crowned kings of Bharat
    Dharma wrought the yagna, attended by
  Sage Narad and other saints. Oh, the ruse
    Of the filcher from Yatu's line and the strength
  Of his brothers younger have indeed made
    Valourless Dharma, the first among Kings.

22. "A thousand crowned monarchs and a myriad
    Petty kings came there, and in order placed
  Immense tribute, rare and great.
    Can I ever this forget?
  Garments pure -- a woven wealth of wonder --,
    Auric chains with gems bedight
  And endless gold! Oh, these do defy
    Weight and measure. Were they but a few
    Who gave gifts of abigails and steeds and cars?

23. "Vessels wrought of gold of finest touch,
    Diamond diadems dazzling as the sun,
  Heaps of rubies, hills of jasper and sapphire,
    Pearls galore, gems in gold ornate,
  Lustrous novelties of latest designs,
    They did pour forth as tribute true.
    Could I ever such a sight forget?

24. "Gold of four types, fresh from the mint,
    Heaps of coins fourthousand-fold,
  Javelins galore, and bows numberless,
    Arrows, quivers, swords, spears, staves,
  These were a legion, sooth to say --
    And drums that resound in a hundred ways:
  These they brought, the kings from various parts
    And then before him bowed low.

25. "Like grannies old and cold anchorites
    He reads psittaceous yarns of yore.
  About 'Patience' and 'Predestination' he prattles
    And lives sequestered, bereft on valour.
  Is it to this wishy-washy Dharma
    The kings of earth have conferred lordship?
  Oh, his Flag doth sport the 'Drum'
    And lo, the whole world is his!

26. "By the strength of his brothers broad-shouldered
    He did rise aloft, a King of kings.
  Like a trumpeting mammoth ichorous
    As he the completion of yagna, announced
  The kings of earth, as it were, on their crowns
    Did wear his solemn fiat, for sure,
  And began to pour out riches endless
    In that assembly, passing good.

27. "How can I ever this stomach? Am I not
Of his sorry boyhood-days aware?
Are pearls a heap of mere refuse
That the littoral lords do dump them so?
Mother-of-pearl, coral, conch, -- white and bright --
And peerless lapis-lazuli, -- all in heaps,
They lavished and lo, stood aside
In deference to this only 'he'.

28. "Kings of hilly regions brought with them
Stags a good many, fresh honey,
And elephants trained in warfare;
Also they brought with them horses and hogs;
Antlers, ivory, chamaras and precious hides variform;
To these they added gold and stood adoring.

29. "Ruddy hides, black ones, beauteous buckskin,
Tigerskin, hides of elephants and goats,
Multicoloured garments woven of wool,
Precious pets of birds and animals,
And sandal and akilwood too
To please Pancali, the golden-hued.

30. "Cardamon, camphor, cinnamon of sweet scent,
Areca of superior type
They brought in beauteous packages;
These they rained and stood with folded arms.
More and more which the earth doth yield,
The kings did bring, by the Pantavas desired.
The noisy porters these unloaded;
Each of these will in my mind ever last.

31. "Chains and chaplets of gold and pearls,
Or with gems bedecked, they poured;
Sarees in hundred hues, bejewelled, broidered,
Inwoven with pictures bright and threads
Of gold filigreed -- much loved
By the divine damsels --, were by many brought;
Who can ever keep count of this silken riot?

32. "Countless were the anklets and bracelets,
The gemmed cuirasses and diadems.
The horses! How many and varied were they!
Shadow-hued, incarnadine, white,
Like flame ruddy, nimbus-hued, Iris-hued,
Green as the plumage of parakeet;
These were a legion of them
Romping in ornate gaiety.

33. "Than wind faster were these; with their
valiant riders were they gifted by them
Who entered the hall with folded hands;
Wrathful tuskers eager for war
Were by kings gifted; numberless were
The able monarchs barbaric
Who gave away Arabian dromedaries.

34. "From the great island of Java in the South
To famed Cathay in the North,
Men of all nations brought with them
Many great things to victorious Dharma
That his yagna might wax great in glory;
These reckoned Yutistira as the Lord of the World.

35. "A few brought with them goats,
A great many thousands of kine;
With bandies yoked to bullocks
And loaded with a variety of grains
Many came; sweet-canes were in abundance brought;
So too oils odoriferous and perfumes of musk.

36. "Unto the yagna by Brahmins wrought
Many came with pots of ghee;
With varieties of frothy toddy sweet
Many entêred to the delight of kings.
Shirts, gold-brocaded shawls, blankets and carpets!
Nor hand, nor eye could these measure.

37. "Cots, palanquins, vehicles -- all wrought of ivory!
Swords with handles of ivory, and works of art
Also in ivory, chairs of ivory
And these again in gold and gems.
Who could ever keep pace with reckoning?
Is all the wealth of world
To be owned by Dharma only?"

38. Thus on these he mused
And became impoverished and sad;
He, in sooth, was flint-hearted;
He would fear not though the sky should fall.
As a hill that did melt
And perish a liquid stream,
As a sudden eruption caused by
The constant heat beneath the earth.

39. So too, the flame of envy that raged for long
  Gnawed at his vitals.
Of manliness, valour, hardihood, honour,
  Strength and all, he became oblivious;
Like a woman hapless and helpless,
  Like a mere infant, he quaked in dire distress.
Then after a short passage of time
  His heart was with evil knit.

40. "Happen whatever may, by hook or by crook,
  Whatever the cost, the life of Pantavas
Should be annihilated by dreadful evil"
  So he thought, but stood nonplussed.
Asylum base therefore he sought in his wicked uncle
  Who was ruse and wile incarnate.
He told him all and him asked sorrowing:
  "What shall we do?"

41. Of gold, jewels, gems and pearls
  Which were rained in the great yagna
Of Yuthishtira, the King of kings,
  Their form and their worth,
Of what did betide him, when these he beheld,
  He wanted his base uncle to know truly;
So, the thoughts that did burst his heart
  The fool began to pour out again:

Duryodhana confides to Sakuni

42. "Since the universal frame began, oh uncle!
  Was there a kshtriya to match Dharma in glory?
Even to famed Manu and his compeers,
  Oh uncle! such nobility and majesty were not vouchsafed
You have conned many epics oh uncle!
  Have you ever beheld such conquests
In land and sea? Or ever heard of them
  In stories either? Oh uncle! Pray tell me.

43. "Many things in this world may I ignore and forget;
  But never can I, their yagna, oh uncle!
Even heaps of wealth variform weren't by me deemed great;
  There were many besides that set me on fire.
Pray, hie to eyeless father and to him these convey
  That he may turn hostile to them, for sure.
His love for them is without bounds; let him hear
  How that yagna hath my very life injured.

44. "Many young damsels of dazzling beauty
  Decked with jewels of gold and gems
Were to the Five gifted at the yagna, by kings
  Who sealed their gifts with benediction.
To serve well the Five, many gave them lads
  And their number is beyond reckoning.
They blow conchs that tore the vault of heaven;
  Holy Brahmins chanted mantras and blessed them.

45. "Narada himself and Veda Vyasa,
  Many saints whose glory is ineffable
And Maha-rata heroes attended the yagna;
  These showered blessings with choice words Vedic.
Disputation -- a war of words, far superior to the regular war
  Was held by Brahmins and out leapt
Many a truth sublime!
  Yuthishtira heard these in rapture
And to their delight rained on them gold.

46. "For feasting the four noble castes
  Limitless gold was expended;
It was voiced abroad that within living memory
  No sacrifice or feast could match them.
And guests were honoured with gifts
  As became their station in life.
Go, tell that eyeless father; "If your son
  Comes not by this wealth, he'll die for sure."

47. "Am I not the Lord of the world, being the son
  Of the brother elder? Does not the rule declare
That they should serve me even as slaves? To whom
  Did they confer the right to preside over the yagna?
Those Pantavas did but rate us mere straw.
Kannan it was, who was honoured first.
  How did Kannan become the first
Among countless monarchs? Oh uncle!
Tell me how he is superior to us.

48. "Are the words of the world, me proclaiming
  The Lord of them that hail from Chandra's line
True or false? Could they, make a petty king
  Who knows the world's ways the first among kings?
In that sacrifice they killed the King of Chedi;
  Does tradition allow regicide in a yagna great?
Indra-like and great indeed is their way!
  As on these I think and think, my blood boils.

49\. "Ruse by ruse must be met, oh uncle!
What were these before my friend Jarasand?
Think how they snapt his life; can I that forget
Tho' men of earth have sure forgot? A wonder it is!
Men bow before them that amass wealth, oh uncle!
Whatever be the means, should a man make money
The world will fall at his feet and lick them clean!
Oh uncle! the dicta of righteous works are empty sounds.

50\. "Bahlika gave a car of gold and over it was hoisted
A golden flag by the King of Chedi.
To Arjuna did the Pantiyan King a cuirass give;
A dazzling necklace was by Magata brought.
Famed Ekalavya -- the terror of foes --,
Came with a pair of golden sandals
Which he himself to the feet of Dharma fastened;
For holy ablution, the King of Avanti
Secured water from holy fords galore.

51\. "The holy water was by Veda Vyasa poured;
Holy Brahmins chanted mantric blessings.
Sattaki -- an elephant-cub -- held aloft
The royal parasol white.
Bhima and prince Arjun wafted fans of gold
Nakula and Sahadeva fanned with Chamara.
With the conch by Varuna gifted, Kannan poured
The water of Ganga, to the delight of spectators.

52\. "Ha! I gasped for breath! I fell in the hall
In a terrible swoon! You beheld it yourself, oh uncle!
Think of their reviling, their laughter;
That woman too laughed; think of that.
Of what avail are mere words, my uncle?
Tell me how I can their fortune blast.
By deed, good or bad we must divest them
Of their wealth and leave them destitute."

The Ruse of Sakuni

53\. Thus Duryodhana. When Sakuni found his heart
Smitten thus, said he: "Ha, this very day
Will I devise your victory; why waste so many words?
Listen to this my goodly ruse, and listen
You must with utmost care; you must build
A courtly court, in form and beauty celestial!

54. "To behold that hall the princes invite
And there to translate our intent, we will
Gingerly engage them in a game of dreadful dice.
In less than an hour will I the heroes worst
And shear them clean of their wealth immense
And make them slaves who shall adore you.
You are well aware of my powerful throw.

55. "Were we to wage a war, who can its result predict?
The valour of Pantavas is great indeed!
Think not dice to be demeaning.
Is there a fellow to the bow of Partha?
Kings of yore, as you know, have quelled
Their foes with the dice.

56. "To annex land, people and wealth,
Men in this world do wage great wars;
Is it to dam rivers bloody? Or joy at
The sight of heaped flesh lifeless of their kin?
If land, people and wealth could by dice
Be won in minutes, why think of aught else?
This indeed is my policy" said he.

57. To this hearkened Suyodhana who said:
"Nobly spoken! Your words breathe weal."
So saying, with rows of chains of gemmed gold
He did garland Sakuni, and said:
"In all this world there is none like you
To speak unto me such soothing pleasance."
Him he then hugged close to his bosom
And stood swelling with soaring joy.

Sakuni addresses Dhritarashtra

58. Thus resolved, both did hie to the court
Of Dhritarashtra, the King of kings,
Well-versed in the science of polity
And paid unto him obeisance.
Graceless Sakuni grew articulate;
"Oh, my Liege, listen to the plight of your son!
Wilted he is to just a straw, I say,
And life to him is opprobrious."

59. "He eats without relish and dresses like a dowd,
He seeks not company with old friends,
And of young dames thinks not at all;
The orbs of his eyes lack lustre,
Pray, listen to the cause of all this,
Oh Lord of rock-like shoulders broad!"
Thus he spake, the evil one.

60. Him the father heard and was grieved
At heart, "Oh my son, art thou sad?
Is there sense in what he says?
Could there be for you discontent?
Are there any that can oppose thee?
Aren't there men to get for thee in a trice
Everything that thy heart desires?

61. "Victuals sweet as nectar, garments which
Indra would covet, monarchs many to obey thee,
Ministers to forfend onslaught of troubles,
Subjects blessed with weal and welfare.
Great renown throughout the globe
And above all, for brothers -- the stable Five;
All these are yours; could sorrow assail thee?"

62. Hearing his father's words, the Prince
Of the ophidian banner
Like cruel fire raged in wrath unbounded
And spoke many words, utterly uncontrolled.
The words of this dullard, his uncle assessed
And intervened to speak thus:
"My Liege, forgive him, his words of rage;
They steam from a burning mind."

63. "He did at first bid me relate to you
His heart-searing grievances; it was I
That dragged him forcibly before you.
What he thinks is nothing but good;
Yet he knows not of goodly words and expression.
When heart is seared by raging fire
Could words of mouth convey clarity?

64. "Is he not your own son? He knows naturally
The monarchic code; will a torch
Lit from a light glow the less? Fostering ambition
For wealth immense is indeed the first article
In the codex of monarchs; can aught spell
Greater danger than wealth abounding in alien hands?

65. "That day in the yagna, the Pantavas
Disgraced us to their heart's content;
Many railed at your son unchecked and laughed.
Sceptre as of right belongs to the elder line.
As the youngsters waxing glorious clutched at it
Even dames of shining eyes deemed us base
And their laughter was a cachinnation.

66. "Your son is a hero endowed with the might
Of a thousand tuskers, you know.
He is the first in the line of Chandra
That is great and lofty in this world.
Like adoring the little worm that glows
While the sun doth blaze unnoticed
They raised Kannan to the skies --
Even Kannan of bamboo flute.

67. "Arghya-Puja was not offered to your son,
The world wondered at it, as that,
They offered to Kannan -- the weakling,
In the hall of the assembled kings;
Sore-grieved the kingly minds sank very low.
They fixed your son, aye, I tell you,
For service low and raillery.

68. "He yearns for the wealth of Pantavas
And aches and craves for global reign;
He but wants your glorious sceptre
To hold sway over the world entire;
The honour of his clan he seeks to safeguard
And blemishless too; good alone he wants.
Do not these your heroic son befit? If it were not so
would not the world at large jeer at him?

69. "Every day Ganga pours into the ocean
Its goodly water limitless;
Does Ganga venerated by seers,
In needless waste indulge?
And there is a silent pool in the forest
Vast in its extent.
None can its water draw, alas!
All covered it is by moss.

70. "Many indeed are in this world
Like that pond beneath the hill
Proof against the sun's rays and by trees protected,
All festering and utterly useless.
The Aryas to increase wealth multifold
Devise a *thousand ways and means;*
Old wealth they scatter and throw away,
Are you not of their ways aware?"

The Reply of Dhritarashtra

71. Sly Sakuni did spin many a yarn;
To his masquerading words, the King listened.
In mounting wrath he thundered thus:
"Sirrah! A devil art thou born
To consign my son to perdition;
Can a blade of grass a great flood oppose?
Can we, the young princes invincible?

72. "Can there be enmity betwixt brothers?
Can resentment reign among kith and kin?
Are they not linked to us in love?
He did hatch a thousand plots;
Yet by the grace of Sridhar, their own
Innate goodness and strength so great,
They emerged unscathed
And annexed endless glory.

73. "Right from his infancy this mad fellow
Nurtured great enmity for them
What did he earn but enormous blame?
Did he ever come by an atom of good?
Is their enmity a mere mockery?
Could any ever weaken them?
You spin but rotten yarns and deflect
The very import of ancient works.

74. "Of monarchic laws you come to blabber;
Pray, cite to me a work that says
That a mud pot can a huge hostile mountain contain.
Like the matchless sun in the expanse of the sky
Is their glorious emperorship
Yet deeming me their father, they adore me
And transgress my words, they would not.

75. "As a lion that laughs and spares in grace
The life of a frog that comes hopping
To swallow it, they have forgotten your past evils
And still consider you their friend.
You are not alive to their dreadful loftiness.
What am I to say of your petty mind?
You but blabber hostility.

76. "Will it spell good to antagonize helpful brothers
That are strong beyond compare?
Whom are you trying to fool asseverating
That they in the yagna wronged us?
Inebriate and with bewildered eyes, he toddled
Hither and thither and fell down.
She did laugh, that coral-lipped sister-in-law.
Was her laughter with blemish fraught?

77. "At him that slips and falls down
Even his mother is prone to laugh;
Could brother's laughter in such context
Be tantamount to a sin grievous?
Is it difficult for men, a reason to coin
Who are bent on worry-cultivation?
With words of grief, why jibber and jabber?
Myriads are the jobs on hand, go and perform them.

78. "Even as a child, he began to play
His game of evil against them;
Yet as he is my son dear to me
They assigned him pride of place in the yagna.
Him they greeted with a bag of gold
And told him spend as he liked.
Did they not before monarchs mighty
Make him one pre-eminent?

79. " First-Arghya to Kannan"! That indeed
 Is your gravamen. I ask:
Whom are we to honour -- the guests
 Or our own selves?
By ties fraternal are you bound;
 So would they not deem us guests.
They but thought Kannan to be
 The greatest of the guests present.

80. "They followed Ganga's son that said;
 "That honour is due to Kannan alone"
Should you this equate with great sin
 How could they be inculpated?
Well, what do you think, Kannan is?
 Know that none among the numberless kings
On earth, is worth a tiny speck of dirt
 That lies on his hallowed foot.

81. "The Being Original, Narayana,
 He that sports an Illuminate Slumber
Supine on Wisdom's Bed -- the stupendous snake
 Of a thousand hoods lustrous --,
Afloat on the Milky Ocean of pellucidity,
 Did deign to manifest in form visible;
He indeed is Kannan whose eyes lily-like
 In sooth are the coolth of grace"
Thus they spake, the Seers of Truth.

82. "To annihilate I-ness that is egoism
To know the world to be, one's own self,
To be stablished firm in supernal Silence.
To beyond the past, the present and the future,
To do deeds ever poised in neutrality.
To pour goodly grace abundant on all lives,
To own a heart that thaws in pity
Though the flesh, is tortured sore by others:

83. "These beatitudes the wise ones attain
 By sustained effort over a thousand years
If some are seen to be with these endowed
 Even when lying in their mothers,wombs
This goodly earth will hail them sure
 As divinely great and true.
Who can instruct a devil in scriptures?
 Who can speak of Kannan to thee?"

84. The near-omniscient Dhritarashtra,
  The victorious spear-handed emperor,
He that was blessed with inner vision,
  He unto whom Vidura's wisdom was eyes indeed
Thus reasoned with his fool-son
And persuasively appealed to him
  To disabuse him of his uncle's words.

85. The remedy would sure his mortal malady cure
  But the wrangling patient would not have it;
Thus is the physician defeated, undone.
  Even so, Duryodhana would not see reason
In his father's counsel; to crime was he hell-bent.
  He but grew angry at his father's words
  That would melt even a flint.

Duryodhana's angry rejoinder

86. He whose banner is with serpent arrayed
  Did flare up like the very serpent.
"*Could there be a father here on earth*
  Who would wrong his own son?
To him I am bitter as neem,
  But Pantavas are sugary sweet
He extols them despite their wrongs
  And condemns me for seeking his good.

87. "The regal *laws governing kings do differ*
  From those that bind the subjects."
Thus spake Muni Brahaspati. He rates him
  A mere fool and does indulge
In sheer nonsense. About friendship and kinship
  He wags his tongue, thinking all the while
I am but a brittle straw
  And cannot ever *them* shatter.

88. "He talks of paradisal joys, pleasures of gastronomy
  And venerean delights of nymphs and girls;
'Not content to rule with the might of ministers
  And army, to covet the great wealth of others
Is sheer folly,' is his opinion.
  Among *monarchs in regal science versed*
There's none to match, aye, our dear father.

89. "Pleasures of women he assigns to me
The rule of globe is theirs, he says.
Rice good and ghee, he says, are my lot,
Pronounced glory is theirs, he says.
Ha! Is there any other in the whole world
Who shows such love to his offspring?
With Pantavas, dear as life, for brothers
And you as father, what can I ever lack?

90. "Of niceties and nuances of words unaware am I;
It is not triumph in logomachy I seek.
Can one from stone extract fibres?
Can any with you reason at all?
Even if you kill me or do whatever pleases you
What my heart avows, I'll not give up.
Endure the ascendancy of the Five. I cannot;
I'll rather perish than praise those milksops.

91. "I am not here to argue with you;
Pray, but hear this one word of mine;
With nothing of evil to combat,
There is a sure way to triumph.
We can invite them for a game of dice
And make them lose all they have;
Oppose not this, I beseech you;
Let my wish become your own".

Dhritarashtra's reply

92. As these evil words into his ears found way
Dhritarashtra stood confounded.
"Immense is the trouble that comes in thy wake.
Fiends and devils, I have fathered alas!
'Even if you lion-like fight against them
It will be of grace devoid.' I said.
Could I approve this shameless sly attack?

93. "Will Aryas this do? Will they ever think of this?
Is there in the world a man with soul so dead
As him that covers another's wealth?
If you seek riches vast and glory great
Is this the deed that you should do?
Are you not my son, my strength?
I implore you, renounce this.

94. "Willing brides they become of true heroes only
Dame Earth and Dame Wealth --
If you but war against aliens and win;
You'll wax great in this Bharat
And your renown shall equal Pantavas;
Are you a bandit - born? Are you not
The scion unique of the great lunar race?

95. "An ever-tireless perseverance in one's duty,
Non-coveting even a whit that which is another's
And well protecting them that are dependants --
These in this life, 'Wealth' constitute'.
Thus aver the wise ones ripe. Are you not
Of this aware, my dear?
Is it good to do evil?

96. "They are like your shoulders -- the Princes!
Would you kill them? Are they not my own life?
Think of me, and your thought, abandon.
There are pretty young girls, golden lianas!
Live imparadised in their company;
Let your mind be linked to such-like sweets;
But this I pray, you should forget for ever."

Duryodhana's threat

97. When he heard his father speak thus
The garlanded prince rock-shouldered said:
"Father, I have told you times without number
That I would not argue; yet you heed me not.
Listen to my set purpose; those Pantavas
Would not come unless you invite them;
If you refuse to send word to them
I'll give up my life in your very presence.

98. "They that are of buddhi bereft
Can never con the core of sastras
Though a legion are cited them;
They are like the ladle in a jar of honey.
The sycophantic words of Vidura
You do deem as Gospel-Truth, and he
Is over-fond of the Five and hates us.

99. "When the Lord-paramount is another's puppet
Could dependants ever of salvation dream?
Perdition and not weal, is the lot
Of those that hail from Dhritarashtra's line.
Without amassing temporal wealth and renown
Daily by dint of ceaseless effort
He that thinks he has immense wealth
And serene slumbereth, is in truth a fool.

100. "Are you not aware of the fate of kings
Conquered and destroyed in a trice by aliens
When they choose to be content with their wealth
Hereditary and huge, deeming it sufficient?
Dismay should be to kings unknown; they should
Add and add and still further add,
Only one blemish a king should avoid, and that is
To feel disgusted in putting down others.

101. "To win indeed is the duty cast by our caste;
Any means will do; nothing is bad.
Who are we to test an act and call it good or bad?
"By all possible means, foes should be vanquished?"
Said the great. Is it alone weaponry that kills?
All are weapons with which foes are wiped out.

102. "These are kith and kin," you said Sir!
In this world men judge not others
By appearance or birth, as friends or foes;
Hostility springs not from extraneity;
Form or size decides not enmity;
By felt suffering is enmity bred
Even amongst men of self-same calling.

103. "The Deity of Earth will swallow clean
Them that do not quell their foes;
The Pantavas grow great, day by day
And we go down in this world;
If you belittle the enmity of sceptred kings
And live oblivious of them, oh God!
Like dire disease will it grow, and on a sudden
Will kill; know this to be the truth.

104. "We could wage a war, but you oppose it;
  Men in the world will also blame us;
Nor is it easy either to vanquish in the war
  The Five, with victory ever garlanded.
Here he is, the avuncular flower of our Punya
  Of yore, dear to us as our very life.
Straight in a game of dice, he will, for us
  Secure success and Dharma the just loves the dice.

105. "O the crest-jewel of the kings of Bharat!
  Can welfare of foes afford you joy?
Will you by your enervating words
  Put out the fire my heart nurtures?
Very soon will we laugh at them that laughed at us.
  Panṭavas are our kin; yet that is no reason
For excessive scruple; let them obey us
  And serve and flourish, aye, very well.

106. "Sir, if you invite them for the game of dice
  We'll play and win; if you do it not,
I fable not, you know well my nature, I've
  Never uttered words of pseudo-valour --,
In your very presence will I my head cut of
  And thus die a miserable death;
Do what is meet" said he,
  Heart-broken was Dhritarashtra.

Dhritarashtra consents

107. "Can any in the world baulk Fate?
  Wise Vidura predicted long ago and told me
That it would happen so, even so.
  He also said that horrendous events
Passing strange would come to pass to wipe out
  The race of kings; you have begun to plot
And it is by this, it would happen, said he.

108. "Fate, Fate, it is nought but Fate, my son!
  "What else could I say, oh son, alas!
It is Death that walks abroad, and so are you
  With this mean man companied.
No more shall your heart boil and bubble;
  I'll invite them as you have willed
Go back to your mansion, I give you leave."
  So spake Dhritarashtra tearfully.

109. After the son and his uncle hied away
The King sent for a team of craftsmen
And bade them build a lofty hall
Very like the one of the Pantavas
"Much money would I spend" said he.
They went delighted to build indeed
A hall of gold at which even Brahma
The Lord enthroned on lotus, would marvel.

The Construction of the exhedra

110. Like the painting of a supreme artist,
Like the dream of a lofty poet,
With stone and sand and gold,
And gorgeous gems in goodly measure,
Like them that build the lyric with lilting words,
Their wondrous fabric rose, an epic of sheer poesy.
Throughout the land men praising said:
"This is the work of Master-Masons."

Message through Vidura

111. The King sent for Vidura, his younger brother
And said: "Go with handsome gifts
To Indraprastha where my brother's sons are sovereigns
And tell them thus: 'You and your Queen the flowery liana
Are invited by the King of Kauravas;
Hither shall you feast and sport;
So bids you, your goodly sire.

112. "Tell them of the mandapam with gems inlaid
And much praised throughout the land.
After the return from your glorious yagna great
The aging father doth desire to treat
His renowned sons in love, to a reciprocal feast;
Tell them you have come at my bidding.

113. "Also should you tell them midst your talk
Of the evil design of the devilish son •
Who acts impelled by sly Sakuni's words
So speak that they may this divine"
As Vidura heard this he burst out thus:
"Gone, oh, gone is Bharat! Gone is dharma good!
Gone are Vedas! We shall witness horrendous events
Strange this is; can it be warded off?"

114. As Vidura spake thus, sorrowing sore,
With words full-fraught with grief
Dhritarashtra said: "Be gone, brother!
I'll not hereafter think of this again.
Dread destiny hath triumphed over me;
Can future screen aught from your vision?
It isn't easy to forfend what is fated."
Thus he, and down he fell in a terrible swoon.

Vidura goes on an errand to the Pantavas

115. Vidura took leave of his brother and left;
Crossing hills and dales, forests and rivers
He hied towards the divine country ruled
By the strong-minded Pantavas strong-shouldered.
As he neared the lofty gemmed city of beauty,
The country's wealth and its abundant fecundity
That filled his way, flashed on his mind.
By pity moved he began to muse thus.

116. "This is the land rich in mountains azure--peaked,
Here do flow her goodly rivers, all ambrosial,
Here are groves and gardens thick with stately trees
And bright with vegetable gold; the yield
Of her fecund fields aye, dry and wet,
Doth the world from its hunger save.
This is the land where men and minstrels alike
Feed on cheese and ghee and honey sweet.

117. "Here do swans and cygnets teem on lotus-pond;
Here do beetles buzz, and prattle parakeets;
Here are ears thrilled with melodic notes of sweet koels;
Rich with the scent of garden blooms, here does
Zephyrus waft a gentle breeze on golden belles;
The sturdy lovers rock-shouldered
The gust welcome and feel gladsome
As the amorous strife at the alcove ends
And love-lit eyes are bright with cheer.

118. This is the land of great dharma where flourish
Many enterprises; this is the land of lasses,
Cherubic and seraphic; here thrive heroism
Wisdom true, tapas, learning and sacrifice,
This is the land void of thievery and knavery;
This is the crest-jewel of the hoary world.
I am indeed a sinner! I extend an aiding hand
In the destruction of Bharat great."

119. When the heroic Five heard of Vidura's coming
They were glad at heart; with army four-fold
And fitting gifts they went to receive him.
Clanging cymbals and resounding drums greeted him.
At his flower-feet they bent their crowned heads,
Hailed goodly Vidura's flower-feet
Spake sweet auspicious words of welcome,
And repaired with that King to their mansion.

120. The King called on Kunti, verily a goddess
And paid obeisance to her; then came
Draupadi -- the wealth of mighty Drupada --,
With her bashful visage slightly bent,
Her face -- a lovely luculent moon
That rises in the sky crepuscular --,
She pressed at the feet of her sage father-in-law
Him adoring thus and stood a wonder of splendour.

121. On her that stood there, an idol of gold,
The sire showered choice benedictions;
Hearty were his blessings and warm
That he conversed with kin and friends,
Lion-like heroes, poets and servants
That flocked to him eagerly;
This done, he came round the comely city
In procession, and as the day into night melted

Vidura convey's the King's invitation

122. He took the Five apart to a golden mandapam
And said: "The rock-shouldered, the far-famed,
The Lord of earth, the most learned,
The King of kings, Lord Dhritarashtra
Blesses you that you may live linked with
Spiritual weal and material welfare.

123. "He has commanded me to impart to you
These tidings; do hearken to me;
In auspicious Hastinapura, a lofty hall of beauty,
A peerless paragon on this earth --
Hath been by your brothers built.
The King doth invite you in love to behold
Its wondrous beauty so great and rare.

124. "Many days have rolled away, since
We from your yagna returned
Yet to invite you and your bright-eyed queen
To a reciprocal feast, a fitting day
Could not be fixed by the state astrologer.
So the King till now could invite you not.
He that is Janaka--like, the Prince-Philosopher,
Deems this month to be blemishless.

125. "He blesses you, my dear children
And invites you to the feast of delight.
Suyodhana the fool by Sakuni led, is soulless;
Not wanting the occasion to slip, he will
Invite you to a mean game of dreaded dice,
There in that exhedra of wonder great,
This is the evil that lurks in his heart;
I have told you all and warned you betimes."

Dharma's reply

126. Dharma heard the words of Vidura;
His mind was in a swirl and he said;
"As I listened to the building of the hall
That should into a den of dicing turn
My heart was smitten sore with grief
And my mind is even now by doubt assailed.
Of our good he thinks not at all;
That Suyodhana can never be trusted.

127. "In base ruses galore, he indulged in the past to ruin us;
The pangs of misery he caused us suffer
Defy description as you know very well
Though they can win, can kings
Foster love for gambling base?
Sore agitated is my mind, alas!
Suggest a way to set it at rest.

Vidura speaks

128. Says Vidura: "The learned hate this as poison;
They would not deem it skill; of its meanness
I have told them all; my brother too had
Condemned it as evil, times without number;
Yet the Prince, as one over-drunk, repeats
Over and over again the self-same word.

129. "Even a stone would relent; a legion are they,
The ethical reasons by my brother cited.
He would not by them profit, the witless fool!
His mind is rooted firm in gambling base;
Divine the sense of what I have said;
May you follow the path righteous."

The resolution of Dharma

130. Dharma grew resolute and chased
The depression away from his mind;
With a stentorian voice which bore
No trace of anguish, he spake thus:
"Whatever be their ruse and howsoever they act
Breaking rules of hospitality by mind darkened.
We will do that alone which our duty is
And that too in the righteous way only.

131. "Father it is, who has bidden us come
And his brother is come a messenger;
No more will I, over this brood; the ultimate result
I know to be nothing but good
Could we ever forget how bow-handed Rama acted?
Never will we do that which is forbidden
We will but travel on the way of scriptures old.

132. "Will it be dharma to disobey
The mandate of the revered sire?
Forth will we proceed in a couple of days
In our armed strength fourfold
To Hastinapura rich with groves and gardens
Arrange, oh heroic Bhima strong!
All that is for our journey needed."
Thus Dharma who is dharma incarnate.

Bhima's heroic speech

133. Bhima who was shocked addressed
Young Arjun thus: "The uncle and his nephew
Pursue their evil way to shear us all;
Will we delay? We will go, go at once."
Bhima laughed and it rumbled like thunder,
"Even as our King -- our brother --, has said
With army we go; is there aught to restrain us?

134. "It is enmity long-standing; many were the days
I have spent mulling over this.
Till the advent of the appointed hour
Could any destroy an insect even?
The ruse of evil-thinkers sure betrays
A hint of their of impending doom.
Behold my brother! Fix thy dart;
There is abundant prey for thy hungry bow.

135. "We march to wage a war! The son's baseness
And the trickeries of the father!
Before whom do they, these unleash? How long
Could we this endure? No longer, I say,
Will the world suffer a dual reign -- theirs and ours?
Now hath come the deciding hour;
A log cannot endure the flame at both ends."

136. Even as Bhima spake, Arjun of the long bow,
And the twin bulls, very like Kama and Sama,
Heart-smitten, durst disagree with
Lotus-eyed Yuthishtira and humbly protested.
When the heart seethes and bubbles
Righteous discipline is at times broke.

Dharma's decision

137. They are 'love and humility' incarnate,
They slip not a whit from plighted word;
Even they wielded words, rash and harsh.
The good King heard them; a smile lit his face.
"Ha! What this Suyodhana did in the past,
With what horror the present is gravid,
And what the future will sure manifest,
I know clearly. Am I mad that you should speak thus?

138. "The twirling wheel twirls, as twirls
The twirler; not fast nor slow it twirls;
It cannot twirl as it likes; the twirler twirls;
The life of beings on this earth
Is like unto this twirling wheel;
Though events of the world do appear
Like the magic of a sorcerer

139. "They are but the outcome of Fate infallible;
Like a chain -- endless, for ever having sway
Over everything, penetrating without let,
Is this fate; know this for sure.
These are not mere words, but truth itself.
Is our life that blazes a while, dulls and dies,
To be deemed above this Fate?

140. "Life gets embodied and is in time disembodied;
Pain, pleasure and emptiness are the stuff of life;
Come what may, from this triad;
Wisdom bids us to be of cheer.
Would men slacken their dear loved principle
Affrighted by the onslaught of pain?
'The world is ruled by Destiny, sure', the wise know
And these will never from duty swerve.

141. "To the worm that crawls in the mire,
To the kings endowed with wealth of earth,
To the penurious that on alms subsist,
To all lives, so many and variform,
For ever appear, every moment
Their duties that crave performance;
Whatever manifests as duty, they will do;
They will not duty annul, by being undutiful.

142. "Though it spells good for all in general
Yet it benefits more the race of kings
To hail their forbears and them adore
Even as they the Devas worship.
The son must his father's mandate implement;
'Tis in proof of this I cited to you Rama's story.
You are great among the princes of the world;
Would you from this duty deviate?"

The brothers agree to abide by Dharma's words

143. Thus did Dharma to them point out
A good many examples. With folded hands
Him the youngsters thus addressed;
"Like the lamp lit on the crest of a hill
You are here to lead us aright; we hail
Your victorious feet; never will we your words
Transgress; the ruled should ever abide by the ruler.
O Lord, oh Life of Pantavas!

144\. "Was it to ward off our misery, we chose
To oppose your words? Was it not
Love excessive we bear for you that impelled us
The addle-pated --, to speak against you?
O Monarch, you can clean behold
The workings of human minds!
What can be from you hidden?
Pray, pardon us, our harsh words; may you flourish!
We follow your words". Thus they spoke.

The Pantava's journey

145\. Then on the third day, with the youngsters,
Gem-bedecked Panchali -- a lamp of beauty,
Pages innumerable and armies, King Dharma
Who never thinks of harm, with music loud and long,
Left his hallowed city for the town of evil ones.
When one set foot on the road
Pointed out by the long-handed Destiny
Could one ever hope to step out of it?

146\. A lion would willingly fall into the gin, devised
By a fox; an elephant would die by an ant;
A worm would kill the striped tiger;
Those who could foresee would stand bewildered;
Away would a hill float on the stream issuing thence;
Low would become high and high low;
East would turn West; the wearers of sacred thread
Would hail the base, if Fate wills it so.

147\. It was evening and the King's armies rested
In a flowery grove on the way.
Partha took with him the carp-eyed queen
To a lonely grassy mound
And beheld adoringly the sun.
The soft one on his thigh reclined
And lisped words sweet as milk; to her
Partha described the sunny splendour

Sun set Described

148\. "Behold the marvels of heaven, oh dear one
Whose lips rain music; every moment it changes;
No two parts are the same; the happy sights variform
Appear anew for ever and ever;
Who on earth, my dear, can create such sights
Even expending countless wealth?
Behold total, all the wonders of ruddy flame
That the ancient seers hailed in gloried verse.

149. "New marvels emerge every moment;
A different dream is born each second;
Delights new and numerous, each moment ushers;
Is it easy for any, these to conceive or describe?
There, each second is revealed a new hue,
The form delightful to Kali Parasakti!
Here witness the bright truth by seers declared
That She takes birth at each moment.

150. "In the horizon low, Surya-mandala whirls
At a speed beyond reckoning; behold this
My dear, of flowery locks! Kali has garnered
Ten billion lightnings bright, winged with thunder,
Smelted them all and wrought this wheel of fire
And now twirls it in majestic glory.
Aye, bend yourself to behold the twirling
Of two discs into one single form.

151. "Behold it serene, my lightning sweet!
Behind is a moving platter, wrought of lightning
And there is a jasper disc afront.
Is there a greenness like this on earth?
Behold the flashes quick and frequent
Of diamond beams innumerable!
Contract eye-lids these to see; Uma builds poesy grand!
Let us stand, and pray and say:
"Flourish for ever!"

152. "Behold, how many are they -- the teeming clouds
Around the beaming sun aflame instantaneously!
Oh, oh how grand are these hues and tints!
How many are their shapes, their blends!
Liquid fires! Streams of molten gold!
Auric isles that burn heatlessly!
My beloved, behold the blue tarns divine!
Behold the variations on the azure theme!
How many are the ruddy ones! How many
Are the green! The black! Dark gigantic demons!
Boats of gold afloat on a lake of blue!
Black peaks with dazzling gold filigreed!
Behold yonder the dark ocean where swim
Innumerable leviathans, all golden!
Aha! Whithersoever the eyes may wander
They but behold hills of light,
Wealth of iris hues.

153. "We meditate on the brilliance
Of the red-rayed Deva;
May He our buddhi brighten (and lead) us!"
With these words of Veda, they blessed
And back to their grove repaired.
As the night melted away and day broke
The princes with their roaring sea of armies
Were on their way, sipping delight at scenic beauty;
Ere the sun grew dim, they reached the dusking city.

II. The Dicing

Invocation to Vani

154. To comprehend clearly, to so speak that clarity
May inform; to rear many a blissful dream
That will soar in joy in the minds of them
That meditate; to melt inly, while eyes
Rain tears; Are not these your acts of grace?
O Vani of ever-growing light, sweet as
Nectarean Tamil! Deign to grant me these.

The Pantavas Welcomed

155. When they heard that Arya-Pantavas had
At the city of Hastinapura arrived.
Innumerable people began to throng
In lanes and streets, roads and groves.
One wondered: Where were they,
These men and women till this day?
Even wind could not thread through the surging crowds.

156. Brahmins chanted hymns of mantras;
Princes stood in jubilation great;
Mighty tuskers, cars and horses filled each street
With sound; minstrels sang; dancers danced;
A million musical instruments resounded
That day in the city -- the abode of Lakshmi,
The din and noise filled the joyous sky.

157. When Yuthishtra rode forth in the golden car
Of Bahlika, followed by his brothers, women royal
And army fourfold, in a grand procession,
Carp-eyed women held lamps of gold,
And hallowed Brahmins pots of holy water;
It rained flowers; greeting festoons filled the city;
With a richer beauty the city glowed that day.

158. They entered the city with their retinue;
  Unto the eyeless seer seated in the golden court
They hied and obeisance paid;
  With his blessings came they to Arya-Bhishma
And fell at his feet in adoration;
  On Kripa of famed archery, valiant Drona,
His son and others, then they called
  And hailed them all in heartfelt love.

159. The golden-shouldered of great renown
  Embraced triumphant Karna, Duryodhana --
The snake-bannered --, his brothers and Sakuni;
  They felt delighted; then they hailed
Kantari, the great tapaswini, and in order due
  The other women too of the royal house.

160. Kunti and Draupadi young, with the women
  That gathered there confabulated;
On old events they lovingly chatted
  And then from them parted.
Now came still evening on; the Five, having
  Exercised themselves in callisthenics
Performed the evening rites; this done
  They partook of toothsome victuals.

161. They joyed in sandal-scented flowery leisure;
  Young damsels touched to tune, the Vina
Airs, vernal airs! These they heard delighted
  And their eyelids closed in slumber sweet.
Trouble ever should be quelled when it appears;
  Thinking of coming trouble who would in grief wallow?
What indeed marks the Aryas?
  Is it not undauntedness?

The Pantavas arrive at the hall

162. The minstrels sang and they woke up before the dawn;
The strong-shouldered non-pareil prayed to God;
Silken garments they wore and decked themselves
With ornaments and bore regal weaponry
And repaired to the court where shameless Kauravas
Were seated beside their Lord and King.

163. Bhishma too was there; righteous Vitura,
Holy Brahmins, ministers of state,
Alien visitors, monarchs a good many,
Kin of Duryodhana of spoilt mind,
The prey to doom impending --,
And friends great, stood reverentially
There in that vast hall, the durbar great.

164. In gambling base, there is none his equal
On this earth; Sakuni he is that hath not
In all his life done an act to be reckoned good.
He sat in the centre in good cheer
And looked like a proud bull.
Notorious gamblers were there; Vivinjati,
Chitrasena, Satyavrada, Purumitra and Caya.

165. Dreadful Strategists, well-versed in chicanery
Were there in that spacious court beauteous;
These revelled in dinsome riot; the young Five,
Mighty and valorous, paid obeisance to the great
Who embraced them, chest glued to chest.
And as Pantavas sat on seats of gold.

Sakuni tempts Dharma to dice with him

166. Said Sakuni: "O righteous scion, here do wait
Indeed for a long time, for your arrival
All these kings who are heroic wrestlers strong;
You raised your family sky-high by victory
In wars won with bows and arrows,
Here shall we wage a war with dice as weapon;
Come, let us see how valiant you are in this."

167. Thus Sakuni, to whom Dharma replies: "To a game
Of dice which is ruse deceitful, you invite me;
Is there any glory in this? Or righteousness?
Or valorous renown? Your bosom harbours odium;
You abhor our life of weal, I know for sure;
Gambling will ruin life here and hereafter."

Dharma declines

168. He laughed aloud; he that hath mastered
Blameworthy dice as a science and an art.
"Why should I indulge in very many words?
I took you for a king and invited you.
As I had from many heard that you alone
Own the earth entire,'I thought
You would not, aye, mind the loss
Of a few trifles in sport and pastime.

Sakuni's jibe

169. "How could I know the Lord-Paramount
Of Bharat to be a niggardly miser?
Is there thievery in this? It is dicing no doubt.
But are not the players princes and kings?
In the presence of Maha-rata heroes, in open court,
In day-light broad. O thou, crest-jewel of heroes,
Do you think we mean to rob you of your wealth?

170. "Have no fear; come, be quick;
Let us play; much time is already wasted;
The dice and all lie there already for over an hour;
Surely you will win; do you not know
That success indeed is your second nature.
Surely you will win; why think of many things?
Come, commence the game at once."

171. As Sakuni who like a sinner that slaughters a cow
That he may sell its hide, spoke thus,
He that dreads the deed by scriptures forbidden
The noble and sublime Dharma -- was sorely grieved.
He said; "Know that the great Muni Devala
And Acita of great learning have declared
In their works on monarchic deportment
That dicing is poisonous, for sure.

Dharma's Reply

172. "They will not seek success in deceitful dicing.
They hold mayic gambling blameworthy;
The triumph annexed fearlessly in the battle-field
Is by them held in esteem great;
Even if death be the outcome, they will
Unlike barbarians breathe pure words only;
In the land of Bharat of surpassing glory
The Aryas live thus" said the great ones.

173. "Therefore do I this dicing abhor;
Sir! I reign not for the love
Of glory or wealth; behold oh Sakuni!
I wield the sceptre that hoary dharma
May flourish, that truthful treatises of arts and sciences
By study and instruction may thrive deathless.

174. "They that deceive me and my wealth steal
Do not thereby cause me harm;
They that kill the ancient Vedas four, they that
Annihilate the treasure of all arts and sciences,
It is these that bid a warm welcome
To devastating Kali, in this Bharat dear as my life
I beseech and humbly implore you
'Put aside this thought'" said he.

Sakuni's Challenge

175. "Ha, of sastras you speak!" said Sakuni
With eyes sputtering fire of rage.
Will kings of renowned dynasty
Indulge in self-praise, decrying others?
You do have a glib tongue; yet have you
Clean forgot the customs and usages
By our race nurtured; when kings challenge
Can you, I challenge you, that reject?

176. "The man competent wins; the one ill-versed loses;
In a sword-fight whilst the one that knows
The thrust wins, the other doth perish.
In logistics he that is knowledgeable wins;
The ignoramus is easily vanquished;
Can you call this ruse? Or gambling?

177. "The able one wins; the one incompetent loses;
Talk of good and bad is shameless nonsense;
I have challenged you to a valiant combat
In the presence of these monarchs.
Do you this accept? If you lack the strength
Of mind, you are free to declare that also."

Dharma yields reluctantly

178. Dharma thought of cruel Fate; he also felt
Chivalric dharma should be upheld.
Alack the day! The great Lord did deem
The pseudo-custom all false,
Projected by the brainless base
To be dharma! From time-immemorial
How many of the otherwise immaculate
Came by misery, thinking thus, oh God!

179. Since a custom was rife in the past
O fools, can you call falsehood truth?
'Past' you say, fools! Can you tell me
What 'past' is, its content and its bournes?
Even yesterday is included in the 'past'!
'Three billion years ago' is also 'past'!
There were innumerable men in the past
That lived on earth, were they all seers?

180. Do you think there were no fools on earth
Before you were born? Since the world began
Many, many, aye, very many billions
Like rain drops from clouds --,
Of people lived; did not baseness and idiocy
Flourish amongst them before your time?

181. Deeming false conduct to be dharma
And the parody of the false to be sastras,
Alas! in our dear land of Bharat
Countless men wedded to righteousness
Became enervated and perished brainless.
The savant of lucidity, the pre-eminent
Among the knowers of Truth, Dharma the great
Toppled down by Fate besieged.

182. Is not Fate to Mind superior?
  Or is there aught greater than Fate
Amongst earthly things? The results
  Of our deeds excepting, would not resultant effect
Of other men's deeds affect us, even as
  The pit or puddle in a river collects
  The wind-driven dust from directions four?

The Dicing begins

183. To the Mayic gambling the good one gave assent;
They threw the dice and Sakuni grew uproarious.
Upright men of rectitude like loving Vidura
Were tongue-tied and stood bewildered.

184. At that hour, the Lord of the Five spake thus;
"Declare the wager, oh Sakuni! Vaunt not aloud!
Against kings endowed with wondrous wealth, you've
Come to play! You are without a stake, I wager."

185. Hearing Dharma, Duryodhana rose up and said:
"Rare wealth have I, and limitless too.
I'll wager, mind you, nine-fold, for sure;
Brag not, oh sir! I say: 'Go on, go on with the game."

186. "One plays; yet another comes with the wager;
Is this fair? Oh, tell me my brother young!"
"This is no deceit; for the uncle to play
His nephew offers wager; what is amiss? I ask"

187. Laughing said the King of Anga: "To pass time
This war of dice is begun; wherefore do you weep?"
Dharma said: "Hearken to me, oh Kings! This is foul play;
You are witnesses and will behold the result in the end."

188. A carcanet of bright gems, he did wager;
The gay adversary offered wealth immense.
Before eyes could wink, the uncle bore it away;
Blameless Dharma came with wagers fresh.

189. "Thousand pots filled with gold! Come, let us play!"
The wizard of an uncle swiped them clean.
"A mighty car of gold with its galloping steeds!"
They threw the dice and Sakuni it was that won.

190. Young damsels of comely form, all golden,
With jewels on shoulders, gemmed chains on breasts,
Experts in the lore of love, with visages beaming bright,
In mien and beauty unparalleled!

191. These were a myriad the maids that served the Five;
They threw the dice and Sakuni bore them away.
Again a myriad slaves -- wearers of gold and jewels,
Robed in silk and gold --, these Dharma wagered.

192. The cut-purse won them all in a trice.
The valorous Dharma was undaunted;
"Thousands of tuskers like nimbus dark,
In the field of battle, they would charge like Death!

193. "These I wager" said he. The base one bore them away.
Victorious armies he then wagered and lost;
Well-carved cars, martial riders galore,
These did Dharma wager, only to lose them all.

194. Numberless were they, the earth has not their peers,
Those horses of various hues he bet and lost.
Forty million jars filled with coins of gold, he bet and lost;
Like him that loses his eyes, he lost them in a trice.

195. Bulls and cows he lost, herds and herds of them!
Sheep and goats he lost, and men without number;
Says inglorious Sakuni then: "You haven't lost
Your country, oh Dharma! Wager that, I say."

Vidura's vigorous protest

196. "Alas, what shall we say of this?
Does this a king become?
Is a country to be won as wager
That one may rule it as one's own?
Will this earth, this endure?
Or the sky on high? O ye sinners!
Is not our glorious line pure, that of Chandra's?
Fie on you!" said Vidura fleering.

197. "Pantavas may be patient; but Kannan
That wears the garland of basil, and he
Of Panchal, in mounting wrath
Will wipe us out, root and all.
Unto the Kaurava kings here I say this:
'Remember my words; do not rashly
Court war; you will die to rot in Hell.

198. "Is it for the extinction of the whole race,
Accursed Fate hath placed amidst us
The evil Duryodhana cruel? On the very day
He was born, he howled like a fox.
Hearing that, said the sooth-sayers:
"Behold, a holocaust will be by him caused!"

199. "As the son waxes victorious in gambling
Like one who is drunk in ethereal joy
You sit enthroned with a visage
Beaming in joy, oh fool!
Lured by honey wild, a hunter
Scales a crevice in the mountain;
The slippery stone will trip his feet.
And lo, the chasm there, is but his grave.

200. "You are inebriate with the wine of dice,
You cannot know what will befall;
Is Suyodhana our all? I ask plainly;
Should we sink and die for a fool?
These Pantavas are affectionate men.
By deception dire, you plot to rid them;
All your learning and instruction, oh brother,
Is gone with the wind, aye, alas!

201. "We have not reared in our house, a son
But a fox, a venomous adder.
That your fame may wax great in the land,
Barter your fox for tigers great.
Away with the owls and the ravens!
May you have peacocks great!
Will you walk in joy in the path of perdition?
Are you bereft of your ears also?

202. "Oh brother, would you at this age
When death awaits you, covet the wealth
Of the sons of your brother? Here they came
Trusting you; they hold you as their Lord.
They will gift their all, away to you
If that indeed is your wish, oh Lord!
Why pursue this evil deed that will
Plunge you deep in the mire of Hell?

203. "In the assembly of the Kaurava Lord
Whilst Drona and Kripa
And far-famed son of Ganga and poor me,
Sit widowed of honour, crooked Sakuni
Sits cosy and advises on craft of state.
Can you suffer his propinquity?
Exile him to far mountains, oh brother!

204. "Do not think that happiness will flow
When one has swerved from righteousness.
By the ruse of this senseless Sakuni
You set the righteous against us.
The world will surely defame and disgrace us;
Your reign and life will turn hollow.
Do you, can you, this desire? Bid them
Cease dicing. May you flourish" said he.

Part Two

III - THE ENSLAVEMENT OF THE PANTAVAS

Invocation to Parasakti

205. Behold, the sculptor sculpts; one stone is wrought
A step in a flight of steps; another becomes
An idol of supremely glorious God; Thou art
The Mother of the world! Thine is the will
To make or mar! I take refuge in Thee!
Make me a poet par excellence.

Invocation to Saraswati

206. The physicists say that atoms whirl
Ceaselessly; the astronomers aver
That the orbs gyrate for ever and ever;
If it be but natural for the things
Of globe to work ceaselessly, oh Mother of Arts!
Should not my heart, I pray,
Function ceaselessly, made one with thy Grace?

Duryodhana's reply to Vidura

207. He of the ophidian banner heard the words
Of Vidura wise, with a burning heart;
Would ever the base listen to the words
Of the great that reveal the true path
Eyes emitting sparks of fire, brows atremble,
Ire raging fierce and buddhi all blunted
The prince did speak thus, even thus:

208. "Ungrateful Vidura, wholly bereft of shame!
To the salt untrue, oh destructive Vidura!
Since the very beginning, you have plotted our downfall;
You have a place in my father's court; is he really sane?

209. "Is it the work of God that your heart is after the Five
Though it is our palace that fills your belly?
With a mind set on destruction, you are on the side
Of the five, through you pretend to be true and neutral.

210. "In a court where kings are present, against our foes
We play, wager and win, in the most proper way;
What fault do you find? To whom are you preaching?
Is it a jemmy we wield? Do you take us for cheats?

211. "There are liars and sycophants in this world.
Are we descended from the line of these?
When you rise to reform them -- the doers of ills --,
Sir, the wise in the world will feel hurt, for sure.

212. "In a thousand ways he may please her, the loveless;
Will she of these think? She'll run away when the time comes,
You need not us oppose; nor need you our might endure;
Go whithersoever you please, where you fancy happiness is."

Vidura's Reply

213. The Prince who knows not the righteous way,
In the court where kings from north and south,
East and west were present, at Vidura hurled words
More curel than murder; yet was he not a whit upset.
"What matters if I stay or go away?
I essayed my very best to save you,
Even you who are of right conduct unaware;
Oh, wicked Fate hath overtaken me, alas!

214. "Their ears are soft and cannot harsh words endure;
Their hearts are like flint soaked in venom;
They perish before even Death begins to assail them.
'It is they whose words are like milk and honey
That land you in trouble; seekers of good seek not
Softness in speech.' Has no one told you so, so far?
Verily you've grown like a tree, tall and green.

215. "Oh Lord of men that declines to hear the censure
Of those that mean well only! It is not meet
That you should have in your court as ministers
Brahmins as well as monarchs mighty!
Gold-cinctured and ankleted bawds, panders base,
Outcasts mean, mis-shapen knaves and mad men:
These oh Prince, should your cabinet constitute.

216. "What matters if I stay or go away?
Did I truly address my words to you?
Unto the kings that fill this court, the Brahmins
And my brainless brother, I spoke clearly.
Does it end to-day? I know what future holds in store.
Know that the great Bhishma knows it too;
He turned into a yogi and vanquished
All his inner desire; why is he also tongue-tied?

217. "Though I am aware of what Fate has ordained,
Fond as I am and prompted by a mind blameless,
O Son, I tried by words to wean you away from your evil way.
Well, my words are of no avail;
You may your mind's way pursue" said Vidura.
Then he sat down silent and crest-fallen,
Kali was glad that he would on earth be stablished
And devas roared in joy as Bharat-War came near.

Dicing continues

218. The dice they rolled, the game they commenced;
Sly Sakuni still further speaks to say;
"Whatever you have lost, you can retrieve;
Despair not Dharma but redouble your effort."

219. Like the priest that sells away the very icon of deity,
Like the ostiary wagering and losing the house,
Dharma -- the master of a thousand moral laws
Staked his country and lost it. Fie on him, the doer of ill.

220. They think not their subjects to be men like themselves;
The Kings but deem them so many herds of sheep.
Though they cite to others many codes and books true,
Them they follow not, and their reign lacks propriety.

221. Without taking sides, without stabbing justice,
Without thieving, without plunging others in misery,
The sceptre should be wielded; but it is nowhere so in this world.
Fruitless words ... on we proceed with our narration.

Sakuni speaks

222. "You have lost all your wealth, oh Dharma!
You have also lost your country and subjects;
That Dharma is the Lord of fecund earth
Is but henceforth a story old!
Listen to what I say; If you can still
Offer a wager and proceed with the game
There is every scope for your success, by which
You can retrieve all you have lost."

223. "Having lost all, what will you
  And your brothers do, for a living?
Through this wild game of dice
  We mean not to make you mendicants.
Able and competent are your brothers
  Fit to be wagered in dice;
Let not my words sadden you; wager them
  And win back all you have lost."

224. Karna laughed; those in the assembly wept;
  The dark-hearted, he that delights in thievery,
The King of the Serpent-Flag, in soaring joy said;
  "We stake all the country...

225. "If Dharma stakes his brothers and wins
  We give back all, the uncle hath won;
Proceed on trust, oh Dharma!
You have lost your country; will she not,
  The arrow-eyed Consort of you Five --,

226. "Jeer at you? Will that neatherd speak to you?
  We'll solve your worries; go on with the game,"
Though so much has happened, the youngsters
  Opened not their lips; they were sad at heart
And their heads hung drooping.

227. Bhima sighed like the dread adder in a cave,
Handsome Arjun with his lustre gone, stood pallid,
Dear Nakula, alas, became unconscious; the last one
Stood muted, though, he was an all-knowing seer.

228. Ganga's son trembled: his heart was on fire;
The breath of kings was a smoke of wrath;
Sad Vidura was sore, in life and limb
Witnessing the carnage of lions by dogs.

Sahadeva staked and lost

229. "His heart for ever is with Brahman oned,
  He knows this world to be a mere game
He sinless joys in the pleasures of the world,
  He is Sahadeva, the peerless seer."
Him did Dharma offer as wager.
  The dice was thrown; evil Sakuni won.

Nakula lost

230. He also staked Nakula and lost him;
Then like a feeble light at dead of night
A thought streamed into his buddhi:
"Alas, what meanness vile is this?"
Yet ere that thought could wax great
Said Sakuni: "Sir, you wagered and lost
Them that are not your mother's sons.

Sakuni Speaks

231. "Mighty Bhima and Partha are sons
Of Kunti, like you; than you are they
More glorious; therefore are you afraid
To stake them." When worthless Sakuni
Taunted righteous Dharma thus, he grew wroth
On a sudden and said: "Sirrah!"

Dharma wagers Partha

232. "Though we have our country gambled away
Our unity is for ever the same;
In thought and life, the Five are but one.
"These brothers will divide," -- so goes
Your evil thought. Among lion-like heroes
He is without a peer in archery;
Such is his greatness that all the seven worlds
Cannot make up the sum of his worth.

233. "He is the bosom friend of Kannan; is more dear
To us than our eyes; with valour, strength and lustre
He beams an ethereal lotus; a legion are
His sterling qualities; this famed Vijaya
I stake! Come, throw your dice of dire falsehood."
Thus spake the King gasping.

and loses him

234. That uncle who is total wrought of Maya
Grew glad and grabbed the grisly dice;
He announced a number and threw the dice;
The very number came and he won.
Base lead is shown as gold to the gullible
And there are confounding kings on earth.

235. Loud-vaunting and in joy trumpeting
  Spake Sakuni; "We have won Partha
Triumphant in all the eight directions!
  Now I bid you stake Bhima!
"Dharma grew oblivious of dharma; in his heart
  Ran a river of raging ire tempestuous;
The shores of this river were to him invisible.
  The righteous Dharma spake thus:

Bhima is staked

236. "He is the Lord of the Five, the strong root
  Of our life and reign; the one of might
That can even smite and shatter an opposing god,
  The famed hero whose strength is not to be
Matched by a thousand tuskers; even him I stake!
  Oh, win and bear him away in your game,
  All foul and false" roared he in wrath.

and lost by Dharma

237. Like ghouls, dogs, foxes, crows, jackals
  And vultures jumping with joy at the fall
Of an elephant in the field of battle
  The evil ones jumped and danced and roared
In infernal glee unbounded
  When noble Bhima was diced away.

Dharma loses himself

238. The kings were of themselves oblivious
  And were very like crazed thugs.
Sakuni, small-minded, smiling said:
  "Come on, out with your further wager."
He was truly oblivious of himself
  And so he staked himself in the game.
What else but the same old story!
  Sly Sakuni diabolic won as before.

Duryodhana crows gleefully

239. Suyodhana rose in wrath and to kings
There present he said: "Perished are
The Pantavas and their light is total out;
Lo, the whole world from now on, is ours;
All their countless wealth is ours;
Oh kings, do on us shower benedictions;
O my young brother, drum this everywhere."
When Sakuni heard him speak thus

Sakuni speaks

240. He said: "Can you speak thus? Is it not like
Driving a heated rod into a gaping wound?
More dear than eyes are they, by your father deemed.
Who indeed are they? Are they not your brothers?
Was not the game of dice begun in fun only?
Is it fair that you should shame them thus?

Sly Sakuni speaks again

241. "We will still play for further stakes;
They may still gain victory;
They have every chance to regain with grace
Their gold and people and country too.
She is like dazzling nectar, the wife of these;
If only she be offered as Wager
Her luck can win back all that is by these lost."

242. When thus the uncle spake, a new thrill
Swept Suyodhana, 'Well, very well" he mused.
A cur that mentally feasts on a pot of honey
Would stick out its tongue and lap in joy
Airy nothing; even so was silent Suyodhana.
All the world's dharma came to an end.

IV. THE DISROBING OF DRAUPATI

243. In that assembly of sinners, the fruit
Of tapas wrought by the men of Panchal,
She that is dearer than life; the breathing nectar bejewelled,
The picture of perfection, the lustre of grace,
The very life of sublime Fancy, the angelic seraph,
The earthly wealth, opulence rare, hard to find.

244. The flowery liana divine that walks on earth
In charming gait, a light-nymph of lightning,
One who breathes incense rare,
A moving dream and a love, a shape
Of beauteous excellence, a wealth of delight,
Aye, in that assembly of the wicked,
Dharma the just, thought fit to wager.

Draupati staked

245. Like them that place the yagna-offering
Before a mongrel to munch away,
Like them that build a mansion of gold
And gladly tenant it to ghouls and ghosts,
Like decking an owl with jewels of gold
The gold obtained by vending slaves --,
The noble lady he staked that the base might
Claim her; ha! Is there none to question this?

246. Would any murder a precious child
To come by leather for a pair of slippers?
Is Panchali, the flower of tapas true
A mere stake in a game of dice?
When the stake was agreed upon
The evil uncle snatched the dice
And bade them roll to make out 'two';
The false dice rolled and made 'two'.

and lost

247. They jumped and danced, the evil gang
That directions eight felt the pang;
They bumped and romped and rattled
Keeping time so fiendishly.
"Dharma deserves this" they cried
And loud roared "Woe! Woe!"
Cachinnating they cried: "Oh Duryodhana
Hold us fast in tight embrace."

The Kauravas rejoice

248. "Lift aloft the uncle" they shouted and on him
Threw they, good many garlands.
"Oh, it is nothing -- the winning of wealth immense
And the lands so many and so various --;
He hath won this lovely woman, the treasure of love
'This uncle surely is a god'; "Long live
Duryodhana" they cried, vaunting loud.

249. His uncle he hugged close and then Duryodhana
Spake thus: "Oh uncle dear as life
You have rid me of my misery,
Chased from me the bane of shame,
She that laughed at me that day
Is made my slave to-day by thee
I'll never this forget, dear mine uncle!
How can I ever repay you?

Duryodhana wild with joy

250. "My longing you fulfilled, dear mine uncle
And my life too you have saved.
We 'll adore you, oh uncle dear as life
And honour you with feast and festivity.
The ancient strife is ended now
And sure we'll for ever thrive.
Words fail me, uncle sweet as life!
It is bliss you have to us gifted."

thanks his Uncle

251. Such and such like were the words of Duryodhana.
He did hop and jump as he pleased;
He was wild and beside himself when he jumped.
It looked as though a hill did jump;
Confusion reigned in the court;
They behaved uncontrolled; nor sense
Nor decorum marked their actions that day.
Is it easy for me to tell their doings in verse?

252. And now came the time when dharma declined
And truth untruth became, aye, truly false!
Famed austerities lost their name and became dirt.
A fire seared into the celestial lords;
Dethroned from Silence, the Munis stood bewildered;
Vedas widowed of their import, became empty words,
Nada became distorted and debased
Gandharvas paled; from Siddhas
To dwellers of Space, all became demented;
The Creator was tongue-tied; the Goddess

Of Wisdom stood forfeited of buddhi;
Vishnu whose hue is that of the dark nimbus
Slipped from His Illuminate Slumber
Into a deep sleep of total inconscience.

Chaos arises in the universe

She is Beauty; She is Wealth; She is Sri!
The face of this Sri which is roseate sweet
Bitter turned with palpable murk.
The Yoga of Civa Mahadeva grew chaotic;
While it was so, even so,
Bala, Uma Devi, MahaKali, the Puissant One,

The Great Force Original, the Holder of the Trident,
Maha-Maya who quells Maya
She that joys in ghouls, murder and carnage,
She that rides the lion and destroys the world by her laughter,
She that rides the lion and guards everything by her laughter,
She who has for Her innumerable hosts
Pain, Slaughter, Evils unspeakable, Death and Ennui
She, the great Queen, whom Black Death
That rides the he-buffalo, serves
Not commanded but by sheer divination,
She that is attended by Her Train

The Very Gods are revolted

Auspiciousness, Wealth, Immortality,
Godly Renown and glorious Learning --,
She who is Creation and Absorption,
She who becomes and disbecomes,
She who constitutes the marvels
Of embodiment and disembodiment,
She who changes and changes and still further changes
And again changes; She who is the Change itself,
Ati Parasakti, aye, did steel Her heart
And lo, the dazzling face of the sun darkened--

as Duryodhana asks Vidura to fetch Draupati to the Court as an abigail

The stupid, the dark-hearted, the un-Aryan Duryodhana
Turned in haste to Vidura and said:
"Go, you Vidura! Why are you lost in thought?
Her brows are like bows; she is full beautiful;
She was once the life of Panchala's monarch,
This day, she is but an abigail won by us in dice;
Go and tell her all; tell her that her brother-in-law
Is in the court and that he is her lord
Who bids her come to his mansion to serve;
Go, tell her and bring her here" he said.

When Duryodhana breathed these burning words
Vidura the noble patriarch was incensed
"Oh fool, you know not of the impending doom!
Therefore have you basely uttered words unutterable!
Like a small spotted deer attacking a tiger,
Like the young of a frog attacking a serpent,
You provoke and foster the wrath of the Five.
You but defame her the goddess of virtues.
It is for your good that I wield my tongue.
My words are for you intended, not for others,

Disgrace them not; the vengeance of Pantavas,
Oh son, will smite you any tomorrow;
You will then lie a corpse on earth.

Vidura warns Duryodhana

What valour is there in self-destruction?
Are you not aware of Vena's fate?
All his deeds sore grieved the good,
And wicked Vena died like a worm.
Do you deem it just to utter scalding words?
Oh son, do they not burn and singe the heart?
Only from a spoilt mouth, such words pour out

Which get inscribed in the heart of the hearer.
They'll annul learning, lead one to hell.
These words, oh king, that sear the heart of the distressed.
I've spoken, oh Kauravas, I'll not speak again.
The base on earth can never come by pleasance.
Cupidity moves you to base sins; but remember
Unexampled disasters, worst of calamities, await you.
If you hail the feet of Pantavas and turn over
To them all you had wrenched, and tell them
In humility; "Oh lords, forgive us this grievous sin;

We have sinned in ignorance"
And let them go to their city great, in peace,
You will be saved; this is the way to forfend wrongs
If you do not this pursue, the Great War of Bharat

Of dire consequences

Will come. Oh kings, you will perish."
Thus the righteous one.
When Duryodhana, the brainless, heard this
He rumbled in wrath and said: "Fie, fie on you!
You idiot! May you perish! You but curse us always!
None will heed your words at this hour.

Duryodhana orders the Charioter to fetch Draupati

Well ... Who is that? Oh Charioteer I bid you go
And return quick; go and tell her thus;
"The King of Bharat commands you."
She, the lady of the Five, should come
With you to this court," Thus Duryodhana;
The charioteer fled to he abode of Panchali;
With a trembling voice surcharged with sorrow
He said: "Hail Mother! Hail Protectress
Of righteousness! Impelled by dire destiny
Yuthishtira played the mayic dice against uncle Sakuni

He conveys the order to her

And lost his country, wealth and brothers too.
Lo, he staked himself and lost himself;
Then, oh Mother, he wagered you; my tongue lacks
Courage to utter it; he that staked you lost you,
Aye, in that assembly of gathered kings.
My King hath bidden me to fetch you there."
Thus when he spoke, straight came her reply:
"Who is he that hath spoken so? Will ever women
Who hail from the hoary line of heroes
Enter a gambling den? By whose behest

Draupati sends him back to knew if her lord lost himself first before losing her

Do you dare call me? said she.
To this he said: "I act at the bidding of Suyodhana."
"Well" said she. "Now go and return well-informed.
Did my lord that lost his honour, lose me
To sly Sakuni, before he lost himself,

Or did he lose himself first to lose me next?
Learn this from court and then come to me."
Thus she. After he sped away
All alone, sore agitated in mind
With a heart corroded by fear,
And like a child possessed, she sat there.
The charioteer that came to the court said:
"Hail my Liege! I went as bidden;
I bowed before the golden queen,
Beseeched her to come here; but she asks you:

'Did my King lose me after he lost himself?'
I have come back with her question." Thus he.
The noble Pantavas sore distressed
Oped not their lips; other kings in that court
Sat speechless like them that are deaf-mutes.

The five are silent

253. His heart beat fast and Suyodhana
In rising resentment roared;
"Ha! What infantile tales do you here unfold?
Are'nt you aware of my nature? Do you dare
Come here with excuses coined by that black-eyed beauty?
Aye, it is her psittacine warbling sweet
My heart doth long to hear so much.

254. "Any number of questions may be asked,
Any number of words can be spoken,
In this great assembly when she comes in person.
She isn't a caged bird; is she?
Why this shame for the joint wife of the Five?
Before I act enraged, bring her here,
That one of fair and perfumed locks.

Duryodhana is enraged

255. "When you tell her that the King commands
Who is she to countermand?
I'll chop you to pieces, sirrah!
Go, get her at once" said he.
The charioteer carried his words
To that bird of Paradise and bowed.
Stricken with grief she said:
"Why call me again and again in vain?"

and orders the driver to get her to the Court at once

256. "When my lord-husband lost himself
He lost the right to stake myself.
When he got enslaved by gambling base
No law on earth can suffer him lose me.
He is enslaved by the dice; but know me to be
A King's daughter, the great ruler Drupata's.
Debased, when he is into thraldom thrown
He cannot have a wife; can he?

Draupati speaks again demanding an answer to her question

257. "In the court of the Kaurava King
Are there not men in dharma versed?
Would sastras wither and die away
Even before the fall of regal valour?
Famed seers and hierophants
And learned kings did sure witness
The rape of wealth in the name of dice;
Would they also behold the butchery of my honour?

258. "Men on earth undergo joy and misery alike;
Should kings who should the earth protect
Kill Dharmic reign to revel in joy?
Would Brahmins, great in love and tapas,
Behold this and be delighted?
Go to them once more, repeat my question
And come back clarified, with an answer."

259. When thus spake the Devi of the Five
What could the poor driver do?
"It matters little even if I be killed;
To call her again I will not come
Unless they give me the answer for her query."
Thus firm resolved he came to the court
And gave them all, his settled report.

260. He told them that the Queen was
In her monthly seclusion;
Yet the sinner would not relent;
He looked at the Pantavas that stood there perplexed;
Not one soul in that assembly had the courage
To oppose him who was hell-bent on his evil course.

261. He looked at the driver again and in ire
Thundered thus: Go to her once again
And tell her what my heart covets;
Bring her here in seven seconds;
Else I will crush you to bitter death."
When the garlanded King spake thus
The charioteer ignored the threat
And addressed the assembly thus:

262. "Have I ever wronged my wrathful Liege?
  Even if I call that lady a hundred times
She would turn me back to question you only;
  Give me a word that would reassure her;
I would go that very instant to call her;
  I am here to obey the King; but what
  Could I do, is the fair one disobeys?

Duryodhana orders his brother to bring her by force to the Court

263. The lord of the ophidian banner heard
  What the driver uttered, and said;
"She would not come if the driver calls her;
  This fellow too is scared of Bhima
And is aye, perplexed for good reasons,
  I'll deflate his dread, though later.
O younger brother, you are now going sure
  And returning with that bejewelled lady."

Note: Even though Bharati calls this 'The Book of Disrobing,' no disrobing takes place here.

V. The Oath of Draupati

Duhshasana meets Draupati

264. Hearing this, up rose Duhshasana applauding
His brother's putrid prurience;
A word about the greatness of this man:
In evil, his elder stands eclipsed by him;
With learning he is not a whit familiar;
Raw meat and toddy are his soul's desire;
They that are his enemies dread him
And his own men shun him as a ghoul.

265. Sense of discrimination he has none;
He has the bodily strength of a tiger;
As pride for ever overflows in him
He is ever tipsy, though he has imbibed nothing.
His way is the devil's; he treads not
The goodly path, seeks pleasure, sins
And shuns the company of the good, for good.

266. He knows no superior save his elder brother;
He deems himself the lord of all earth;
The words of his elder brother, whatever they be
Are a great law unto him.
This sinner is a total stranger to grace;
When he heard his brother bid him get her
He growled his 'yes' and rose up in joy.

267. He reached the gemmed palace where abode
The Consort of the Pantavas;
He beheld there the bejewelled lady
That looked undone by utter sorrow.
Because of her catamenia she retreated.
"Oh wench, whither can you escape?" he roared.
She found him out to be an unmanly wretch
And so him she faced fearlessly.

Draupati faces Duhshasana

268. "The Pantavas are the earthly gods,
I am their consort, daughter of Drupata,
None could be of this oblivious, boy!
More so in my presence, till this day.
Forfeited of buddhi, you blabber uncontrolled.
Boy, say here what you have to say
And begone at once" said the auric liana.

Dushasana orders her to go with him to his brother's Court

269. "You aren't the Queen of Pantavas! Nor are you
Now the daughter of famed Panchala!
My brother is the King of kings that rule the earth
And you are but his slave-girl!
Dharmendra staked you and lost you
In the game of dice that he played against
Our dear Sakuni in that open court wide.

270. "Staked and lost, you are now a slave,
Your lord is now my brother Suyodhana;
He bade me bring you to the court
Where kings are in attendance
I've come in haste, his behest to perform;
No more of your protest, come with me.
I would not listen to such words you spoke
To that sissy, the charioteer."

Draupati appeals to his good sense

271. When Duhshasana spake thus, Panchali! said:
"Listen to me sire! I am in my monthlies
And so, ill-dressed; it is unfair to summon me
To the golden court of garlanded kings.
Besides, does tradition suffer you win
A brother's wife as wager in dice,
Denude her of support and indulge in outrage?
Tell your brother of my plight, go" said she.

But he seizes her by her hair and drags her off

"Ha, ha, ha!" he snorted, the stupid idiot!
Nearing Panchali he seized her by her hair
And dragged her off in violent haste.
"Woe is me" she shrieked and swooned;
The knave dragged her by her long dark hair
And lo, she was more dead than alive.
All the way long stood people thronging
They beheld the injustice but did nothing;
Their meanness beggared all description.
O these curs! Without crushing the beast of a prince

To death and conveying the gold back to the adytum,
Like logs they stood and merely wailed.
Of what avail is all their wailing and mewling?
As that rare beauty, the yagna-born daughter
Was dragged by the hair in utter disgrace
To the court of the evil kings, the Hall of Injustice,
She burst into an inconsolable lament loud.

She wept bitterly. "Is this my fate, oh husbands?
You married me according to Vedic rites;
Will you suffer me perish in disgrace
Before these evil sinners vile?" said she.
Vijaya and Bhima looked meaningfully
Each at his dauntless shoulders begemmed;
Dharma stood silent with a down-cast head.
She whimpered and lamented again:
"In this assembly great there are men of vast learning
And men of great renown; also are here Brahmins,
Masters of many yagas; there are great ones besides,
Why are they all weak and meek
Unmoved by righteous indignation?

Draupati demands justice in the Court

My husbands -- wielders of spears --, are held in bondage;
I cannot blame them. Oh you hare-brained dullard!
In the court of kings you have dragged me
And scandalised me; there is none here
Man enough to bid you stop your misdeeds.
What am I to do, alas?" Loud was her weeping.
Her eyes wrought of red lightning, cast
Fiery sparks of looks on the Pantavas,
They stood wilted and tongue-tied as before.
As they stood like helpless scarecrows
Duhshasana grew crazy and thundered:
"Oh slave-girl you are indeed our slave-girl."
He insulted her; Karna laughed lustily,
Sakuni applauded and those in that court
Were to their royal seats riveted. The noble Bhishma,
The worthy patriarch, now oped his lips and said;

'Oh daughter!
Yuthishtira himself staked you and lost you,
You now question the propriety of his act;
Sakuni, the master of dice, oh Queen!
By sleight of hand has worsted your king,
You contend, oh daughter of a king, that the very act
Of wagering you is repugnant to law.
Judged by the ancient laws of Vedic munis
Of a different Yuga, what you contend
May be justice; it is all old and obsolete.

Bhisma speaks

In those days men and women were held equal;
It is no longer so; the present sastras of law
Declare that woman is not equal to man
A man can sell, his wife or gift her away
To strangers; it is a totally beastly practice
That is now rife; present laws permit Dharma
To enslave himself, yet own you as wife,
And then sell you as a slave; stones will shudder
And beasts will close their eyes when they behold
The acts of them that tread not the righteous path.
It is injustice no doubt, yet as you want the law,
Its procedure and custom to be expounded,
This I say: They are against you, and I am alas
Powerless to check the evil." Thus spake the noble one
And cast his head down. The soft one speaks:

"Nobly have you spoken sir, and greatly too
The points of law. Ravana of yore abducted Sita
By deception and had her incarcerated in a grove;
Then did he assemble his ministers and pundits
Of statecraft and declared to them of his abduction

Draupati's reply

Of the divine lady, "Good, very good!
Righteous indeed is your action" said those pundits,
Aye, in delight great.
In the government of ghouls, sastras must needs
On carcasses feed; pray tell me if 'twas fair
To have compelled the gullible King to dice?

Was it not a scheme -- a plot pre-conceived?
You built the hall but to snatch our realm.
Are you not of women born? Don't you with them live?
Pray, be not blind" said she with arms folded as in adoration.
Like an antelope by arrows pierced, she wept
And trembled; her perfumed tresses
Fell on earth a cascade and she cried bitterly.
Duhshasana witnessed this
Spake but vile and slanderous words

272. Her dress is in dis-array and she weeps
And trembles in dire distress;
The bull-headed Duhshasana tugs at her tresses
And this wretched sight Bhima beheld
In spiralling wrath soaring high.
Bitten by sharp sorrow, he addressed Dharma
And now to his words. listen:

Bhima speaks in wrath

273. "In gambling houses, oh brother!
There are, aye, maids to serve;
But no maid thither goes
To get herself wagered.

274. "What made you wager, oh brother
And whom did you wager?
She is a lamp unto womanly race,
A beauty without a peer.

275. "For fame, my God, who can vie
With the warlord Panchalas?
He reigns, indeed supreme
Hailed by the kings of earth.

276. "His daughter bright, oh brother
You staked and lost!
You did wrong, oh brother
And killed Dharma sure!

277. "Nor by thievery, oh brother
Nor by gambling either;
By valour we obtained her,
Aye, by battle fierce.

278. "Ours was the emperorship,
The lofty claim undisputed
And lo, you've lost it all,
In a bare second, I say.

279. "All the realms you lost, oh brother!
We suffered it patiently;
Again you did enslave us;
Still we bore it willingly

280. "The daughter of Drupata,
The sister of Drishtaduymna!
You staked in the game of dice
And sold into slavery, alas!

281. "Endure this we cannot. Oh young brother!
Get me a burning torch;
We'll burn our brother's hand,
The hand that played and lost the light."

Arjuna admonishes Bhima

282. Vijaya of the strong bow heard these words
Of Bhima to Sahadeva and burst sorth instantaneously;
"Bhima, are these your heart-approved words?
what did you say, and where, and in whose presence?
"Losing the daughter of honoured Drupata
In the game of dice is a grievous fault" you said.
As the fire of ire hath smoked your reasoning
You have defamed the Lord of triple worlds.

283. "Dharma is oft by deceit eclipsed
But it emerges triumphant in the end;
This secret of nature, the world will have
To learn from us; hence this game of Fate;
Well, let us continue to act and act our part;
Bound are we this day; let us wait; times will change.
Then shall we witness the triumph of Dharma.
A bow there is: Gandiv is its name" roared he.

Vikarna speaks in support of Draupati's stand

284. Mighty Bhima bowed repentant before his brother elder;
Then rose Vikarna and addressed the assembly:
"I'll not accept the answer of grand-pa
To her question, the queen among women.
Said the grand-sire that husbands can treat
Their wives as cattle and deal with them
As they like; he also said that the Vedic law
Gave way to the current law; he but erred.

285. "Had ever our progenitors sold their wives?
Have you ever heard of the marvel -- the staking of queens
And losing them in dice? The latter-day law-makers
Have brought to the statute-books
The laws that once applied to strumpets alone.
Though this is still the letter of the law
Yet it is not rife in daily practice.
Even a slave-girl is not to be diced away.

286. "Having lost himself and a slave become
He has neither wife nor home; aye, there are
No belongings for a slave" says the Queen.
Oh kings! men play dice for fun;
Yet would you not loud protest, when you
Here watch the Dharma of grievous sin
Contrary to Manu's laws? O grand-pa, is this just?"

287. Thus Vikarna. Up rose some sovereigns
And caused much uproar and din;
Some condemned the act of Śakuni as odious evil.
Some declared: "This world would not this forgive;
Nor forget." "Get you lost in smoky ruin as you will,
But insult not the angel in open court;
Else a bloody river would incarnadine
The field of battle, like ruddy sky
To avenge the wrong" cried they.

Karna speaks

288. Karna, famed in archery, hearing Vikarna said:
"Nobly-spoken, you little imp!
When assembled kings dare not ope their lips
And hold their peace, you've grown noisy
With your wagging tongue and words impertinent!
You brainless, witless shrimp!

upbraiding Vikarna

289. "By this woman goaded you blabber
Raw words of unwisdom
And utterly thoughtless words.
'As we have won this woman
You impudent, impatient wretch!
You are a stranger to honour;
What do you know of justice?

290\. "Can slaves wear upper garments?
Does custom this permit?
She cannot be a woman continent
That sleeps with the Five.
Who's there?... Oh page, come here;
Remove the rich dress from the chest
Of Pantavas and disrobe this woman also."

The five throw off their upper garments

291\. The five heard these words;
Before the servants would order them,
Away they threw their upper garments
Exposing their chests -- the dread of foes.
The antelope -- eyed Panchali,
The peerless beauty of wisdom
Shuddered to think of her doom
And joined her hands in prayer.

Duhshasana begins to disrobe Panchali

292\. Duhshasana rose up and began
To disrobe the Mother in that Court;
"Alack-a-day, o ye gods!" cried Vidura
And fell on the floor in a terrible swoon.
Like one demented, as the ghoul
Busied himself in disrobing
She became one with the Inner Light;
Dead to the world, the Mother tuned into Oneness.

Draupati's Prayer to Lord Krishna to protect her honour

293\. "Hari! Hari! Hari!" she exclaimed;
"I seek refuge in you" she cried.
"There in the past, bestowing grace on the Tusker
You smote in the lake, the crocodile
O God of dark hue! You once did dance
On the hood of monster Kalinga;
You are the Being infinite,
The essence of hoary Vedas ineffable.

294\. "You wield the whirling disc, Kanna!
The Bow Sarang decks your hand!
You are the import of the Logos, Kanna!
You are the tender babe, the eater of sugared rice.
You 'll quell all sorrows, oh Kanna!
You wipe the tears from devotee-eyes!
You succour the worthy, oh Kanna!
You are the creator of the four-faced Creator!

295. "You are the Space of Space, the heat of Fire;
The soul of Earth and Water; the force of Wind;
You blaze forth radiant in the souls
Of those immersed in Great Silence
On the lotus soft in the sylvan pool
She sits, there enthroned;
She is Sri Devi; you hold in your hands
Her feet twain in bliss unending.

296. "You are the beginningless Beginning, Kanna!
You are the ethereal Being beyond buddhi!
You are the inner ray of light, oh Father!
Be pleased to hear me and grant grace!
In the vast skiey expanse wings Garuda;
You ride on him a blaże of light, Kanna!
Oh being ineffable, oh puissance peerless!

297. "Does he in the pillar lurk? Sirrah,
Show me your God in this obelisk!
O fool of a rumour-monger vain!" So he roared
And smote the pillar with his foot,
He the copper-haired tyrant.
You did rive that Hiranya's frame,
I adore you in faith absolute;
Save me in grace from dire dishonour.

298. "You sway by your fiat of might
The Lord of Utterances!
The ruling disc your hand does wield,
O my sea of vast mercy!
Rays of grace from your eyes issue;
Save me from the wicked hundred;
O ethereal nectar inly surging,
Eater of butter in Gopi's homes.

299. "Protector or Earth, oh Kanna!
Oh gem-hued! Oh my lamp of mind!
Oh sire! I seek refuge in your flowery feet:
Hari, Hari, Hari, Hari, Hari!" she chanted.
Like the growing woes of base liars,
Like the endless renown of the righteous,
Like the limitless compassion of women,
Like the ceaseless waves of the sea;

Her Prayer fulfilled

300. Like the ever-increasing wealth of them
That bless the domestic lamps, the women,
By the grace of Lord Kanna, even as the wretch
Continued to disrobe, robe after new robe
Grew and grew and grew on her,
They defied reckoning; many, oh many
Were their hues and poly-genitive.

301. Woven of gold and silk, many were they,
And many -- new, for ever new --,
From her frame divine did issue.
She raised her worshipping hands to her head.
Thus to the world was by her demonstrated
The greatness of Lord Hari's name.
As the robe was un unending continuum
Slave Duhshasana fell down undone, aye, utterly.

302. The Devas chanting "Om, Jaya Jaya
Bharata Sakti" rained flowers.
Up rose avidly the Arya Bhishma
And folded his hands in adoration.
The monarchs in court joining hands
Chanted: "Om Sakti! Sakti! Sakti!"
Down hung the head of him, the misruler,
The one whose flag is with serpent dight.

The Oath of Bhima

303. Rose Bhima and roared: "I swear
In the name of Devas, in the name
Of Parasakti, in the name of His holy feet,
The lotus-born proclaimer of Vedas,
In the name of the hallowed feet of Kanna,
The Lord of our race and Sri Devi,
In the name of the golden feet of Him
Whose eye gutted Kama with fire.

304. "This my terrible oath: "This Duryodhana,
The base braggart every inch the reverse of man,
This son of a dog that shamelessly barked
At our Queen Draupati -- the great flame
Of pure chastity --, to sit on his lap:
I'll by my valour, in the arena of battle
Before kings who are forsaken by renown.
Smite his thigh and slaughter him.

305. "There will I also tear limb by base limb
This fellow, Duhshasana of pseudo-valour
And drink his gushing blood like wine.
O ye of the world, you 'll this witness!
These aren't words that I utter;
They are from the unfetterable Deity
And so, may Parasakti this fulfil."

The Oath of Arjuna

306. Rose Partha and solemn swore;
"I'll butcher this base Karna in the battle;
I swear this in the name of the hallowed feet
Of glorious Kanna, our friend and God Vishnu;
In the name of her darksome eyes -- our Queen,
And in the name of Gandiv -- my bow.
O world, you'll sure behold at that hour
Horrendous marvels of warfare."

The Oath of Draupati

307. Devi Draupati spake: "Om! I declare
The fiat of Goddess Parasakti;
The red blood of sinner Duhshasana
Must flow to meet the blood gushing from
Blasted Duryodhana's body: at their confluence
I'll soak my tresses, then bathe clean
And with odoriferous oil scent my hair
And gather it all into a bun, and not before."

308. Devas chaunted: "Om, Om Om."
Heaven rumbled its 'Amen'
The earth did quake; a blizzard
Smote the sky with a storm of dust.
The elements five then attested;
"It is Dharma who is the Lord of Earth."
Our mission stands fulfilled.
May this world fourfold be in bliss immersed.

- T.N.R.

Note: The first part of *Panchali Sapatam* was published at Pondicherry in 1912 by Bharati himself. Bharati furnished notes for certain words, phrases and passages occurring in Part one. After the death of Bharati, parts one and two were published in book-form in 1924 by Bharati Prachuralayam.

The translation here given follows the Tamil original of part one as published by Bharati and Bharati's manuscripts of part two.

72. Light and Darkness

June, 1913.

1. The Sun's Light all over the skies;
   the Sun's light on all the hills;
   Over the wavy waters seas,
   on the earth and above the trees,
   in the woods and on the banks,
   the Sun's light everywhere!
   Ah, why then this darkness
   in the human heart alone?

2. Just when the flood of light moves
   like a vast sweep of brightness,
   and the ocean of light, and blaze abundant
   and light the goddess eternal
   surrounds this world entire,
   one lonely heart alone
   gathers the darkness of envy
   and beats on: what a shame!

3. Light like the nectar of fresh blossoms,
   Light praised by numberless birds,
   Light in whose effulgence earth,
   water, and wind embrace in joy,
   such Light overflows the world;
   and yet this despicable heart beats
   in the miserable darkness
   filled with countless evils.

4. The lights smile on the lake-waters;
   the mountains laugh in their loveliness;
   lightning spreads golden brightness
   among the dark rain-laden clouds.
   And yet a poor heart sits drooping
   though it has learned the scriptures
   and heard about the Vedic clue
   to the heart of bliss.

- P.N.

Note: The Tamil original appeared first in Subramania Siva's journal *Jnana Bhanu*.

73. The Hedonist, the Yogi and the Seer

August, 1913.

The Hedonist

1. We will crush the fresh fruit of sweet cashew
And joyous singing, its essence distil
And quaff the liquor to our heart's content.
We will snap our fingers and laugh at them
The Vulgar --, who call our act an evil.
Woman to blandish and liquor to quaff
Are for ever the pleasures of this world;
Are there pleasures comparable to these?

The Yogi

2. The world is like unto the cashew fresh,
Singing indeed is the bliss of Siva,
In wish-fulfilment we will the world kill
And quaff the juice that is Sivam indeed.
Can this be for vulgar possible?
Lovely damsel is Kundali Sakti.
These are truly the pleasures of this world.
Are there pleasures comparable to these?

The Hedonist

3. We will lead the victorious armies,
We will attain renown great, among kings,
We will lift aloft the white parasol,
Thus will we thrive by the meek world obeyed.
Bedecked with soft wreaths of fragrant flowers,
Belted by a bevy of bewitching belles,
And with puissant hearts proof against worry
We will flourish on earth, quaffing liquor.

The Yogi

4. Over the senses five, we will triumph;
The world will fall at our feet and hail us;
The white parasol is flawless wisdom;
True sovereigns are beholders of Sivam;
We will amidst these flourish in glory;
The fragrant garland is true clarity;
Decked with that, we will quaff the wine of grace
With Sakti -- Bird Divine --, We 'll ive in joy.

The Hedonist

5. With minstrels in music very well-versed,
With smiling dancers -- mistresses of their art --,
We will keep company to banish worry
And dance and dance in unbounded delight.
Tongue itself is aye sweetened when we say
That we will hug the breasts in merry rounds
As music soft wafts, to struti married.
Is there here a joy to equal this joy?

The Yogi

6. Music good is Siva's peerless Nada;
In the Court of Wisdom, seers are dancers;
Keep their company to banish all worry
And dance and dance in never-ending bliss.
Sweet tastes the uttering tongue; To the sruti
Of the ethereal orbs pirouetting
With tune entwined, dances the Court of Wisdom.
Is there a wealth to match this, the peerless?

The Seer

7. Bewitching joy of woman's company,
  Sweet joy of vernal airs and dance,
The many joys by loving bred,
  The joy of wine, the joy of arts,
The sovereign joy of the world's reign:
  These joys are not chimerical;
These are but Sakti's true nature.
  Joy in these with delighted hearts.

8. Joy and pain mark this world alike;
  These are native to the world's power;
Without origin or end, for ever
  It is with Parasakti linked, in love
With Her and great Siva-Yoga are oned
  The seers who 'll deem it joy when pain befalls
These enjoy pleasures discerning its relish.

9. The heroes choose not to worry
 Over their lack of aught in the world.
Never do they go itching after
 The joys of world with hearts enslaved.
They never beg; no madness bids them
 Clutch at joy; they are unbewitched;
Nor do they follow them, the fools
 Who do condemn joy as feckless.

10. They fear not though evil erupts;
 Pure of heart, they have beheld Siva.
The joy of union and the like
 They know to be God-given gifts,
They receive them total, in love.
 To them "Here" is as good as "There";
All are our Siva's play divine;
 All joys are truly His own joys.

11. There the voice of Vedic mantras,
 There the breath of velvet flute,
There the dance with dainty damsels,
 There the triumph in the field of war,
There the perfume of enlightenment,
 There the rage of toddy frothy;
Whatever yields us joy, it is
 The loving kindness of Mother.

The Chorus of the three

12. Wine, Wine, Wine! All heaven is wine for us!
As wine He flows, Hari is for us sweet!
Sun and Moon are wine to us; so too stars!
Earth and water are our wine; so too hills!
Success and failure are wine; so too work!
Joy of women is wine; so too wine-varieties!
Wine, Wine, Wine indeed is our mind and soul!
As wine He flows, for us is Siva sweet!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in the monthly *Jnana Bhanu*. Bharati wrote this poem under the pseudonym, *Nitya Dirar*. The translation given here follows the *Jnana Bhanu* version.

'74. Krishna — My Mother

October, 1913.

The Realms of Life are Her bounteous breasts; and consciousness, her milk of endless delight; which She yieldeth unto my lips unasked; such grace is my Mother's.

They call her Krishna. Ah, She has clasped me in fond embrace with her arms of ethereal space! And, placing me on her lap of Earth, she loves to tell me endless stories, strange and mysterious.

1. And some of the tales I call by the name
 of pleasures, evolutions,
 victories. Yet others come to me as pains,
 defeats and falls; stories, all these
 that my Mother recounts
 to suit my various moods and stages,
 lovingly told, ever entrancing.

And many are the wondrous toys and dolls which my Mother showeth me:

There is one that is named the Moon, and it sheds a nectar-like flood of light, And there are herds of clouds, many-coloured toys, yielding rain.

There is the Sun too, foremost of my play-things, the beauty of whose face I have no words to depict.

2. Toys, toys, toys:-
 A heavenful of stars, sparkling
 like tiny gems. Many a time,
 but in vain, have I essayed to
 count them all. And then those
 green hills, that never stir
 from their places, silent toys
 offering speechless play.

Rivers and rivulets, fair and playful, that wander all over the land and, in the end, flow into that marvellous toy, yon ocean, wide and boundless -- seeming, with dashing billows, spouts of spray and its long, continuous chant wherein my Mother's name is ever sounded: Om, Om ...Om.

3. Groves and gardens, abounding in many-hued gems
of flowers; and delicious fruits, hanging
on the trees, strong in essence, rich in form.
Ah, the world is full of such exquisite playthings.
All these my Mother has given me.

4. Nice things to eat and songs all sweetness to hear,
companions gifted like me, with minds to play
with and become one with; and these fair girls,
enkindling love, the passion of flamming delight
like fiery nectar, killing-sweet.

5. Yet more playmates:
The winged birds, the beasts that walk the earth,
and countless fishes of many and many a kind,
there in that thundering sea.

What a tale of raptures, too many even to think of!

And endless sciences and arts she has ordained and nobler than all these, divine wisdom for my serious hours.

But when the lighter mood is on me and I would fain laugh and be merry, many are the jokes she has planned to amuse me with: the lies of the priests, the comic feats of kings, the hypocrisies of age and the silly cares of youth.

Whatever I demand she gives, my Mother. Aye, she hastens with gifts, ere I tell her I'd like to have them.

With high grace does she protect me, and says she will make me a yogin, like Arjun, my brother in race.

Always and in all places my work shall be to sing of the bounteous love of my Mother.

And a long and shining life and other matchless glories, she will grant me as reward -- Krishna, My Mother.

- C.S.B.

Note: The Tamil original first appeared in *Jnana Bhanu*. It later formed part of Kannan Pattu -- 1917.

The English translation printed here is that of Bharati himself, as it appeared in *New India* dated June 26, 1915.

75. Yoga Siddhi

December, 1913.

1. Thou sole ordainer of earth and heaven
Our own Veerai, Goddess of Power!
Thy Grace to win as my aim in life,
I have thawed and dissolved myself
Into love for thee ...
Shouldst all my prayers and oblations
In vain go like water on desert land?
Dost thou not have a mind and heart?
Else couldst thou foster this world?

2. 'Thou'rt my refuge', I cried and cried,
And with resolution great in heart
Thee I implored, Oh my Mother!
To grant me great riches and a skill
To preserve and foster righteousness,
I sang thy praise and prayed to thee
In a thousand ways, -- knowest thou not?
Tireless my tongue did chant thy myriad names.
Doth it become the world to fall off thy truth?

3. Kali! Puissant Chamundi!
Mistress of Omkara! Empress mine!
Should you make me gad about
In search of my heart's desire?
I fall at thy flowery feet for refuge;
Grant thou my boon or end my life;
No more my troubles can I endure,
And bear to live thus I cannot:
Neeli of ebon-hue, knowest thou not my mind?

4. Didst thou think I'll ignoble fall,
Like some farcical men of the world
That know only to seek their food
And sit and tell silly tales,
Sore entangled in dire distress,
And making others suffer by their acts
While they grow grey, senescent and die,
A prey to cruel death?

5. A few boons I shall ask of thee:
Straight shouldst thou give them to me!
The fruits of my evil deeds in the past
Shouldn't pursue me but perished be:
A new being make of me
Free from any carking care:
Make clear my intellect,
That ever happy I shall be.

6. Make my limbs sturdy and strong;
Remove all fatigue, fever and fret;
That even an axe shall hurtless break
Against the toughness of my hardy frame!
My face shall shine effulgent
As a flower at sight of the Day-star!
Teach me to subdue the God of Love,
And grace me with tapaṣ great.

7. Whatever I think to do,
Thy Grace shall make a success.
Riches I need for industries
In which many shall co-operate.
Music that enchants the list'ning ear
Shall enter deep into my soul;
Grant me the valiancy to sing
Of a myriad various joys on earth!

8. A wonderland I'll make of this,
Victorious and trouble-free,
Rich with learning and brave manhood.
To make gravel into glittering gems
And copper base into solid gold,
And also to transmute with ease
Blades of grass into paddy stalks,
And lowly swine into lordly lions,
And mere sand into sugar sweet,
Grant me the virtue true!

9. Heaps of wealth ever increasing
Countless crafts requiring skill,
This land shall have by thy Grace;
That the fame of its people shall
On earth everywhere spread.
Grant me the power, Kali to quell:
Mother! Is there aught for thee impossible?
Murk of falsehood covering the mind
Should from me flee for good.

10. Doubt shall disappear for ever
And base fear be destroyed.
Why indulge in needless words?
May thy Grace save me and make me
The peer of Partha and Kannan of yore.
Mother, I pray to thee a myriad times,
Make me Lord of the universe!
Hail Mother! May thy Grace flourish!

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original first appeared in *Jnana Bhanu* under Bharati's pen-name *A Utthama Desabhimani*. The manuscript of Bharati does not contain the stanza beginning with the words: *Thedi Coru nitham thinru*. The translation here given follows the *Jnana Bhanu* version. Bharati in a note to this poem says that words like *Kali* , *Sakti* , *Mari* refer to the *Mola-Sakti* of Cosmos.

The following lines are found at the end of the poem in Bharati's Manuscript.

Om Kali! Puissant Chamundi!
Mistress of Omkara! Empress mine!

76

1913

As the All-White One in mystic Silence
Crescent-crowned and wearing Atthi,
As the dark-hued one supine on the ocean of milk,
As the one that inspired Prophet Mohammed
And as the Father in Heaven of Jesus Christ,
The Supreme Ens that is one and the same
Though felt in symbols, yet unrealized,
In many forms and ways the religious seek.
Its nature is Intelligence of effulgence.
They are rid of misery that know its state;
Its Grace we have for life everlasting.

1. Of fear be rid
2. Lose not manliness
3. Weakness is despicable
4. Giving is wealth
5. Strengthen the body
6. Love your food
7. Thinking is great
8. Walk like a bull
9. Govern your five senses
10. Union is strength
11. Wilt not
12. Use Medicines sparingly
13. Practise what you have learnt
14. Waste not time
15. Support not too many relations
16. Be not afraid of the base
17. Stand erect like a hill
18. Work collectively
19. Fatigue spoils
20. Stand firm in ruin
21. Cherish manual work
22. Stand up against evil
23. Keep a staff handy
24. Do not let go what you have grasped
25. Be proficient in history
26. Fear not to die
27. Let your heart never break
28. Fly at those that provoke you
29. Be not afraid of burdens
30. Hail the valiant

31. Act resolutely
32. Do not break off friendships
33. Divine by gestures
34. Speak with clarity
35. Dispraise Astrology
36. Lose not courage
37. Live not like a cur
38. Hail the Sun
39. Enjoy life like the bee
40. Melting is by Grace
41. Foster affection
42. Lose not your nature
43. Behave not basely
44. Live as Lord of Wealth
45. Fear not the wicked
46. Forget misery
47. Do not scandalize
48. Know thou art God
49. Guard your nation
50. Honour women
51. Be not taken in by what is old
52. Be not upset by defeat
53. Do tapas daily
54. Think good always
55. Strive all day long
56. The desired will come to pass
57. Study ethical texts
58. Keep on to the end
59. Read books analytically
60. Wrinkle not your brow
61. Speak straight
62. Beat to tatters
63. The worn out dies
64. Leave not austerities
65. Increase wealth
66. Love music
67. Do not venerate corpses
68. Give no room for squalor
69. Desire novelty
70. Lose not land
71. Ask for bigger than the biggest
72. Fear not ghosts
73. Condemn falsehood
74. Learn the art of warfare
75. Mantra is potency
76. Cherish honour
77. Be not undone by poverty

78. Learn to retreat
79. Stand undaunted in the forefront
80. Give no room for ageing
81. Speak gently and with knowledge
82. Hail the plough
83. Do Tapas to acquire prowess
84. Hail silence
85. Kill idiocy
86. Endeavour like the Greeks
87. Respect everyone
88. Conserve youth
89. Be a connoisseur
90. Cultivate rajasam
91. Be governed by principles
92. Master many a taste
93. Perfect the form
94. Consume streaked berry (gooseberry)/seek out veins of ove
95. Avoid wailing
96. Learn to be indignant (if need be)
97. Many a drop gathers to a flood
98. Practise facility
99. The World is play
100. Dispraise the mean
101. Learn metallurgy
102. Be worldlywise
103. Accept happily whatever comes
104. Learn Astronomy
105. Sow good seed
106. Increase virility
107. Speak with clear articulation
108. Explicate vedas anew
109. Become the leader of the World
110. Avoid covetousness

- S.A.S.

Note: *Putiya Athicoti* was published at Pondicherry in 1913 by Bharati himself.

77.

January, 1914.

1. Whence this sound? Who breathes it my friend?
Is it from hill or branch of tree?
From court without? It bewilders me.

Whence this sound?

2. Is it from wave-tossed river Jumna?
Is this nectar from leafy grove?

Whence this sound?

3. From the wood? Or moon-showered airs?
By rural zephyr? Life it melts.

Whence this sound?

4. Can a bird sing such nectar-flame?
Is it unseen Kinnar's orchestra?

Whence this sound?

5. Ha, 'tis the flute that Kannan breathes:
For ear nectar, for bosom gall.
No melody are these, my Lady
But song-arrows to kill amsels.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Jnana Bhanu*.

78. Tayumanavar

February, 1914.

You willed to live for ever,
  a symbol of sweet Tamil.
You are young even today,
  deathless like Tamil.
You knew that the One is That,
  and That is utter Bliss.
Part of the undying heavens,
  abide with our transience too!

- P.N.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Jnana Bhanu*. The poem is preceded by a quotation from Tayumanavar, which in translation runs thus:

"I will seek the deity of true wisdom who protects like the encircling heavens. And gives the honey of bliss, merging with me

That I may thrive for ever
With my base and blasted 'I-ness' done away with."

79. Success

1914

1. Success in all the undertakings,
Success wherever the eyes do fall,
Success crowning each utterance,
These I sought and Kali gave!
Though a god should stand in the way
Or the race of man be ranged against,
Kali great in grace would quell,
That success on earth be mine own.

2. Success sure to all the thoughts,
Everywhere and in everything!
Dear to me as eyes and life,
Here graced me, Mother Kali!
Won't earth and air, and fire and water,
And heaven also before them bow,
Won't celestials adore and serve,
Such as hail Kali's feet?

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam* -- 1914, published by Saraswati Vilasa Achukkotam, Durban, South Africa. This and the following translations follow the versions of *'Matha Mani Vachakam.'*

80. Fear We Not

1914

1. Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though all the world be ranged against us,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though we are slighted and scorned by others,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though fated to a life of beggary and want,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though all we owned and held as dear be lost,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!

2. Though the corset-breasted cast their glances,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though friends should feed us poison brew,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though spears reeking flesh come and assail us,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though the skies break and fall on the head,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at al''

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam* .

81. Gift of Kali

1914

1. Heaps of riches innumerable
Eminence and lordship of the earth,
Hardihood great, intellect and warmth
And light like that of the Sun in the sky,
The peace and grace of the moist Moon:
Kali, my Mother'll grant me these.
I will rid the woes of all on Earth
And chill penury chase from the Land.

2. Largesse, holy sacrifice, tapas;
I'll establish these on Earth;
I'll bid the skies to shower thrice;
And foison constant I'll cause;
Honour, heroism and manliness,
Rectitude and bounteousness --
These will I cause to be bestowed
And wisdom true increase!
Kali shall my will fulfil!

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam.*

82. Conch

1914

1. Only after death, abodes we may reach
Of Siva and of Vishnu -- so they think;
Mad fellows. The science of life that they preach
Nothing but the Devil's gospel. Bethink,
And blow the Conch!

2. Who, on this earth itself, this very day,
   At this instant, true bliss to apprehend
Seek the State of Pristine knowledge and stay
   In ecstasy -- they are the saints. Perpend,
         And blow the conch!

3. Who, as false, false appearances rate,
   Curtail their senses and cast them aside,
Freed from doubts, stay in an ecstatic state, --
   They are the really great men -- Decide,
         And blow the conch.

4. Freed from the delusion that the world is
   Of eyes blackened and bright, and the gold,
Who, while they do the work that they do, miss
   The sense that they do, they are the Siddhas. Behold,
         And blow the conch!

- S.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam.*

83. Surya-dharsan

1914

1. The seers of the Vedas and the poets
Of pure and unsullied utterances,
Conscious of your great glory, have hailed you.
This witnessing, I have come to bless you.
O sun, First of all beings! O Surya!
Auric orb great of effulgent splendour!
I have come to offer my adorations;
Pray, reveal to me your bright-rayed visage.

2. To behold the flame by the Vedas hailed
And to chant hymns of yaga, I have come.
With the dulcet sound of ocean, I will
Blend the melody of Tamil words pure;
I 'll sing of your racing rays ethereal
That cross in a second a thousand leagues;
Oh sun! mine is the pleasure to hymn you;
Pray, reveal to me your bright ornate face.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam*. The poem is preceded by a note by Bharati which is as follows:- "These songs are addressed from the beach to the morning sun to reveal his face covered by clouds."

84. To the Moon

1914

1. Amidst the boundless ocean of the sky,
Beautiful Moon!
Thou art an island of delight on high,
The heart, the eye, the word--with what a spell,
Beautiful Moon!
Thy glory hath enchanted; wilt thou not tell?
Yea, I have seen the multi-coloured light.
Beautiful Moon!
But thine to dreams transformeth things in sight.
A sweetness strong and full like deadly wine,
Beautiful Moon!
I find here mingled with thy light divine.

2. To thee fair women's faces they compare,
Beautiful Moon!
Their beauty fades through age, disease and care.
A loved and fresh face of a maiden young,
Beautiful Moon!
Where Cupid's bows, those wondrous brows, are strung;
Where shines the smile of love's o'erflowing bliss,
Beautiful Moon!
As that bright face is lifted for a kiss:
Its beauty, though with no death nor decay,
Beautiful Moon!
How doth it light thy countenance always?

3. Upon the milky ocean of thy light,
Beautiful Moon!
Thou art arisen, creamlike in the sight.
The omnipresent Deity I find,
Beautiful Moon!
On that broad ocean at his ease reclined.
Here mighty Sakti, goddess azure-bright,
Beautiful Moon!
Is but the world arisen from thy light.
There Siva's cloudy tresses flying free,
Beautiful Moon!
Reveal the Ganges and thy face to me.

4. Thou burnest hearts of lovers, so they say,
Beautiful Moon!
But those who love thee pleasest every way.
On cool and liquid sapphire of the air,
Beautiful Moon!
Thou like a lotus white are blossomed fair.
The massive dusky clouds that thee would smite,
Beautiful Moon!
With light enrichest, till they are pearly bright.
To evil men to evil deeds inclined,
Beautiful Moon!
The great thus give of good and change their mind.

5. Thou who dost hide behind yon cloudy veil,
Beautiful Moon!
Thy beauties stronger for its folds prevail.
The fair and young thus hide their beauty bright,
Beautiful Moon!
Yet it doth stronger glow upon the sight.
As thou were shy of hearing spoken praise,
Beautiful Moon!
Completely hast thou veiled thy shining face.
My sin of boldness unto me forgive,
Beautiful Moon!
Shine fair, and of the darkness earth relieve.

H.J.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Maṇi Vaçhakam.*

85. Knowledge Alone is God

1914

1. Ye, foolish folk, who roam about
In search of myriad fancied gods,
Have you not heard the myriad scriptures
Declare knowledge alone is God?

2. Why worship Bull-God, Wood-God, Hunter-God
When you have been told that the Awareness
Which pervades the Universe,
This and this alone is God?

3. Why stumble and fall into creeds insane?
Why not listen to the Shrutis
That say that Shiva is Pure Awareness?
The Vedas say a million forms
With a million names are manifestations
Of one sole Being. But you mistake
Appearances for Reality.

4. All states and moods are states and moods
Of one sole Sakti, Power Supreme.
The highest vedantic state discovered
By the sages is Shanti. Heaven is
But a good life lived here on this earth
Free from all care. Why must you think
Of rice and munch dry husk? The self,
The light that shines within all beings,
Is the Brahman you deem inaccessible.
Why go collecting gods and stories
And spreading false beliefs? One, one
Sole Brahman is the Awareness in you.
The one eternal Brahman, the one
True Being, is the Awareness in you.

- K.S.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam*.

86. The Mahasakti Pentad

1914

1. Karana and Body to thee I dedicate;
Kali! Me thou shouldst save.
Death I fear not, nor disease,
Nor yet the dreaded Mara;
Pain and pleasure, calumny and renown,
These to me import but little;
For refuge I bow at thy flowery feet;
Thy duty 'tis to save me, Mother!

2. Hailing thee that art in everything,
As matter innumerable and space infinite,
What though men should laud or assail me,
I shall not bewildered be;
That blind fiend, mind called,
I shall scoff and jeer at;
Ever at peace I'll established be.
For refuge in thee, I take, Mother,
Whose locks do sport the cool crescent!

3. All these days I lost myself,
Seeking pelf to base men dear;
I fancied women; and wasted days
With false friends, unrighteous men.
No longer will I care for them;
She the bright One blue-hued,
As intellect She doth empower the mind;
She doth shine effulgent,
In the blowing wind, in fire, in space;
In Her I seek refuge!

4. Gone are doubt and puzzlement;
Destroyed indeed is fear base,
And vile things like ire and lies.
Resoluteness I attained
Following Her as my guide,
She that ever delights in making.
Preserving and destroying all the world,
She of the spotless white complexion,
She the Goddess ebon-hued!

5. Tapas facile She did make
And too, the yogic state unique;
Shivam She did sweeten,
And my fond mind enlighten;
Her divine Grace taught me
To hate the cycle of birth;
She did kill the 'I' in me,
She did make me one with Her!
Weeding out all evil,
She did emerge as intellect;
May She here flourish for ever!

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam.*

87. In Praise of Maha Kali

1. A scarab divine named Kalisakti
Doth buzz around and haunt the boughs
Of a goodly tree called the Universe
That grows aloft in the wood of Time:
'Bright eyes burning blue, its legs
Sextile are the addhuvas primal'
Say the sages of yore that con the texts.
The Sakti flood goes up and down
And otherwhere on heaven and earth
Making many marvels by miraculous art;
And my poor heart doth pine for the flow
Within the recesses deep of my being,
Of this brave Sakti flood, the vibrant essence
Of the Veda of old and its primal sonance.

2. Love embodied, She causes pain:
Both weal and woe She metes and doles,
And those this cognize will saved be!
Beginningless, She is the beginning!
She is intelligence vast and indivisible;
Thy mind is but a trace of Her frame:
A pool of bournless bliss She is!
Joy embodied, She causes pain:
For these are Her divine mayic play.
She is the shadow of the True Ens,
The Primum Immobile!
The holy seers ever meditate and chant
'Om Sakti' to realise the flame of Gnosis
With which to burn and sweep away
The fiendish false egoity.

3. Siva primordial and His light Sakti
Do pervade here, there and everywhere:
If They be oned,
All the world will dissolved be;
Without them there is naught;
There's nothing else but Them either!
All trouble 'll cease if this be conned,
And this awareness is Wisdom supreme.
Such do reign righteously on earth
Enjoy riches without end and longevity,
Attain at will any state they seek,
As will reach the cool of the feet
Of Great Kali -- Eternal, Ever-free,
Ever Pure, Intelligent, Immutable --:
Such, are untouched by aught of ill:
The righteous Vedas thus proclaim!

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam*.

88. Hymn to Magna Mater

1914

1. Inexplicable and unknowable
You abide as the vast skiey expanse!
You have fashioned in space a billion planets;
You have endued them with immeasurable speed.
If a mandala be pulverized, how many will be
The atoms? So many are the yojnas you have
Devised betwixt them; I will hail you
Oh benign Beauty as Kali!

2. Though the subjects of a nation reckon
Their protecting ruler as their sovereign,
The babe of tinkling anklets will only
Know Him as its father and comforter.
You move and guard a billion planets!
Can I never comprehend your form?
I must hail all the beneficence with which
This bijou world abounds; grant me grace.

3. You choose to inhabit the orb of sun;
You are incandescent as its spreading rays;
You sail the heavens as the dark throng of clouds;
You smite and kill as the wind and lightning;
You save many lives as the rain that pours;
You wipe out lives, alas, as rising flood;
You are the expansive sea, full and vast;
May Kali my Mother triumph and thrive.

4. As moving air, you scale the whole of space;
You are the seat of life of all that lives;
As fire you exude the grace that is light;
You generate life from out of the dead;
As flowing power multifoliate
The world's enterprises are wrought by you.
Waning lives get killed by you; you foster
The living and bless them with felicity.

5. You are the hidden metals of the earth;
The sea-floor is your endless treasure-house
You are indeed the mountains and rivers
The forests and springs too of this old earth.
You have reared abundant families
Of herbs and crops to joy in their fruitfulness.
Mother, you have endowed all loves with sense;
I hail you and your grace divine! Praise be!

6. You have fashioned the great Ocean of Mind;
There you breed as karmic consequences.
Smashing breakers, a good many eddies,
Tempestuous gales, deep undercurrents,
Stretches of sheer silence, belts of thick-ribbed ice
And tsunamic streams of liquid fire
Are the teeming properties of the sea.
Even so have you wrought the Sea of consciousness

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam*.

89. In Praise of Saraswati

1914

1. She dwells in the white lotus
  And the sound the Vina makes;
 In the poet's heart whose song
  Our inmost being takes;
 She is the light at the end
  Of the tunnel the Vedas explore;
 And of the frank and compassionate words
  Of sages, the essence and core.

2. In the witching songs our women sing
  And in the children's patter;
 On the tongues of her favourite birds
  Koels and parrots that chatter;
 In the faultless work of the artist,
  In paintings and temple and tower,
 You will find her Beauty incarnate
  And feel her entrancing power.

3. She is the family goddess of those
  That honestly work for a living;
 Harness-makers, carpenters, masons
  o their tasks strength and souls giving;
 Traders in reliable goods
  Pious priests and valorous kings
 Find in her their sole refuge,
  The goddess expert in all things.

4. The goddess who understands evil
  And tells you what should not be braved;
 The goddess who is the very life of life
  To those that would have their souls saved;
 The goddess whom all those pursue
  Who are keen on a job well done;
 The goddess of poets and Devas
  And toilers whose bread is hard won.

5. All those who belong to this land,
   Come, let us her favour invoke;
Her worship, you will soon discover,
   Is more than a ritual joke;
To mutter a few old mantras
   And with flowers and sandalwood paste
Bedeck a stack of palm-leaves
   Is of time and thought but a waste.

6. The lamp of learning in every house,
   In each street a school or two;
In the towns and cities of our land
   Polytechnics not a few;
Where there is no research
   To consign that place to the fire
Is the best way to win her favour,
   The nectar of our desire.

7. The land of the Jews and Greeks,
   The land of the rising sun,
Far off small-feet China,
   And ancient rich Iran;
Turkey, and those other lands
   Beyond the seas that part --
Bright shine the light all over
   Of the goddess of learning and art!

8. This great land which is yours
   Was once the soul of learning;
Today by neglecting knowledge
   Only disgrace you are earning;
To live like the shameless beasts
   Is not life, Sirs, by your leave --
Come, let us start a new chapter
   Not over lost chances grieve.

9. To plant orchards, dig wells
   And relieve the travellers' pains
With a thousand wayside choultries,
   To build ten thousand fanes;
Establish numerous charities
   That will our greatness reiterate --
A million times better than all this
   Is to make one poor soul literate.

10. Let the wealthy give heaps of gold
    And those who are poor small change;
  The orator's words, the labourer's muscle,
    From each what he can arrange;
  Let all the honey-tongued women
    Join our worship and sing,
  Welcome for this great task
    Is every talent you can bring!

- P.S.S.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam.* The first two lines of stanza 4 according to Bharati are as follows:-

"It is the God that instructs all,
Reveals evil and averts it."

90. The Parasiva Flood (The Primigenial Sea)

1914

1. A flood there is, within and out,
   And all that exists, is that flood;

2. Hailed as God by Vedic seers,
   All that is perceived and heart-conceived
   And all that fosters inmost thought,
   Take their birth in that flood.

3. 'Tis limitless, seamless and all unpropt.
   "It is, It is not."
   Think the pandits ever perplexed.

4. As sheer space and Wisdom pure
   As a cloud that pours variform powers
   As that which fuses atoms all
   And disjoins them back again;

5. As atoms gross and the subtle
And the subtlest of the subtle,
As Essence true of all that is;

6. As that which hath attribute none,
And as the Ens non-Pareil,
It is multinatured and multiform.

7. Omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent,
So it is hailed by various faiths.

8. 'Tis the desire of the seeker
And the seeker himself;
'Tis the thing so desired
And that which yields the thing desired.

9. 'Tis the seer, the seen, and the seeing:
Its majesty none can ratiocinate.

10. Though it becomes all that is,
A few can yet apprehend, say the seers.

11. They that have This beheld
Become free from flaw and pain;
They that hold fast to This
Shall attain all the Good.

12. Such no further trouble will meet;
Blest with everything on earth,
They attain the state of Bliss.

13. They can come by all they seek;
Yet they seek nought at all:
And men on earth call them gods.

14. The world entire they will rule
Though they seek nothing at all:
For they dwell ever with This
In holy lone communion.

15. 'Tis a flood, Oh brother! that flows at will
Into thy heart, a spring of nectar.

16. Very simple is the device that can
Cause the fall of this flood of joy
For aye and ever into your heart.

17. Enough if you think of it:
The very thought'll help you feel
The brimming nectar cool within.

18. Enough if you just think and hail
That the all-pervading God-flood
Doth in your heart surge and swell.

19. Enough if you chant or even think
The God-flood which is everything,
Doth fill your being full.

20. No need for saffron robe, or matted locks:
Contemplation 'll do, to attain the state supreme.

21. No need for shastras, the Vedas four or holy hymns:
Enough if your heart is just knit with it.

22. No need for *tapas* or any *sadhana:*
Enough if you think, Sivam only is!

23. Enough if thy lips articulate:
"Sivam that abides ever in all
Forever gushes and flows within me."

24. Enough if you bear in heart in good earnest,
That Eternal Siva-flood filleth all your being!

- K.G.S.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Matha Mani Vachakam*.

91. Kuyil-Pattu: The Song of the Kuyil

Kuyil

The ocean was a piece of jade
set against fire,
set against the newborn sun,
set in the magic of dawn;
with her breakers crashing,
each one right in rhythm,
she sang the truth
of all scripture.

There was a city there,
a Tamil city, with
beaches and a breeze;

just west
was a grove
of mango trees,
where hunters
from all the villages
around came
to shoot birds.

One sacred morning
no hunters came,
and a little kuyil
sat herself way up
in a tree
-- near the sky --
and mixed, it seemed,
a sweet ambrosia through the breeze
into everywhere.

The birds all gathered
and listened; they forgot
themselves, sunk
    in the music.
The 'he-kuyils'
feathers stood on end
from sheer excitement, their strength
drained, and, inside, small
fires burned. Her song spread,
thin and very sweet,
like a taste of
lightning.
It was as though an enchantress
had come from paradise
as a bird, to show
off.

As I pondered the wonder of her music,
a poetic lunacy kindled in me,
my sight fogged, and I was standing
in the glow of a tall dream -- like
what happens to poets in broad daylight.

Much caught me off guard
as I revelled in the song the virgin
kuyil sang that day in that grove.
If I dismissed my human body,
would I gain a kuyil's body,
Why couldn't I live forever united
to that sweet little bird, making love, to die
in the flames of her music?
Could even the immortals have heard
what I heard that day?

All my secret thoughts rose up
Into consciousness, through the song
that kuyil sang.

I am going to tell
her truths, now,
to the whole world ...
What can I do, though,
for a voice
like hers,
o people of the world?

The Kuyil's Song

Refrain: love, love, love,
if love leave,
when love goes
death, death, death.

1. grace, good light.
if light leave,
when grace goes:
black, black, black.
love, love, love ....

2. bliss, bliss, bliss.
if you see
an end to bliss:
pain, pain, pain.
love, love, love ...

3. music, music, music.
if music
perish:
ruin, ruin, ruin,
love, love, love ...

4. rhythm, rhythm, rhythm.
if rhythm
stop short:
futile, futile, futile.
love, love, love ...

5. song, song, song.
were song
sung flat:
mud, mud, mud.
love, love, love ...

6. honour, honour, honour.
if honour
turn hollow:
scorn, scorn, scorn.
love, love, love ...

7. strength, strength, strength.
   if strength
   snap:
   the end, the end, the end.
      love, love, love ...

8. sex, sex, sex.
   if your
   man leave:
   dry, dry, dry.
      love, love, love ...

9. flute, flute, flute.
   if flute
   split:
   junk, junk, junk.
      love, love, love ...

Her song stopped, and
the whole earth seemed cast
in a single silence.
A rush of joy
and a pain
were tied up
together. And when I looked
around I saw that all the birds
had disappeared, off somewhere.
There was only that
kuyil left. Her head
was bowed and she
looked miserable; she looked
wilted.

I went to her tree,
and I spoke:
 "O my treasure,"
said I,
 "You have sung the song
 of the Great Bliss!
 You light the Fires of Bliss
 in all seven worlds!
 This pain that has come to you --
 what is it? Tell me!"

I asked.
And that magic bird spoke
a magic word in
the speech of men,
and my heart
caught fire.
She answered me:
"I want love, and I am
falling to pieces. If there is
none, I want death,
and I crave it."
I asked her,
"How can it be
that you have no lover!
when your singing bewitches
all the birds
of the sky; when
in Wisdom, you
are so Magnificent?!"
And in a voice full
of pain, and bashful,
the forest kuyil
came to tell her story:

The Kuyil's Story of Love

"O high-born one,
I will tell you the whole
truth. It will degrade me
in your eyes, and it will
hurt, but I don't care.
I beg you to pity me,
a girl, and
to be patient
with my shortcomings
I know I was born
a bird on this earth,
and that I am short
in intelligence and size;
yet somehow by God's grace
-- or through His anger! --
I am able to understand
anyone's language.
I have looked into all
the habits of the human
heart. And
in the sounds of birds singing,

in the music
the wind plays
in trees,
in the sound
of river water, and
in the roar
of a waterfall,
in the music
the great sea sings
with its forever waves,
in the honey-ocean
that pours out in love songs --
  songs that
   melt flesh --
burgeoning
in human girls,
in the music
of the water-lifter,
in the janglings of anklets
when women
pound rice,
in the delicious songs
of lime-powder pounders,
in all the songs
the farm girls sing,
in the sweet songs
girls sing while they dance
and clap, and bangles jingle,
and in song well performed
by men
in nations and jungles
with their mouths and hands
on flutes, veenas,
and all human instruments,

I lost
my heart.

Poor me.

And oh! I try
to speak words
which make me tremble --
but my sinful mind
snaps.

You pierce me
with your long stare.

Oh, man! Don't you see
what is happening
in my heart?
I am dissolving:
I want love.
If none, I thirst:
I want death."

She stopped, and a new,
sweet fever covered
my heart
and soul.
There no longer existed
anything
but that one refrain
of the child-bird:
"Love! Oh, if there be
no love, then
death! oh, death!"
That air of hers
played on the lute
of my heart, and
there was no other
sound.
As I stood there,
dazzled and swimming
in my mind,
birds appeared
again, on all the branches,
and chirped.
The little blue kuyil
heaved a sigh
and said,

"They say the way of love
is all knots and stumps.
But oh, you! You with
your bright, holy eyes!
You have come
as a boat with a promise
in an ocean of suffering!
But now, again:
even in this
joy I have
with you now, with you
who have felt my sadness,
we have hit a knot.

Four days from now,
come back here,
please, oh please
come in your
love!
Don't forget!
Oh, high-born one! You
are taking my heart
with you. If you don't
come, I will lose
my soul. Remember:
the fourth day. Oh, these four
days will be like ten aeons!
Go, and come then: you
are leaving with my heart!
Come back then!"

As she spoke, her pain
was unbearable; then
she disappeared.

Lovesick

I didn't know if
it was a dream,
what I had seen,
or if it was true.
I didn't even care.
I walked home,
not thinking; I was like
a man possessed
by twenty devils:
my eyes and face

were flushed,
and the points
of Kama's arrows
sunk in my soul.
The world seemed
to be millions and
millions of forms
of that bird
on that branch.
As that day passed,
was there a rhythm
to all the situations
I was in? Were they
woven together? who
experienced them?
That day passed.
I and my soul, we
stood, with the blue
statue. Kama and the magic
blue kuyil with her
great, magic, sweet song,
escaped us;
like a shadow,
like a magician's trick,
the whole world
escaped us.

As soon as dawn broke
the next morning,
I hurried out
without my senses,
without my judgement,
discernment, mind --
through Kama's magic --
like a marionette
on two legs:

I hurried
to the grove
to see
the blue one.

I saw, but understood
nothing of the objects
along the way.
When I got to the grove,
all the green trees gleamed
in the red sun's clear rays.
And all the birds
had gone off somewhere
else, as though they knew
the desire in my heart.
I came with harsh desire,
overloaded with love,
to find the little kuyil
who had worked on me;
and I looked,
I looked in all the nooks
and all the branches
of all the trees.

The Kuyil and the Monkey

There was no kuyil
in the tree
where I had seen her
the day before.
Then!:
I came closer,
and I saw...
I shook:
Liar! Woman!
Kama, you lying
god! Oh, heart!
Oh, justice of the ancient
laws! Oh, empty
earth.
How can I write
what I saw
with my own eyes?
Listen to me,
all you idiots,
whose judgement
has rotted
because of a

woman --
Listen to me,
all you
poets,
who praise
love --
Listen to me,
all you women --
and you listen
to me,
Fate:

That cheating bird
was sitting on one
branch of a
tree, sobbing,
the tears just
flowing out
of her eyes,
and her little body
shook with
the sobs.

Her mouth spoke hot,
suffering words:
Oh, no! I saw her
there. She was saying
something
to another male
-- a monkey! --
on another branch.
And she wept.

What is evil?
What is good?
What is clear action?

In that instant
I wanted to kill
both her and that monkey;
and my hand
reached the dagger
at my side.

The Story of Love which the Kuyil Related to the Monkey

But my heart stayed
my hand:
it wanted me to hear
what words that bird spoke,
before I killed them.
So I stepped behind
a great tree,
where I couldn't be caught
by their eyes,
yet where I could hear.
And the little Kuyil said:
"Oh, sir monkey!
Oh, your body is so
beautiful that I know
nothing to compare it to!
Oh, you are master of the
feminine, whatever species
we are born into!
Could your beauty
ever be frustrated?
Your presence commands
passion.
Man boasts himself
head of all earthly life,
and so be it in certain ways --
town planning, temple administration,
domestic government and such like!
but will man meet monkey
in physical beauty,
in the spoken word, or
in crouching?
Until he does,
even though he wear
eight kinds of clothing
to cover his body -- that
body without your
silky fur --
even though he trim
his beard and moustache
to imitate the lusty face
of the monkey;
even though he gather together,
and drink, and dance,
and try to approach your
dancing and leaping;

even though he climb
ladders (he can't
climb temples):
whatever he may try
in fast jumping will he ever
be like the monkey?
no matter how hard he tries?
And where will he go
for a tail? Will the tucked-in fold
of his wretched dhoti do?
Some turbans have tails:
but will they lift him up
and set him flying
when he jumps, the way
the sacred tail God gave you
does?
In this world of earth
there is but one lineage
like that of the monkey,
with his holy look
and pure vegetarian diet.
And I met you, you
jewel of a monkey,
even though I came to birth
as a beggar bird.
It must be through penances
I pursued in past lives
that I have the honour
of your love.
I sing out of desire
for you. O Noble One!
Listen! and accept me."
I must have had some special
power, as I understood
what that magic kuyil
said in the language of the monkey.
And that revolting bird sang,
a taste of fire in her voice,
seething with desire, and
of ambrosia:

The Song of the Kuyil

Love, love, love.
if love leave,
when love goes:
death, death, death.
Etc., etc.

They say wild animals,
the babe in hand,
and even snakes
are charmed
by the sweetness of song;
and that dried-up old monkey
lost his mind -- as though
he were drunk crazy.
he hopped and skipped,
beat out rhythms; he hollered:
"Oh, my soul is melting!
Oooh, aah, eeeh, hee!"
blinked his eyes,
and scratched up dirt
with both his hands, and both feet,
and threw it everywhere.
"You luscious kuyil!
Precious gem! My goddess!
I'm in love.
You said you wanted
death in a minute
if you could not have love.
But me! You have me dying
through love! I can never
leave you now. And now
I'm going to kiss you
in
bliss!"

The monkey said all sorts of things
like that, and it hurt
my soul. I wanted to kill
him.
I threw
my dagger
at that monkey!
Was I dreaming? or was
it real? or was it
a divine monkey?
My sword missed
that little monkey;
he jumped, his face
was furious, and he hid.
And the incomparable
magic kuyil, too,.
disappeared. And then the birds
started up again, group
after group, and I stood there,
a fool, and I did not know
what to do. I was dismayed
and frustrated, and I looked everywhere
she might have gone. But I could not find
that devil kuyil.

Darkness and Light

In the middle of the sky,
sending out his silent light,
the sun
was doing his service
in splendour and in strength.
And I was tired
all through my body, my eyes
blurred, and I knew
no way out. So again I went home.
I fainted
when I got home.
It was evening
when I came to,
and my friends were there,
standing all around me.

"Why did you
faint? Where
did you faint?
What did
you do? We heard
that your went off
alone to the woods
this morning before
dawn, before your
bath: what's
going on? What's this
going without food
all about? ..."

They cracked question
after question;
but I didn't know what
to say to whom.
So I said, "I can't seem
to say much right now.
Come back tomorrow,
and I'll tell you everything
that happened. But
just leave me alone
for now." And they all
left.
My injured mother brought me
milk and cake; I
devoured them,
and plummeted
into total sleep.
Even now as I sing
what happened back then,
a pressing pain grows
in my heart. Words run,
fail, and splinter;
and events clutter into
my brain. I am not one
who knows how to stop
a ruinous story in the middle,
and send my intellect off
at a tangent, to
demonstrate a detail
with subtle proofs and
intuition; I am not
of the learned ones
who can make a story

flourish and grow.
My mind is bashful;
it trembles even to tell
my story.
So I shall sing instead
in imagination
on the beauty
of the morning sun:

  Melting gold, it lessened
  the fire, and made honey --
  did it not spread everywhere
  a bliss? People sing
  and praise the wonder of light
  plundering the expanse of sky
  and turning into sun-fire
  all over; but do they find
  a simile?
  Is it not a bliss
  that, while eyesight
  is sweet, the eye of eyes,
  the light which measures
  the heavens, is higher still?
  The Great Ones who meditate silently
  on the Root of all Being
  say It is a swelling light:
  how can anything on earth
  compare to that Good Light?

I woke up the next morning
and opened my eyes;
I worshipped
the astonishing Light
that makes grassblades laugh,
that turns a flower
  into a surprise,
that cleans the earth,
that gives water its width,
that clears out the sky.
Soon sounds of living rose up
on all four sides, and
I saw the moving world
in a blaze of joy.

Now I will tell you the rest
of my painful story.
Listen ...

The Kuyil and the Bull

I got out of bed, and
again my legs pulled me
to the mango grove. And
again I looked everywhere.
(I no longer had
my own good sense.)
I saw none of the clusters
of beautiful birds.
But then
I saw her,
the blue kuyil,
in a corner
of the grove.
She was telling her long story
to a decrepit
old
bull.
The bull stood below her
and listened, all
rapt attention
and desire.
I got mad.
I got upset.
I got a fire
in my heart.
I was furious;
I roared;
my body
burned;
I imagined myself
throwing my dagger
again
to kill.
But I hid
and stood as before:
it would be most fitting
to kill
after I had heard
what words
this cheating bird
would say.
And the kuyil told it
all over again, the
old lust story,
with a voice like gold

and words like new:
"Oh, Nandi! Oh, you are
a magnet to the
iron mind of a woman,
Oh, Kama! Oh God
in the shape of a bull!
Is there anything on earth
as beautiful as a bull?
Even humans praise
their strong men
by comparing them to
bulls.
And you! You have
the greatest
dignity
of all bulls!
Oh, Noble One!
Many times have I watched
Your great long face,
your erect horns,
your gigantic, sacred body,
your extra hump,
your holy, valorous tail,
your bellowing "MAA"
like thunder in the sky,
and the precision of your flexing
your tail and obliterating
any small bird who happens
to alight on your back;
and I have come
to a harsh
passion.
I was born as a pebble-drop bird.
no big body, no physical strength,
no gallant carriage, no importance
at all.
What good is my low birth
in the mean family of kuyils --
Kuyils who end up as *food in*
the stinking stomachs
of foolish men?
and I have to fight the wind
all night and day to feed
my own stupid stomach.
Is there a sinner
like me?
Everyone has heard of the lotus

in the mud, haven't they?
or of the pearl
in a putrid oyster?
Can one foil desire blossoming
in the heart of one born low?
Does Kama admit the mountains
of birth or of caste? It's no use
expanding, or going on talking.
May be it's because of my poor sense,
or may be it's because of past penance,
but of all the males in the world,
this slave-girl chose you.
Listen: after you, a god!
help those devils of men
raise rice for their stomachs,
and after you carry their
hunchbacks
through their towns,
rest your body:
poor little me will come
and I will sing
the sweetest songs
in your honey-ear.
And I will rejoice when
I am rapped
by your tail!
I will shout along
with you, "MAA"!
I will kill ticks
so they won't squirm
on your back.
And when you are done grazing
in all the fields and woods,
and you're chewing your cud,
I'll tell you lots
of stories.
Young bull!
The greatest warrior
in the field!
I take refuge
at your feet.
Please watch over
me, a woman.
I am withering,
struck by love.
I know it's unusual
for the woman to declare

her love first ... but, when
I have in me so uncommon
a love, how could I reach you
without telling you
myself?

There is a certain modesty
among equals; but
is a poor man modest
before the high ones
on this earth?
Shall my heart feel shy
to declare its love
far its Lord? Won't slaves disclose
their wants to their masters?
Desire knows
no shame!"

Thus spoke
that cheating woman
kuyil, and she heaved
a great sigh.
Then she sang
as before:
she sang out
her false song,
the one that had
ruined me,
and all the Eight
Directions felt
the swoon of bliss:

The Song of the Kuyil

Love, love, love.
if love leave,
when love goes:
death, death, death.
Etc., etc.

Until the song stopped
I knew no earth,
I knew no sky,
I knew no grove of great trees,
I did not know myself, and
like myself, I did not know
the bull:

I knew only the golden voice
and a glowing bliss.
O God of Creation!
O Four-Faced Lord!
You it was, they say,
who created the Earth
way back then.
You made the waters
and you made the land;
you cooled the waters
in the ancient fires;
you blew the wind,
and brought out the sky,
the space difficult to see!
Who understands the fineness
of your work?
You drive worlds forever
like a million
juggling -- balls, and
our hearts cannot comprehend
it all, not at all.
O sly Brahma you have
Forced the powers in such a way
That they stand hidden.
You created
time; and you made
the untranscendable Directions,
and all the
infinite chains
of birth, appearing,
and disappearing
in all the worlds.
You fashioned all
our lives,
O Four-Faced One!
Look at all this,
this conjurer's feat!
Who is there alive
on Earth, able to
explain it all?
Yet
Of all your wonders
the most wonderful of all
is your creation of
the nectar of
music.
The woods, the great sky,

the ocean and all
are wonderful,
yet still
there is no wonder on earth
like a song.
Harmonizing the five elements
into a new creation
is a marvel;
but can it approach the bliss
of harmonizing
sounds?
When I consider
the millions of marvels
that bring forth desires,
the joy of music
allows no simile.
But then the magic
ended, that magic
of the divinely sweet song
the worthless bird had sung,
and I came to.
I grabbed my dagger
and threw it
at the bull.
But he lumbered away just
before it could sink
into his body. And
the beautiful kuyil
disappeared.
And as before,
all the other birds
came back
and sounded off
on the branches.
And I, shameless
and in love,
searched the sky
for the little kuyil.
And then I went home.

I pondered,
and I pondered, and
nothing made sense:
A wild kuyil telling me
her love-story, with tear --
drops in her eyes,
and dissolving my heart;
my falling in love
with a bird!
And those stupid little birds
breaking up her story of joy!
Her causing the fire of love
to eat out my heart,
my heart, that nothing
can touch! Her confusing
me; the smouldering cruelty
of the mad monkey and
the barnyard bull becoming
my utter enemies.
And still I pondered,
I pondered this immense
cruelty, this cruelty
caught in insanity;
and my desire
did not end.
Nothing made sense.
My eyes closed,
and I sank
into deep
sleep.

The Fourth Day

The fourth day.
The day appointed
for my return
by that kuyil
who had trickled me,
who bewitched me
with her extraordinary
love. The fraud!
I sat on the roof-terrace
and lost my sense
of truth. I was
confused. I didn't know
anything; I thought over,
again, all the shame

that canting
had caused me.
While I sat there,
my eyes, wandered again
toward the grove,
and I saw
a black
bird, there
in the sky.
It was too far away
to show up clearly,
and I wondered,
"Is this our
cheating kuyil"
My struggling mind
was not prepared
to let it get away:
so growing ever
more confused,
I came down off the roof
and stood in the
street. The form
was a black dot
in the ocean of light
to the west, and I
hurried after it.
I determined to know
for sure
whether or not that really was
our immodest kuyil;
so I hurried.
And so did
the bird.
When I stood still,
it stopped, and when
I started, it started.
But I never came close
enough for its body
to show up well.
I walked on the ground
with that dot in the sky alone
guiding my way.
Finally we came
to the mango grove,
and that loose bird
disappeared into it.
And stupid me! I

went into the grove.
There, on a tree branch
washed by waves of
flooding sunlight,
there was the little
black kuyil,
sitting nicely.
With the fresh sound
of a golden flute,
she sang the old song
of the old false love,
and I cringed.
I went up to her
and said, "You disgusting
kuyil! You ignorant lie!
So you have brought me here to listen
to you, while you dream
of your lusty monkey,
and your bull,
and sing your revolting
song of flesh."
I thought of killing
her. But again
I stayed,
in mercy.
The lying bird steeled
her heart, and
false tears
suddenly sprang into
her eyes. And that sinner
said, like refined music,
she said in her sweet voice,
"Lord! Desire of my soul!
Is it your holy wish
for me to live on
here on earth? Or
do you wish to kill
me? Tell me in one
word!
When her mate leaves,
the little *anril* -- bird
dies.
When the sun scorches it,
can a water-lily
live?
If a mother turn killer,
would her son have any

refuge?
If the gods turn angry,
what would become
of our little lives?
My desire!
My king!
My noble lord!
If you are angry
with me
in your heart,
I will
die. I will fall
into fire. I will
fall into the mouth
of a wild animal.
I know you have
found fault
with me.
I find no fault
with you.
And I
am faultless.
You will say
I softened up
and played love
when I saw
that foul monkey
and that pack-beast
bull. What
can I say?
How can I explain?
O my lord! What will
I do? There is no way
to refute your word.
And yet there is no fault
in me; but who
will believe this?
I put the whole burden
on you, O Fate!
I am ready:
whether you make
my lord love me
and respect me, or
whether he won't believe me,
thinks me foul, ignores me,
leaves me, and I fall
into fire, and die,

I am ready. What,
Harsh Fate, shall I do?"

The Kuyil's Story of her Previous Birth

"My lord! O, my rare
treasure! my soul!
Before you leave me,
graciously hear me
once more:

One day long ago
I sat on a branch
in a mango grove near
the great Mount Potiyil;
I was musing over something
or other, when a holy
man appeared.
I was sure he was a great
personage, so I fell
at his feet and did obeisance.
The Master liked me,
and he blessed me.
'O holy sir,' I said,.
I was born on earth
into a low caste
of birds, But why
do I understand
everyone's language?
Why am I so different
from ordinary kuyils?
Why do I have emotions
liken a human? Explain
this to me, please,
so that I may understand.'
and I bowed
and listened.
The Master said,
'Kuyil, listen ...
In an earlier life
you were born and grew up
on a mountain
in the south
of the prosperous Cera kingdom.
You were the daughter
of a hunter named
Vira Murukan,

the chief
of a strong hunting clan.
As you grew, so did
your fame, for there was no one of your beauty
in all three Tamil kingdoms,
One of the most propserous hunters,
and a cousin to you,
saw you
and melted, feed
for Kama's arrows.
His name was
Matan.
For months he wished he could marry you.
He came to you
everyday, and he
gave you gold,
flowers, and fresh honey.
You were all
his thoughts,
and his heart
sorrowed, o honey-words!
You promised to
place the garland
around his neck; not
in passion, but
because you could not bear
his great sorrow.
Now, in the meantime, as
the great reputation
of your beauty
spread over all
the lands, it reached
the hunter-king
Mottai-Puliyan
on the slopes
of Honey Mountain.
He was rich and
of great valour, with deeds
to make all lands fear
and tremble; and he wanted
a good wife for his eldest
son, Nettai-Kurankan.
He settled on marrying
him to you, and approached
your father: 'I have in mind
the marriage of your daughter
to my son,' he said.

Your father's joy
was inconceivable,
and he agreed right there.

He promised to perform
a beautiful wedding
in twelve days.
Now when Matan heard
that in twelve days
a stranger
from Honey Mountain
would take you away,
his heart burned.
He came to you
the next day, and said
all kinds of things
in his anger.
You answered him,
in deep compassion,
'Bring an end, Matan
to your burning anger.
Even though I happen
to become Nettai-Kurankan's
wife through this cruelty,
and though I go
to live with him,
in his care, as is
our custom,
in about three
months I will do
something to cause a difference
to arise between him
and me, and I will
come home. I will give
them back his *tali*,
and in six months
I will take you
as my lord.
Would my word to you
prove false? Believe
me, Matan!'
Not for love:
you said this,
out of compassion.

In that previous birth,
when you were
the hunter's daughter,
the Queen of Women,
they called you
"Little Kuyili."

A few days later,
Little Girl Kuyili, you
were playing
with your girl friends
one evening
like little lightning streaks.
And while you were
having fun there
in the middle
of the forest,
who should appear but
the wonderful son
of the victorious
Cera King.
He had left his party,
and was chasing a deer
alone.
He saw you
and your girl friends.
His passion soared
out of bounds,
and he wanted you
for himself.
And you, woman,
when you saw
the prince,
you felt
desire.
You faced him.
He looked at you;
you stood looking
at him.
In that look
you mixed
your souls.
Your girl friends
saw the prince's
royal robes,
and disappeared;
they were afraid

since he was the
son of the king
of the sea-bounded earth
He said to you,
'I am the son
of the King of Vanci.'
He sang,
'O chaste hunter's daughter,
your beauty is amazing!
Today I have found
the fruit of my birth
as a young man.
As soon as I saw you,
I loved
you.'
You controlled
the immense love
in your heart,
and you said,
'Sire,
it is said that
in your palace
there are
five hundred women.
It is said that
there are none
to compare
with them
in beauty.
It is said that
they are educated.
It is said that
their singing will
melt a stone.
It is said that
they are well-versed
in many types of dance.
You must live
in love
with them.
I don't wish
for royalty.
I am a mountain
hunter's daughter.
will the mighty lion,
able to kill,
marry a ditch-rabbit?

Will the glorious emperor,
able to conquer kingdoms,
marry a hunter's girl?
We will live
as faithful wives,
but even if the
emperor of the earth
desired, we do not go
as wives of price.
I pray of your
golden feet,
please leave.
My girl friends have all left
me and gone! What
shall I do?'
You said.
Your heart
was afraid.
But the king's son knew
your growing love
by the sign in your eyes.
He came to your side,
and pecked a kiss
that made your cheek
turn red. You showed
anger and moved away.
But what are manners
to lovers? He jumped
and came over to you,
and what he said
was heart-rending:
'Is there another girl
on this earth besides
you? O, my body!
Gold! Shining jewel!
New nectar! Pleasure!
You are my only
wife! You are my
only queen! You
are my only help-mate.
You are my only
family goddess! Will
I ever think of any other
woman? How can you
doubt me? We
will go right now
to your house, and

I will speak my heart
to those of your house,
I will explain my state.
I will marry you
in the vedic way,
o queen of women!'
He tapped his right hand
and made it a vow.
You bubbled.
Your hair stood
on end. Like a
great ocean wave,
you lost your modesty
in the joy that
came to you then.
You felt as though you had slipped
into sleep, as though you passed
into a blissful dream.
You loved the prince's strong shoulders,
and you made up your mind
to taste the honey
of his lips. And
the emperor's son drew
to you, like a bee
to honey, like iron
to a magnet. He desired
you. But while he was drinking
your flower-petal lips:
'In broad daylight!
Look at this act
of the daughter
of sin!'
Nettai-Kurankan appeared.
He stammered,
'Our engagement
was final,
and she has turned it
into dirt! She has
destroyed my honour!
Look at this exposure
of the beggar-girl,
she who is engaged!'
Fire rose
in his heart.

In two pairs of leaps,
a body running sweat,
eyes running fire,
Matan came, too,
and stood still:
someone had told him
that Kurankan,
the bridegroom,
had come to the
village, and gone
to the woods to listen
to Kuyili sing and play.
But Matan did not see the son
of the hunter king
from Honey Mountain.
He did not see Nettai-Kurankan
standing there like a tall
tree.
These two men saw
only the one act
of the woman Kuyili
enjoying a foreigner.
They knew nothing
else.
Matan saw that alone,
and the other man
saw so, too.
The son of the emperor
and that virgin girl
in true bliss
did not open one
eye.
Closed, and enjoying
the nectar-joy
of soul-mixture,
there were four eyes;
and, set a fire
from seeing those eyes,
four more
eyes

lost their
senses.
Matan ran out,
drew his sword
to kill
the royal man;
Nettai-Kurankan, too,
brandished his sword.
See!
Two cuts
fell
upon the prince's
back.
Instantly the kingly man
turned,
drew his sword,
and in
two puffs
he downed them
there.
The fallen men lost
their speech
and lay there --
corpses.
And then the prince
groaned
and fell.
And then you,
in great sorrow,
you lifted him up
on your lap.
Your mouth lamented;
your eyes rained;
your heart was wasted;
but your protector
opened his eyes
and said,
'O girl!
I will not live
any longer.
In a few moments
I will relinquish
my soul.
There is no use in
crying.
There is no pain in
dying.

Woman!
We will both
appear again
on earth!
O, gold!
When I see you,
I will love you!
I will live in
happiness
with you.
There will be
another
birth.
O queen
of women!
I am happy.
I will
live
with you. I
will be
born
again.'
He closed
his eyes.
A smile of joy
stayed on
his face.
The dead
man's face
shone.

You have become a bird
now, through a spell
Matan cast upon you.
But your prince
is a young man
in rich Tondai Nadu,
in a town near
the shore of the Deep.
He will find you
in a grove, and hear
the good song you sing
when you feel
tender.

Through the bonds
of old deeds
he will love you
again,
little
kuyil!
Thus spoke
the great saint
of Southern Potiyil
I spoke:
'Swami, I am
a kuyil, and
the prince
is a human
who does great
things. Even if
love joined us,
we could never
marry.
The words spoken
by the garlanded
prince, when he lay
dying, won't prove
false,
will they?'
I asked.
The sage said,
'Little girl,
in this life as well
you were born the daughter
of a mountain hunter
on the slopes
of the Vindhyas.
But both Matan and Kurankan
were born ghosts of the forest.
They found you
and knew you would
marry the prince
in this life,
as of old;
and they changed you
into a kuyil.
They follow you now
wherever you go
didn't you know?'
I spun.
'O Fate!' I cried.

'Is it fair for those
who have died, to torment
those who are alive?
If those devils can make
me, a simple girl,
forget my own birth,
what will they do
when I see my
lover?
O my lord! Can't this
be changed?'
And the great saint,
he who has certainty,
replied,
'Female kuyil,
in a grove
in the rich Tondai Land
the emperor's son will see
you. His reason
will melt in your song,
and he will fall
in love with you.
Now the two
devils will work
much magic, black magic, and
they will design a myriad
of false appearances.
They will make
your brave prince
doubt you, and
he will even think you
a cheat.
His mind will cloud
over; he'll be
horribly angry
with you, and he'll
decide to leave
you.
And you will see then
what will happen next.
Now, it is time for
my evening rituals.'
Thus spoke the saint,
and he was gone
into the wind.

O, my lover!
I have not changed
this for the retelling.
I have told you all
that great saint said
as it was.
Oh, oh, oh!
How will you take it
in your holy heart?
I do not know,
O Noble
          One!
In love grant
me your grace;
or if you have
no love, then
grace me with
                    death:
kill me
          by your
hand!

And she fell
into my
          hand
with those words.
See? How could my
mind to kill her
prevail? Won't devils,
even, pity
a woman?
Or if devils with no pity
work sorcery,
wouldn't any human
have pity?
Does doubt last
long, when mixed
with love?
When a woman declares
her love, is there
anyone here
whose heart wouldn't
melt?
With love, then,
I took that rare kuyil
in my hand.
I held it in front

of me and looked
at it, and I
kissed it,
drunk with a joy
that was catching
on fire.
Suddenly! No longer
did I see
a kuyil!
Amazing!
Amazing,
You could not
describe it!
The Nectar
of the Ocean
of Desire!
A miracle!
Womanliness
itself
became a goddess!
A woman stood
there!
In joy
she looked straight
at me
for a split
second.
She bowed
her head
a little
Oh Lord!
How can
I sing
her beauty
in
Tamil?
Am I the one
to describe how
her two eyes
swallow
a man?
Will all the poems
floating in her eyes
be caught
in
words?

Will I ever be able
to forget the moonlight
which spread
on her pure shining
white teeth
in her lips
like open
            fruit?!
Could anyone else
describe the goodness
of her body, her modest
posture, her build,
and her dress,
this entreating jewel,
this woman, this
queen, this
girl,
sweeter
than honey?!
Yet this will I say,
for the learned:
to the juice squeezed
from the fruit of poetry,
he added all the distillations
of music and of
the dance;, he mixed in
the sweetest nectar
and warmed it in the sunshine
of love; and thus did Brahma create
the body of this woman.
I looked at her.
I drew to her,
and I hugged
her. I kissed
              her.
I kissed her fragrant
wine lips.
I was drunk
with passion,
and the jewel-
girl beside me,
the grove and all
disappeared,
              and I
fainted.

I came to, later.
In my sight,
when I opened
my eyes, were
my old schoolbooks,
my stylus, my pile
of old magazines,
the lines on my old
straw mat. They all
told me I was back
in the house
at home.
And then I knew
that the grove, the
kuyil, the love, the story
I have told and all that --
it was all an invention
of my imagination
in the beauty
of an evening.

O wise professors:
though this be fantasy,
might there be a little room
to expound it, philosophically?
Tell us its
meaning!

- D.B.

Note: The title given to this poem by Bharati is *KUYIL*. The poem was first published by Bharati Prachuralayam in 1923. In the diary of Bharati which he calls "My Journal of Thoughts and Deeds" Bharati has stated thus: "-- to be finished". This entry, it is seen, was after 1913 but before 1915. Bharati has written the poem on a notebook manufactured in Agra. In the inside wrapper, Bharati has made a note which says: "This was written during 1914-1915."

The lines cancelled by Bharati are not here translated.

In all editions of this poem, the following line, viz., *பல்விதமாங் கூத்துப் பழகியிருப் பவரைக்* is found omitted. This omission is, however, repaired in this edition.

92. Child's Song

March, 1915.

1. Run about and play my sweet little child
   And idle not sweet little child;
   In game and sport have many mates
   And revile not any one child.

2. Sweet and pretty like a love-bird
   You wing and soar my little child;
   Behold the birds of iris hues
   And be happy like them oh child!

3. The bantam struts and pecks and eats,
   Join that and play with it oh child!
   The crow in a swoop steals its food,
   Be kind to it, my little child.

4. The cow, she gives abundant milk,
   Know her to be good, my dear child;
   The dog it comes wagging its tail,
   Know that to be a friend of man.

5. The goodly horse that pulls a cart,
   The bull that ploughs the village-fields,
   The goat that does depend on us:
   Foster all these, my little child.

6. Rise at dawn to learn your lesson,
   Then sing such airs that are soothing,
   To games devote the whole evening,
   Get habituated thus, oh child!

7. Abstain from lies my little child
   And also from vile back-biting;
   God is our help, my little child,
   Never will evil beset us.

8. Fear not at all my little child
   When you meet with evil-doers;
   Smite them and kick them, oh my child!
   And lo, at their face you shall spit.

9. When thronging sorrows assail us
   We should droop not, my little child;
   God is there full of compassion
   To quell all troubles oh my child!

10. Idleness is bad, very bad;
   Mother you should ever obey;
   Peevish crying doth lame a child;
   Stand firm and fight with all your might.

11. Adore the divine Tamil Nadu
   As your own mother, oh my child!
   Than nectar itself is more sweet
   This land of Aryas, oh my child!

12. Tamil is sweet amongst all tongues,
   Adore it and cultivate it;
   Hindustan is full of riches;
   Hail it as God, my little child.

13. There's no such thing as caste-glory;
   Make not castes great or low, and sin.
   Those are the lofty who possess
   Justice, clear intellect and love.

14. Foster love for all lives, my child,
   Know Truth to be God, my sweet-child,
   As adamant, be firm in heart:
   Know these to form the way of life.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Jnana Bhanu*.
The poem then contained only 14 stanzas. Two more stanzas were added as stanzas 13 and 14, when Parali Su. Nellai Appar published the poem as a small booklet in 1917. Slight and significant variations marked the re-published poem.

The translation here given follows the *Jnana Bhanu* version. The added stanzas are given below in translation.

On the north the Himalayas,
On the south abiding Kumari
The cape, on the east and the west
The seas: India's boundaries these!

This is the land of the Vedas
Where great and good heroes were born;
Truly flawless is Hindustan;
Adore this as God, my dear child.

93. On 'Jnana Bhanu'

April, 1915.

1. Life of wealth divine, fame,
Valour great, buddhi good,
Heroism, lustrous arts,
Valiancy: All these
Are by wisdoms secured.
To blaze our great glory
The world over, is born
The child -- Jnana Bhanu.

2. Worries, meanness, illness,
Deceit, penury, pain:
Than all these things, base,
Is more base -- wretched fear.
These are demons of murk,
Created by Nescience.
Arise, Jnana Bhanu!
May the demons perish!

3. To gods it renders all
   And remains as the force
In nobly righteous minds.
   It is Agni, the God.
Sun's rays are wisdom sure.
   "If these two do combine
Men will the Devas join.
   And thrive" say the Vedas.

4. All attempts will with success
   Be crowned, and flourish well,
All thoughts with ease will be
   Into deeds translated
If we hail this "Wise Sun".
   Lo, he comes with a smile
And his message is indeed
   Resoluteness of Thought.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Jnana Bhanu* and was sung in praise of *Jnana Bhanu*.

94. The Cyclone

22-11-1916.

1. Wife speaks:
   The storm whirls,
   The sea swirls,
      Waken, my dear, waken!
   Through window on the floor,
      The lashing rain is shaken.

2. Husband speaks:
The sky leaps angry, red,
Earth quivers in dread,
Unto the Mother we pray.
May her grace,
Save us apace,
From the tearing elements' play.

3. Wife speaks:
But yesterday,
In yonder hut we lay.
Had we stayed there tonight,
What had been our fate?
Death came, a storm of hate,
It was held by divine might.

- A.S.R.

Note: Bharati has mentioned the date on which the cyclone swept Pondicherry. It was on the night of Wednesday, the eight of Kartikai month of Nala (year). The sub-title to the poem is as follows:- "A husband and his wife." An article containing this poem was also published in *Swadesamitran* dated 27-11-1916.

95. The Tope that was Spared

November, 1916.

1. With lucid water tasting sweet, is a tank
Midst stretches of fields; alone to its flank
Seeking solace I hied and reached its bank.
Who could ever keep count of the trees, alas
That lay like scattered seedlings in a mass
As the wind swept away the trees and grass.

2. In a high ground is a small coconut-tope;
It indeed is a poor man's only hope;
Bless the wind for it did not make him mope.

3. Fell a few only, stood there good many;
Here did no waste the wind accompany;
To the poor soul this is theophany.

4. I have known of solitude and it is
Charged with charm; the sunlight that did dismiss
The mist, is here indeed sweet as liquorice.

5. A mass of lovely light, sun stood on high,
Expansive grew its rays, pleasing the eye,
And as music sweet they did ramify

6. Under a greenwood tree of some umbrage
I stood and witnessed in the clearage
Lasting bliss and poesy in marriage.

7. Hail Parasakti! They that hail Her thrive
Hail Her, Muse! Be to this ever alive.

- T.N.R.

Note: The cyclone that laid waste Pondicherry did not cause any harm to the tope which was frequented by Bharati. Our poet thanks the Wind-God for his mercy.

96. Rain

12-7-1917.

Shattering the bounds of space
Came the rain:
Dheem tarikita dheem tarikita dheem tarikita dheem!
The hills are rent
And the waters burst and leap and sweep in a mad race;
The wind beats like a fiend in pain;
The world reels and is bent:
Dham tarikita dheem tarikita dheem tarikita dheem!
Lightning leaps in a clap,
And the sea
Dashes its mane against Heaven's dome;
The clouds break and rumble;

The wind tears at the sky as at a trap,
And the sky beats a tattoo and laughs in mad spree.
The corners of space crumble.
Oh, the mighty rain! Dham tarikita dheem tarikita dhom!
The universe quivers and shakes,
And lo! the snake
That bears the earth, hoods uplifted, springs amain.
Space hills leap,
And in the sky, tumult of the Devas breaks
Into a mad sport where live flames crash awake,
Behold! Time and the elements dance in a sweep:
Tatarikita tittom! Oh, the rain, the wondrous rain!

- A.S.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in *Swadesamitran* dated 12-7-1917.

97. Krishna -- My Friend

1917

1. Love-lorn I sought his help t'elope
With Subhadra golden-hued;
At once he cheered me up with hope
O'the wedding which ensued

2. When up against that archer rare, --
Karna of matchless worth, --
He helped me out of my weak despair·
To fell him to the earth.

3. Through all our wand'rings in the forest wide
He freed our minds from fear;
In the thick of the fight as my charioteer and guide,
He was without a peer.

4. When caught in the grip of sickness or pain,
He offers a certain cure;
But when distraught by worries vain,
His words are a tonic pure.

5. When empty pride my heart elates,
He humbles it to the dust;
The hypocrite he wholly hates,
And shuns him in disgust.

6. Where th'unclean heart like a stagnant pool
Is mantled o'er with green,
His grace like a flood of waters cool
Flushes it wholly clean.

7. When the mood is on, like a child he plays
With unself-conscious glee:
Perchance if maidens on him gaze,
He holds their hearts in fee.

8. Who can hope t'exhaust the list
Of his graces versatile, --
As singer, painter, strategist, --
Unique in theme and style.

9. He dwells in the hearts of Yogic seers,
The Vedas Him proclaim:
His Gita dispelled all my fears --
I'll glorify His name.

- P.M.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Kannan Pattu* published in 1917 by Parali Su.Nellai Appar. This book contained in all twenty-two poems. To the second edition of this work published in 1919, V.V.S. Aiyar contributed a brilliant foreward. The poem, 'Kannan, my King' was included in the second edition.

98. Krishna -- My Mother

The Realms of Life are Her bounteous breasts; and consciousness, her milk of endless delight, which she yieldeth into my lips unasked; such grace is my Mother's.

They call her Krishna. Ah, she has clasped me in fond embrace with her arms of ethereal space. And, placing me on her lap of Earth, she loves to tell me endless stories, strange and mysterious.

And some of the tales I call by the name of pleasures, evolutions, victories. Yet others come to me as pains, defeats and falls; stories, all these, that my Mother recounts to suit my various moods and stages, lovingly told, ever entrancing.

And many are the wondrous toys and dolls which my Mother showeth me:

There is one that is named the Moon, and it sheds a nectar-like flood of light. And there are herds and herds of clouds, many-coloured toys, yielding rain. There's the Sun, too, foremost of my playthings, the beauty of whose face I have no words to depict.

Toys, toys, toys:-

A heavenful of stars, sparkling like tiny gems. Many a time, but in vain, have I essayed to count them all. And then those green hills, that never stir from their places, silent toys, offering speechless play.

Rivers and rivulets, fair and playful, that wander all over the land and, in the end, flow into that marvellous toy, yon ocean, wide and boundless -- seeming, with dashing billows, spouts of spray and its long, continuous chant wherein my Mother's name is ever sounded: Om, Om, O . . . M.

Groves and gardens, abounding in many-hued gems of flowers; and delicious fruits hanging on the trees, strong in essence, rich in form. Ah, the world is full of such exquisite playthings. All these, my Mother has given me.

Nice things to eat and songs all sweetness to hear, and companions gifted, like me, with minds, to play with and become one with; and these fair girls, enkindling love, that passion of flaming delight like fiery nectar, killing sweet.

Yet more play-mates:

The winged birds, the beasts that walk the earth, and countless fishes of many and many a kind, there, in that thundering Sea.

What a tale of raptures, too many even to think of!

And endless sciences and arts she has ordained and, nobler than all these, divine wisdom -- for my serious hours.

But when the lighter mood is on me and I would fain laugh and be merry, many are the jokes she has planned to amuse me with: the lies of priests, the comic feats of kings, the hypocrisies of age and the silly cares of youth.

Whatever I demand, she gives, my Mother, Aye, she hastens with gifts, ere I tell her I'd like to have them.

With high grace does she protect me, and says she will make me a yogin, like Arjun, my brother in race.

Always and in all places, my work shall be to sing of the bounteous love of my Mother.

And a long and shining life and other matchless glories, she will grant me as reward -- Krishna, My Mother.

- C.S.B.

Note: The Tamil original appeared first in *Jnana Bhanu* in October 1913.

99. Kannan -- My Father

1917

1. Unto earth, he did send me and behold!
My brothers are dwellers of Mercury,
Ordained laws are there and orbs numberless
To these conform and gyrate; in these lands
Are men, and lo, they are of our race,
And their reign doth well match their will joyous;
Our Father is the Lord-God of these;
So let me a little, him historise.

2. Abundant is his wealth that knows no lack;
Limitless his acquisition of gold;
His learning is unsurpassed, and limit
There is none at all to the sweets -- his songs.
Multi-faceted is his glory great
Though dementia frequent marks his acts;
Singular in sooth, is his way, I say,
That tries them sore that tread the righteous way.

3. My tongue truly lacks courage, to disclose
His genuine name in open frankness
That all people may of it come to know;
"Our Lord" he is called and also Kannan.
In three-fold division they wrangle sore --
The men that cannot him identify --;
Some there are who know nought of him at all;
"He is of the race of Devas" say these.

4. He was born in the clan of heroes; he grew
Amid cow-herds with sense none of difference;
Great did he among the Brahmins become;
Familiar is he with some traders;
Dark is his complexion; he doth delight
In maidens who in hue rival the gold;
Free are his ways and open and he laughs
At your Sastras false and thaumaturgic.

5. The poor are his friends and he is enraged
At the sight of the base hoarders wealthy;
To them of unflagging hearts, though misery
Flattens them, he gives abundant riches.
His weather-cock moods vary every hour;
A different man is he on earth new morn;
He seeks and dwells in the Void, and in songs
And stories he does all his hours lay waste.

6. Never in his thought does he hold 'Pleasance
As pleasant and Misery unpleasant;'
Immense is his love; that clarity may
The thought of men inform and uplift them,
Atrocious acts of havoc he will work.
Called Fate, a minister my Father has;
What is of yore ordained, timely will he
Remind and compel men to eat it all.

7. He did the Vedas compose; these Vedas
Are not at all of the tongue of men, though.
The mere anthology of tales is not
Vedas, though men of world do deem them so.
He has in the Vedas truly intermixed
A thing or two which indeed are Vedas.
Mark well! the words of truth by wordly men
Uttered, are in sooth the very Vedas.

8. Four are the clans he founded. Alas!
These by the wanton tomfools were laid waste;
Right conduct, wisdom, purity in deed --
These make men great and their absence, aye, base,
Wherefore would he say, that good it would spell
To feed the fire with all books that are false
Classifying men into great or low
On the strength of mere birth and appearance.

9. Though in years well advanced, not a wrinkle
Mars my Father's face of eternal youth;
Neither sorrow nor dotage, nor fatigue
At any time, nor malady affects him.
Fearless is he and dispassionate too;
No sides he aids to plague the dissidents.
Full of great skill is he; standing neutral
He delights to watch the acts wrought by fate.

10. When the woe-begone complain unto him
Them he derides, but his love redeems;
"Unto Love hold fast! That very instant
Are burnt all thy sorrows:" so would he say.
Bones break; great is their ache and agony;
Yet they in grace endure; these then he loves.
Unto them that meditate happiness
Ever happy is he to grant happiness.

- T.N.R.

100. Kannan — My Servant

1917

1. Forgetting every generous bonus,
They still pile up demand upon us.
When work is heaviest, on that day,
Quiet, at home, they stay away.
"Why were you absent yesterday?"
We ask; and we are answered duly:
"A scorpion in a pot, Sir, truly,
Bit me with its teeth most cruelly!
MY good wife, Sir, the best of women,
Was sore possessed by an evil demon!
It was the twelfth day ceremony
After the death of my poor granny!"

2. Such disobedience, and lies in dozens;
Such whispering in corners with our dear cousins!
Our inner chamber's small disgraces
Loud they proclain in public places.
They tell the world with drumbeats -- yes, ah me!
If we run somewhat short of sesame.
Yes; trouble and bother are all we gather
From servants; and yet we would far rather
Have a bad servant than none at all;
For without servants no work is done at all.

3. To me thus musing, sad and serious,
Came a lad from somewhere mysterious.
"I'm a shepherd," he said; and on he did rattle
Your children I'd cherish and graze your cattle;
Your house I'd sweep, your lamps I'd light,
And all your biddings do always right;
I'd keep with care your jewels and clothes;
And lovely lullabies I'd compose
And sing them; and dance and play, it may be,
To the great delight of little baby.
On robber-infested paths of the forest,
By day or night, in straits the sorest,
With you I'd wander and guard you from harm,
And artless, unlettered rustic, I am;
Yet something of fencing, boxing, wrestling
I know, but nothing at all of embezzling!"
He paused for breath. At once I spoke,
"Say, what is your name?" He answered, "Folk
Call me Kannan, not much of a name!"

4. Stalwart he stood there, firm of frame,
With eyes gleaming goodness and words that bound him
To me for ever in love, "I've found him,"
I told myself. "the Boy I've been after."
For my heart was filled with silent laughter.
And turning to him, I said, half-taunting
"Tall is your talk and full of vaunting.
You swear I'd find it most advantageous
To be your master; but, What are your wages,"
"Young though I look, I have lived for ages
With no wedded wife, no children to earn for.
Your love enough; it is love I yearn for.
Not lucre!" he said in a voice impassioned..
Overjoyed I engaged this foolish, old-fashioned
Fellow to serve me. Since then, I own,
The lad's love for us has, day by day, grown;

5. And the good he has done no words can render
As the eyelids guard -- alert and tender --
The eyes, he tends my family.
Not once have I heard him grumble. But he
Sweeps the street and cleans the rooms;
And even the housemaids he presumes
To chide and control! And to my children,

6. A tutor, nurse, doctor. he does bewildering
Services, manifold. He buys plenty
Of milk and butter and all things dainty
And stocks my pantry, somehow or other.
To the women he is like a loving mother;
And to me a friend, guide, teacher, brother.
A seeming servant indeed a god,
This shepherd lad, from somewhere abroad,
Has come to me -- for my merit's reward!
When did I do such penance hard?
From the hour that Kannan set his foot
Upon my doorstep, I have put
Away from me all thought and care.
My burdens are now his to bear.
Wealth, youth, strength, honour and renown.
Learning, wisdom poetry, the crown
Of Shiva-Yoga Shiva-Jnana's clear,
Calm brightness, overwhelm me here.
Oh! Joy, that as a servant-boy
Kannan I took in my employ!
I've seen, I've seen with my own eye
His splendour. Yet I wonder why,
Why should Kannan serve me? Why?

- K.S.

101. Kannan-My King

1919

1. Till the foe waxes fat and ripe
He will look on, and bide and bide;
Laughing and gay, invincibly patient,
Days, months, years he will let slide.

2. Not in our lifetime, we make moan,
Will Kannan win and our foe perish;
Broken and brooding, for ages and aeons,
A desperate hope is all we cherish.

3. He will gather no army, gain no ally,
Nor stock for the warfare weapons and gold;
"Cowherd, coward, sapless and gutless!"
Words of derision will leave him cold.

4. While sceptre in hand his uncle gloats
Sending him demons with fell intent,
In a tuneful trance he whiles away time
With flower-gay damsels well content.

5. Like parched plants that thirst for rain
While the people around him pine for battle,
He will think only of music and mime,
The flute and the drum and the beat of the rattle.

6. Should we fall at his feet, and clutch them and beg
For a way out, he will answer in words that diddle:
"One out of four is sure to succeed"
Pray, how are we going to read that riddle?

7. While in his strength we put our trust,
Shameless a sheltered life he will lead;
Get some petty evils removed
Teach us to flee, hide and take heed.

8. Practise feints, exercise prowess,
Learn the power of incantations;
Thus will he live, discarding his greatness,
In utter humility, the king of nations.

9. When the time comes and the fruit is ripe,
For he will burst, a cobra hissing,
Like the churned poison striking with terror
The entire universe, nothing missing.

10. Finished the foe, root and branch.
Scorched the very earth on which he stood;
What our world and heaven a thousand years
Endured, in a second will be made good.

11. One moment in which the discus to seize,
One moment in which to establish right;
In between will be no moment,
And utterly ruined the enemy's might

12. Kannan, my King: his fame for ever
Shall in poesy be extolled;
I who came to sweep his precincts
An honoured counsellor was enrolled.

13. For my daily bread I came to serve him,
He gave me wealth beyond compare;
An ignoramus I, but to me
The subtle Vedas he laid bare.

14. May the grace of my Lord last for ever!
Prosper the earth, sin go down;
The land that waited on his favour
No longer wretched, gain renown!

- P.S.S.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in the second edition of "Kannan Pattu" -- 1919.

102. Kannan — My Chela

1917

Me he is and also other than me
Which is not me; yet is he of me and them;
And, from me and these is he different;
He's something mystic and mysterious,
The illusive Kannan. As though he were
To me in intellect inferior
And so with my aid, effort, company
And words of instruction, he would achieve
Greatness, the thievish Kannan, my chela
Became; did he think that my poetry,
Intellect and logic were with glory
Full-fraught? O God! the witless fool that I am
To fall into his trap! O all the woes
I underwent, do form an epic great!
'Conquest of self' I have not made alas!
But 'Conquest of world' I would long for;
Burnt have I not the desires of senses five,
But to stablish all in Sivam would I
Try, ridding them of their selves' pettiness;.
Inner clarity I lack and also
Am without happiness that tires not.
But sure would I dare quell the misery
Of men and keep them all in pleasance firm.
For this presumptuousness, O alas
He had meant sure, to punish me condign!
So it was that he came voluntary
And praised me and did extol my muse great;
In ways various he fanned my self-love
To a munching hag though empty-mouthed
This in sooth was a bushel of beaten rice.
Him to uplift was my life's sole mission.
"Thou shalt not do these; thou shalt not with these
Mix; these thou shalt not speak; these thou shalt not
Covet; thou shalt not read these; these thou shalt
Learn; thou shalt not these cultivate; these thou shalt
Desire." With such righteous do's and don'ts, him
Did I ply constantly without respite.
Like the unruly housewife of the fable
Acting contrary to her husband's word,
He too acted in utter defiance
Of my instructions. The honour by men
Of world accorded, the life of renown

And glory great are by me held sacred,
Though I do own I am illiberal.
Besides his novel ways of doing things
I forbid, he with gusto took to acts
That are deemed odious by men on earth.
Obloquy and infamy he did heap
On himself everywhere; this witnessing
I grieved; day by day he in his bad ways
The more revelled; women old and elders
Of the town deeming him a bedlamite
Fleered at him though with pity not unmixed.
My heart's sorrowing was beyond all words.
When the world at large called him a mad fool
Who was to have been into a Mukta
Wrought by me, my heart was pierced, to the quick.
I dinned into Kannan righteous sastras.
'Though he may not into an angel turn
He must not from the state of man fall down;
Him should I save.' Thus did I firm resolve.
So it was like fire I raged; words of wrath
At him I hurled; cajoled him with sweet smiles;
Fell foul on him; sneered at him; provoked him.
Aye, a myriad ways I tried on him,
Him to win to my way, oh.... all in vain.
Kannan was mad and wild like a savage;
No work could ever claim his attention;
No aim or purpose could interest him.
Like a monkey, a bear fierce, a ghost
That haunts the cleft of a tree, or a something
Unknowable, he behaved, -- hard to tell.
Wherefore were my ego and pride wounded
In a thousand ways.

In wrath did I rage;
'Surely will I and somehow correct him:'
Thus I vowed and longed to fulfil my vow.
'If I can somehow force him in some work
In a fixed place, he will reform himself;'
So thought I, and the right hour awaited.
To my house one day, I took him alone
And said: "Son! affection for me you have
And love unbounded; on this relying
I bid you do just as I direct you.
Acts of men are linked to what they are attached;
If with men devoted to the study
Of sastras great, mastery of logic,

Love immense for poetry coupled with
A longing for philosophical truth --
Company is kept at all times, except
The few hours spent in earning, it will spell
Good to me; I know not any who will
With me remain constant but you, my son
Intelligent! So in my interest
As my succourer I do beseech you
To be with me for a few days; turn down
Not this request, steep me not in sorrow;
Say 'Yes' to what I said." Behold "Amen"
Said Kannan.
But then he said: "How could I
With you remain idle? Me if you can
In some work employ, with you will I be."
I did his ability and nature
Consider and then said: "You will do well
To copy afresh my poems daily."
"Very well" said he and there did remain
For a few moments; then said he; "I am
Going." In anger I took out a script
Of an old story and gave it to him
Saying: "Copy this now and let it be
Calligrpahic." As if obedient
He was there for a moment and then said
"I am going."
With rage was I afire.
"Sirrah! Are you to the winds your words throwing?
I cannot blame the people that deem you
Demented." Thus I, and to this he said:
"I'll be here tomorrow to do this work."
"Are you or are you not doing this work
Here and now? Say it in a word" I roared.
"No" said Kannan ere one could even wink.
My wrath of fire began to rage like a flood;
My eyes grew ruddy and my lips trembled;
I was all fury. "Fie on you, you ghoul!
Stand not before me even for a second!
Never more should you in all your life come
To me; get you gone go, go, out you go!"
I thundered thus. Up rose Kannan and walked
Away; my eyes were with tears suffused.
"O son! You are going; may you flourish!
May the immortal gods guard you! To make
You righteous and great a good many things
I devised; I but failed; O my darling
Of what avail is knowledge of strategems?

You will not come back; you are going away,
May you live long!" Thus I bemused, freed from
Sorrowing; gone was Kannan; but behold
He was back in a moment, with a quill
In hand, fetched from where I know not. He did
Beautifully write out the portion marked
By me and said: "Sir! I will sure abide
By you totally and do many tasks
I'll no longer be the cause of your worry."
These and words as these -- as goodly --, he spake;
As he spake he smiled and lo, he vanished.
Kannan who did from my presence vanish
Was at once found in my bosom enthroned
Whence intuiting me he spoke: "O my son!
It is not in your power to create
Or change or destroy aught; when you did say:
'Lo, I lost', you did in truth, aye, triumph.
Do whatever work your heart is after
But without attachment or anguish great.
May you flourish!" Thus did Kannan bless me.
May he flourish for ever and ever!

- T.N.R.

103. Kannan — My Sad-Guru

1917

1. A good many *Sastras* I sought after
 But lo! they are with endless doubts replete;
 Will ever truth lie hid in the false basket
 Of fools who about gotras old blabber?
 My heart ached for knowledge true of Maya
 Universal; this I should sure come by,
 Aye come by; such was my longing great
 Whilst a thousand cares daily besieged me.

2. My quest pursuing I roamed many days
The whole country and came to the sacred banks
Of the Jumna where I beheld a man
Ripe with age walking with the aid of a stick.
Bright was his face; his eyes were an abode
Of clarity; his hair was all matted.
And milk-white was his beard; unto him
Obeisance I paid and conversed for long.

3. My longing did he sense and was well-pleased.
He said: "O my young brother, the person
That your heart yearns after is to me known.
He is the One of lustrous Silence eternal;
He is the Sovereign of Vada Mathura
He hails from a great and noble dynasty;
Go seek refuge in him, Kannan by name.
He will sure to you the great truth unfold.

4. To great Mathura did I soon repair
And called on Kannan, and him hailed full-well;
To him I revealed my name, town and aim
And humbly I sought his benediction.
In beauty he was a Manmath; he kept
Company with friends who were lads bull-like.
His mind was for ever pre-occupied
With the thought of ruling this madding world,

5. And with singing, dancing and junketing.
This seeing, overcome was I by a thought
To slay the pseudo-saint I late had met.
"A petty ruler of a small country!
This Kannan is for ever in worries
Deep immersed; how can he, such as he is,
Ever come to know of aught of truth that is
Unknown aye, even to *tapaswis* great?"

6. Thus did I muse in sooth; then did Kannan
Take me to a place of strict secrecy
And said: "O my son, *Gnothi Seauton;*
Listen; I am expounding divine wisdom;
With your heart cleansed of sorrows, with chinta
Unwavering in joy planted, conquer
Self; but consciousness of conquest should not
Linger; then wisdom scales heaven itself.

7. "Its lustre is Chandra's; sempiternal
Is it which is Truth everlasting; when you
This invoke, lo, down will it descend sure
And hold you in its embrace and grant grace;
It is by this mantra mighty, all these worlds
Are, and act as a grand play of Maya.
Fie on that *sastra* -- the utterly false,
Which for ever tries this to falsify.

8. The one original Being is the ocean
And lives are but its bubbles; that Lustre
Of Wisdom is the sun; the rays emitted
Are indeed lives; the rest of things whatever,
Be it known, are but the colours that do
From that being emanate; they that know
This Law of Hues are with bliss, aye, blessed;
'Tis they who in work righteous engage themselves.

9. "They that in their *Chittha* do Siva seek
Are here very happy and rule the world;
Like the elephant majestic they walk
The earth in godly strides of blissful pride;
Daily happenings all, they know to be
The outcome of our Father's grace of yore;
Everything is with pleasance, well-being and bliss
Tinct; so they are by worries never touched.

10. "It is lustre that their wisdom informs,
It is shrewdness that their intellect informs,
Never do they from righteousness deviate,
In worldly work they are ever engaged,
They take to art, master economics,
They relieve their worries and those of others,
They joy in the bewitching presence of women
Whose eyes do burgeon sweet with bubbling joy

11. "And also are they ever devoted to wealth,
Dance and song, painting, poetry and arts
Such as these; they thus live a goodly life;
The meanness of men they cannot endure.
All their longings in a short little time
Are for them well-fulfilled; these may, I say
Choose the bushes of a jungle to dwell in;
Behold, that very jungle is God's Eden.

12. "I have the nature of men of wisdom
Explained; may you that wisdom soon attain."
When thus mellifluously did Kannan
Speak, I was with knowledge of truth possessed.
My base old human dreams did vanish all;
I did not know how this happened at all;
I beheld the pure flame of highest wisdom
Whose play it is, this Universe of ours.

- T.N.R.

104. Sri Krishna, the Little Daughter

1917

1. My little, flitting bird;
My soul's dear treasury;
Thou dost uplift my life
To pride from misery.

2. Sweet infant dew of love!
Image of living gold!
Honey, that tripping comes
That I may thee enfold!

3. My soul leaps in delight
To see thee speed to me;
And flies out to embrace
Thee frisking merrily.

4. A kiss upon thy brow
With pride doth make me swell;
With thrills I listen, when
Of thee my neighbours tell.

5. Thy cheek against my lips,
Is to my heart like wine.
Sweet frenzy 'tis to hold'
Thee close, O darling mine.

6. A flush upon thy face
On me doth sorrow cast;
Thy knitted brow doth make
My pained heart flutter fast.

7. A tear thou lettest fall
Is blood spilt from my heart;
Dear apple of mine eye,
My precious life that art!

8. With infant lisping sweet
Thou conquerest my woes;
Thy pearly smile doth being
My angered heart repose.

9. What wondrous lore of books
Is pleasant like to thee?
Thy love, is such love known
To any Deity?

10. What gem like thee is fair
To wear upon my breast?
What wealth, but thou, could bless
My life with love and rest?

- H.J.

105. Kannan My Playful Boy

1917

1. A persistent playboy is Kannan,
To the girls in his street a perpetual nuisance.

2. Fruits he will give me to eat,
Then snatch them to see my hopes foiled;
If I beg him, "My darling, my sweet,"
He will give them back, bitten and soiled!

3. Honey-Sweet things he will place
   Out of my reach to annoy;
   He will call me his gazelle of grace,
   And a sharp pinch will shorten my joy.

4. With beautiful flowers he will tease,
   Make me cry, tempt me no end,
   "Close your eyes, you shall have these":
   I do and they pass to my friend!

5. He will pull at my plait from behind,
   I turn, he is out of my view;
   Handfuls of dust most unkind
   He has heaped on my sari brand new!

6. His magical flute he would play
   And flood us with nectar divine;
   Eyes closed, mouths open we would stay
   And lap up that exquisite wine.

7. On us thus absorbed six or seven
   Thick black ants he would loose --
   Was there ever on earth or in heaven
   A mischief to rival this ruse?

8. We must turn up for play as he bids;
   Our work is as nothing to his game;
   He will run, jump, dance with the kids,
   Steal home and hold us to blame.

9. Mama's darling is he, if you please,
   Auntie Awful's too, Papa's ditto;
   To those tormenting old folk this tease
   Is a model most fair and fit, oh!

10. Expert in carrying tales,
    He has no scruples, no fears;
    His cunning, when he is caught, never fails,
    And he sets us poor girls by our ears.

- P.S.S.

106. The Great Lover

1917

1. Like a worm
Dangling at the end of a line,
Like a flame
Quivering, shuddering in the open,
So did my heart throb,
And like a caged bird,
I pined alone.
And all things desirable
Turned bitter and hateful to me.

2. I lay on my bed
Alone.
I wearied even of mother's presence,
And you, my friends,
You talk and you talk
Endlessly of nothing.
Your company,
It frightens me,
Yea, like fell disease.

3. I taste no food,
Nor close my wearied eye in sleep.
Strange, but I dislike fragrance
And turn away from a flower.
I am in nothing steady,
And I grow confused and wild.
Nothing draws me,
Even for a space;
Joy is gone,

4. Milk turns bitter in my mouth,
And the soft bed is a bunch of thorns.
The sweet babbling of the parrot
Is a pain in the ear, past bearing.
The doctors gathered round me,
They shook their heads and said
'There is no hope';
And an astrologer came,
And he looked wise,
And said that the stars were to blame.

5. And then one day,
I dreamt
Some one came.
Who He is I know not,
And He touched my heart;
I woke up to ask him
'Who are you'?
But He had vanished
Leaving in my heart
The thrill of a new delight.

6. And I felt calm
And grew wondrous well;
And the house and all else,
They turned in a moment wondrous fair.
Desire sprang up again
And sweetness;
Fear went
And beauty was born.

7. Whenever I think of it,
Just where He touched me,
Comes flooding a sense of infinite soothing,
A new peace.
I think and think
And ask myself, 'Who is He?'
And lo! before my eye
Stands
The Form of the Lord.

- A.S.R.

107. Kannan - My Lover

1917

1. The night is old and yet you slumber not;
What may your thought be? Why this jamboree?
At dead of night whilst even the robber sleeps
Why this junketting here? Will you the town waken?
Are you of the mother oblivious?
You claim to indulge in charming, wise talk,
O you comrades of unending boredom!

2. I had for many days patiently endured;
This but grows day by day all the more.
"A hunch-back did tug at the plaited hair
Of Nani that flowers from her bun spilled;
Down she fell in a terrific swoon, when
The mad tusker ran past matron Vanchi;
Rohini was upset and ill also
As she a whole pot of butter consumed.

3. In the open farm-yard came striplings ten
And bussed her, the model of chastity;
For Natthi's daughter would queue up kings forty
As by an astrologer predicted;
That girl Kovini whose eyes emit fire
Was by the mis-shapen Konkan-wench railed;
The blue-stocking, the wastrel 'Knowledge' named,
Is in the tongues of the west proficient."

4. How many are these your fibs and fables!
You suffer me not to slumber in peace.
Pack, I say all your noisy flutes and lutes,
Your cymbals and gongs, and keep them away.
Light a feeble little lamp and place it
In the niche of the western wall, yonder,
And please go home, aye, every one of you
That I may all alone repose a while.

5. Soliloquy after the friends' departure
No cause have my eyes to close in slumber
Before they do behold Kannan to-night
All the maidens have to their homes repaired;
Haply dear Kannan is waiting for me.
Without the fence, at the corner of the street
Of bronze-merchants, he did our sweet tryst fix;
What have eyes of mine to do with slumber
Before my hands firm enfold Kannan dear.

- T.N.R.

108. Kannan My Beloved
"The Search in a Forest"

1917

1. Looking for you in a forest
O how tired and lost was I!

2. Goodly trees all around
Laden with wonderful fruits,
Bamboo enclosures arow,
Streams that made music like lutes.

3. Flowers that set hearts aflame,
Oceans of scattered leaves,
Wide and tempting pools,
And bushes with thorny sheaves.

4. Long-eyed and lovely gazelles,
Tigers rehearsing their roar,
Birds with their friendly lays
And pythons stretched on the floor.

5. Lions striding like kings,
Elephants a - tremble to hear them,
Young does scattering in front,
And frogs that wouldn't go near them.

6. Foot-sore and weary I stumbled,
My eyes through the gloom ceased to peer,
When suddenly stood there before me
A hunter with a spear and a leer!

7. "My girl, with your ravishing beauty
You have driven me crazy," he said:
"Darling, the apple of my eye,
I must hug you and take you to bed.

8. "How come you are tired and lost?
Good meat let us prepare and eat;
I will fetch you delicious fruits
And toddy divinely sweet."

9. So spoke that grim-eyed hunter,
His stare put my poor soul a-stretch;
On the rack, with folded hands,
I said these words to that wretch;

10. "My brother, I fall at your feet;
With evil words don't frighten me;
A woman, another man's wife,
Is it right you should even see?"

11. "Have done, I want no preaching;
It is pleasure I seek of your body;
Your dalliance makes my head whirl,
My dear, like frothy old toddy."

12. I heard those words and screaming
"Kannan" I swooned in my fear;
Not many moments since then
I awake and find you here.

13. O Kannan, where is that hunter?
Was it he that screamed, fell a-swoon?
My jewel, come to rescue me,
How bountiful is your boon!

- P.S.S.

109. A Love Message

1917

1. Go, my dear, go to him, and let me
Know his heart;
And then, if need be, we shall do,
I know not what.

2. We will remain single, my dear,
All our days;
Or there are other kings here; we can
Go their ways.

3. To the king who breaks the plighted word,
   No heart beats true;
   What was it he found, ask him, my dear, what wrong
   We should rue.

4. To light this mad passion and then to hide,
   Has he face?
   Old Ponni spoke true: 'His form is a lie.'
   Ah, how base!

5. Alone by the river, all that he spoke to me,
   Doth he now spurn?
   Tell him, I shall trumpet it to the ends of the earth,
   Let all men learn.

6. The tricks he plays with simple herdswomen,
   The craft he's got,
   Tell him, the daughters of the sword,
   We need them not.

7. To be born a maid, my dear, it is sad,
   Passing sad;
   Ah, but the tune he played, it leaves me not, it drives
   My poor heart mad.

8. Thinking ever of him, the faithless, I grow
   Heavy as cold.
   Go, my dear, learn his mind and then, then,
   There's God.

- A.S.R.

110. Kannan — My Lover

1917

1. I cannot recall the face beloved;
   Unto whom shall I this relate, oh friend?
   Affection, no doubt, is by heart treasured;
   But can memory ever the face forget?

2. A shape is sure to the eyes visible;
   But it lacks the beauty of Kannan;
   Though somewhat outlined is the face,
   The blooming smile it does alas, lack.

3. Not rest nor respite does the soul know
For ever does it dwell on his kinship.
The tongue surely always articulates
The glories of him, the mystic one great.

4. The eyes have sure sinned; they cannot contain
The form of Kannan, dear as very life.
Could you ever among the race of women
Single out a stupid girl, like this one?

5. The bee that is of honey unmindful,
The blossom that desires divorce of light,
The crops that choose not to yearn for the rain, --
Are nowhere to be eyed in all the world.

6. If the visage of Kannan be forgot
Of what avail, are these -- the silly eyes?
I lack even a portrait beauteous;
How then could I live on, pray, tell me, friend?

- T.N.R.

111. Kannan My Lover
(A Shakespearian Sonnet)

1917

Fruits sweet as sugar lumps Kannan doth give,
Cool sandal paste and essence varied
From roses distilled, he gives intuitive;
For tilak he gives us civet indeed,
For our tresses, oils odoriferous;
And collyrium for the orbs of our eyes;
For our jewelled feet to paint glorious
Incarnadine cotton wet that well dyes.
To all women, a god peerless and rare
Is Kannan; *kumkum* too to us he gives
That we may bright our breasts bedaub and fair;
Endless wealth he gives and in our love lives.
Undistracted let us his face behold
A blessing by which sorrow's death is tolled.

- T.N.R.

112. Kannamma — My Love
Wonderment of Sight

1917

1. Kannamma! Kannamma!
Shining orbs are thine eyes --
Are they not sun and moon?
Black and round are thine eyes --
Are they not heavenly dark?
Silk-blue saree thou wearest
Woven with diamonds.
They indeed are the stars
Twinkling at the dead of night.

2. Kannamma! Kannamma!
Is not thy smile of beauty
The light and bloom of Eden?
The billows of ocean blue
Romp and dance in thy heart,
Koel's voice is sweet indeed;
Whose it is, but thine own
Virgin sempiternal
Oned with thee will I be.

3. Kannamma! Kannamma!
Sastras all from thee pour;
Why do you cite Sastras?
Where is need for them? I say.
When wings of love waft aloft
Sastras are set at naught.
Before all elders great
Our wedding we will have.
Wait I can no longer
Feel my kiss on thy cheek!

- T.N.R.

113. Kannamma -- My Love

1917

1. As I sat on the terrace in the gloaming awhile,
And wistfully gazed at the sea and the sky,
I saw afar the circling heavens high
Kiss the sea's hem and clasp it with a smile.
Wihtin the entwining blue my mind was caught
And all unconscious of time's ceaseless flow
Basking idly in the streaming day-dreams' glow
I sat wrapt in peace and thought, myself forgot.

2. And there, somebody softly stole to me,
And behind me standing, closed my eyes.
I felt the soft hands and in a flash was wise;
I knew her by the fragrance of her silk saree,
I knew her by the joy that within me welled,
I knew her by the beat of our kindred hearts.
'Oh, take thy hands away, Kannamma, Thy arts,'
I cried, 'are of no avail.' Her hands I held.

3. And then, while her laughter tinkled, I freed my eye,
And turning, drew her to me and said 'Behave'.
What did you find in the rolling ocean's wave?
Whatever did you find in the blue of the sky?
And what in the whirling foam, its twist and break,
And among the tiny bubbles that flash and dart?
By conning space day by day, part by part,
What good have you got, tell me, she spake.

4. In the rolling ocean's wave, I saw thy face;
And only thy face in the broad expanse of sky,
And amidst the foam as it whirled and broke high;
And but thy face in the tiny bubble's race.
Naught did I see but thy infinite grace
In my study of the one in all its strands;
And when thy laughter tinkled and I moved thy hands,
And turning, clasped thee, again I saw thy face.

- P.N.A.

114. Kannamma -- My Love (Removal of Veil)

1917

1. It is the custom with Delhi Muslims
To keep the lotus-face with veil covered;
The liana-waist and the jutting breast
Are to be veiled, as Sastras so prescribe.

2. By veiling the breast and liana-waist
Beauty is not under a bushel hid;
Cupidry is not taught by word of mouth;
Can love flourish behind a veiled visage?

3. "Noble" you say "are Aryan customs old;"
Did ever Aryan dames their faces veil?
Having met more than once and love exchanged
Wherefore this coy persistence -- all formal?

4. Who will then dare essay, me to obstruct
If by force I pluck the veil from your face?
Of what avail is pretension idle?
Can ever rind of fruit the eater defy?

- T.N.R.

115. Why Do You Cover Your Eyes

1917

1. Why do you cover your eyes, my love, why?
The scion of a kingly line,
Are you ashamed, I wonder, of this unworthy lover?
Or do you think I am only a weanling
Too young for woman's love?
As in passion of longing, drunk with your beauty,
I tear your coloured veil asunder,
I know not why, with your hands,
You hide your eyes, my love.

2. Have I not met you when you were a maid,
And kissed and kissed you yet again
Till your cheeks were red?
Are we strangers, you to me and I to you?
Are not our two lives fated to mingle as one?
He who has broken your veil,
Will he now fear to brush your hand away?
How could you think me as apart from you?
Of a pair of eyes,
Tell me, will one feel shy of the other?

3. They are not for you,
The old worn-out stories that men tell their loves.
When song and sruti mate,
Do they stop and squander time in courtesies?

4. Does moonlight coming with outstretched arms,
Pause to praise before embracing the sky?
And as fire bites into the log of wood,
Does it stop to mouth a courtly word?

5. I have met them,
Hear what they say, the knowing and the wise:
Our love is not of yesterday,
It is old, a legend old as time.

6. You came to the earth as Rama,
And I followed you as the Princess of Golden Mitila.
You came down as the Lord of the Flute,
Raining ambrosia,
And I was Partha.
You were Narasinga,
When you came to slay the brute in Hiranya,
And I was his son.

7. They you grew as the Buddha
And I reached you as Yasodhara's bright womanhood
This is what they say,
And they are versed in Sastras,
They know, they cannot be wrong;
Our love is an arc of the Eternal, my dear,
It will live to the end of time.
And still, you cover your eyes, my love,
I know not why.

- A.S.R.

116. Kannamma — My Beloved "A Tryst Broken"

1917

1. "In the southern corner of the grove
   This side the river bed,
Look out for me; when the moon is up
   I will come with my maid," you said.
You have failed me, Kannamma,
   Broken my heart;
Wherever I turn just a phantom like you
   Makes a false start.

2. I am all in a fever, and my head
   Whirls and aches.
The wide expanse of heaven the moon
   In her arms takes.
All the earth relaxed and asleep
   Is at rest.
Only I in my lonely hell
   Toss oppressed.

3. Strict at all times your sentinels
   Guard their treasure;
Though your slave I can't be with you
   At my pleasure.
Tyranny unbearable, bondage, surveillance
   Concentrated,
A princess, why must you put up with all this
   And feel frustrated?

4. Alas that I didn't pile up
   Penances in my past
To spend but one night with you
   In your arms held fast
Fondle you, utter sweet nothings,
   Your person cover
With caresses a thousand crore,
   Your acknowledged lover.

- P.S.S.

117. In Each Other's Arms

1917

1. Thou to me the flowing Light
And I to thee discerning sight;
Honied blossom thou to me,
Bee enchanted I to thee;
O Heavenly Lamp with shining ray.
O Krishna, Love, O nectar-spray
With falt'ring tongue and words that pant
Thy glories here I strive to chant

2. Thou to me the Harp of gold
And I do thee the finger bold;
Necklace shining thou to me
New-set diamond I to thee;
O mighty queen with splendour rife
O Krishna, Love, O well of life,
Thine eyes do shed their light on all
Where'r turn, their beams do fall

3. Rain that singeth thou to me;
Peacock dancing I to thee;
Thou to me the juice of grape
And I to thee the cup agape;
O spotless Beauty, Krishna bright,
Perennial fount of deep delight,
O Love, thy face hath grace divine
For there the deathless Truth doth shine

4. Silver moonlight thou to me,
Exulting Ocean I to thee,
Thou the basic harmony
And I the song that moveth free;
Dear as eyesight, Krishna, mine,
O Massed-up, sweet, immortal wine
Unceasing yearns my mind to scan
Thy endless charm, but never can.

- C.S.B.

118. Kannan -- My Land Lord

1917

1. Refuge none to me this wide world offers
Bewildered and distressed, this pariah poor
Seeks in thee refuge; succour me oh Lord!
I pray unto thee, succour me oh Lord!

2. Cure me sorrows dire, maladies sore
And chill penury, and bestow comfort;
In love will I dance and sing thy glory
And obey thee oh Lord! obey I will.

3. In all the slums I'll tabor beat, and sing
Thy praise and grace; I'll beat the drum.
The directions eight will echo thy name;
Thus will I beat aloud to resound thy name.

4. Amongst all pariahs manorial
This one is sure atop; 'a slave of Kannan' --
A fame to reckon with: so in love I came;
In love alone oh my dear Lord! I came.

5. Thy farms and fields I will guard and graze too
All thy cattle; put me to work severe
And test me thus to find out my fitness;
O Lord! I pray, find out my fitness.

6. Bid me tend the grove and rear the plants;
Try me and prove me; rain will I forecast;
And should I mispredict, with whip scourge me;
Keep me tied, oh lord! and with whip scourge me.

7. My wife and children too must live; on conjee
They thrive; I should be of some help, oh Lord!
To the far and the near; all possible
Help I should render to the far and the near.

8. To clothe my nakedness, you must provide me
With a cloth of four cubits; also must
You give me, I beg you, a few dhoties
That I may to the poor, distribute them.

9. Round this nine-gated tenement do roam
A few devils; them shouldst thou exorcize
By powerful incantation of mantra
And drive all evil enmity away.

10. Demon, ghoul, and robber should fold their hands
And be with fear tongue-tied even should they
Hear of my mere name; so shouldst thou bless me
And sure annihilate all my troubles.

- T.N.R.

119. Kannamma Goddess of my Household

1917

1. In you I take refuge, Kannamma,
In you I take refuge.

2. That wealth, position, fame pursuing,
Cancerous care I may not be wooing.

3. That you might kill with your fiery dart
Meanness and fear now lodged in my heart.

4. That self-willed I may not misery obtain,
But work your will and fulness obtain.

5. Know no more sorrow, despondence, defeat,
And let virtues spring in the print of Love's feet.

6. Of evil and good what do we know?
Weed the bad out, let the good grow!

- P.S.S.

120. Tom Tom

1917

1. Let me speak of good to the people,
   of the truth I've perceived.
   May the First Cause of all good
   render aid to me.

2. The Brahmin is he
   who knows the Vedas and sciences;
   The Naik is he
   who chastises the guilt justly.

3. The Vaisya is he
   who sells goods and relieves others' hunger.
   None are slaves here;
   nothing more infamous than idleness.

4. The four *varnas* are one;
   if one of the four isn't there
   Work will be wrecked;
   society will be doomed.

5. In any family father
   exerts and earns wealth;
   Doing other jobs, mother
   makes the home prosper;

6. Children run errands.
   Aren't they all one family?
   They all strive in unison
   and ensure a happy home.

7. Wretches there are
   who speak of castes high and low,
   Adopt discriminatory codes
   and kindle constant conflicts.

8. Down with the cruel caste system!
   Mankind will prosper in love.
   Let's toil in concord;
   We'll excell in a thousand trades.

9. God's external providence
 endowed women with wisdom;
 But some fools on earth
 have blighted their perception.

10. Would any put out one of the eyes
 and obscure the view?
 If women become learned and wise
 the world will be rid of ignorance.

11. Fools talk of several gods
 and stoke the fires of enmity.
 God is one Essential principle:
 He permeates one and all.

12. Brahmins worship the fire;
 Christians adore the Cross;
 Turning towards Mecca
 Muslims offer their prayers:

13. They all worship one and the same God
 Who pervades the whole universe.
 God is one, over the wide world.
 No need for conflicts on this score.

14. We have in our home
 a pet, a white cat,
 She gave birth to kittens,
 each of a different hue.

15. Ash-coloured was one kitty,
 Jet-black was another;
 A third vivid like a viper;
 Milky-white was a fourth.

16. Skin-colours do vary
 but they are of the same stock.
 Can you call one colour superior
 and another inferior?

17. Complexions may vary
 but all men are one.
 We are all uniformly human
 in our thoughts and deeds.

18. Proclaim by tom-tom
that all men are equal,
That all false caste divisions
be demolished.

19. Let the drum beat love! love!
and proclaim its creative power.
If crafty divisions vanish
all ills will end.

20. Let the tom-tom thunder love!
All men are equal.
If we esteem all as equals
Joys will multiply.

21. Men of the world are all
like offspring of the same mother.
Earth is large enough;
why fight wars?

22. Who planted the tree
will water and foster it.
God loves us; hence
here is immense food.

23. See, there is enough food
for all men on earth.
Learn, till, eat, live well;
Steal not others' shares.

24. Peoples of the entire world
are all like children of one mother
Can then the strong oppress
and exploit the weak?

25. God is strength infinite;
He makes us thrive.
Even if a child is puny,
will any trample upon it?

26. If the younger brother is infirm
Can the elder enslave him?
Can we, afraid of pelf and brute power,
be content to be mean slaves?

27. Tom-tom love, love;
in love lies deliverance.
Then all men will learn
and live in joy.

28. All people without exception
must become wiser and wiser.
If the weaker sections are uplifted
God will bless us all.

29. Equality and fraternity
of all on earth
Will harm no one
but liberate the world.

30. The hunger of one and all on earth
we must appease;
Train them all in many arts
For the whole world to advance.

31. Let the drum beat "we're all one"
Let it beat, "thrive in love"
Let it proclaim propitious times
for all mankind.

- S.R.K.

Note: The Tamil original appeared as a booklet. The publisher was Parali Su. Nellai Appar. When the poem was re-published by Bharati Ashramam in 1922, the following invocatory verse was added.

Tom-tom the victory
making the welkin ring.
Tom-tom that the Vedas
will thrive for ever
Tom-tom devotion to Mother
who danced with the forehead-eyed God.

121. New Russia

1917

I

The Magna Mater towards Russia
Turned her benign glance;
Lo! tornado-like whirled
The epoch-making Revolution;
The tyrant screamed as he crashed below.
An event of cosmic import it was;
The heavenly gods' shining shoulders
Swelled with joy and pride;
While the devils, their eyes drowned in tears,
Went blind and died.
Ye men of the earth,
Behold this wonder.

II

Like Hiranya of old the tyrant ruled --
The accursed known as the Czar;
Good men and saintly souls writhed without refuge;
Justice and Virtue.
The idiot Czar treated as of no account;
Lies, deceits, and a myriad evils,
Like snakes in the dark jungle,
Teemed and flourished in that land.

III

Hunger gnawed at the vitals
Of those who ploughed, sowed and reaped;
Fell diseases abounded.
Servile votaries of falsehood
Amassed lucre;
Those who dared to speak the truth
Underwent unheard-of tortures in prison-cells
Or died on the gallows.
Many of them in ghoulish Siberian wasteland
Languished and perished.

IV

Even for a murmur people were jailed,
For a protest banishment and in this wise
Virtue was shattered,
Vice reigned in her place.
The Great Mother's heart was touched;
The compassionate glance
By which she protects her truth-loving devotees,
She turned on that land
And the tyrant fell.

V

Like the Himalayas crashing,
The wicked Czar fell with a bang;
One and all of those around him
Who cringed and uttered lies to suit his whims,
Who conspired to murder Virtue --
All of them were smashed to smithereens,
Even as the stormy whirlwind in a forest
Knocks down all the trees
And makes fuel out of it.

VI

The people are masters of their lives,
Their welfare advanced by their own laws.
Lo! in a trice has it arisen.
This is people's state, they proclaimed,
So that the whole world might know.
"Gone are the slaves' shackles,
  Know ye all,
No more shall man be a slave,"
  said they.
Like a thunder-riven wall
Collapsed the Iron-Age
Arise oh, the Golden Age.

- S.R.K.

Note: Bharati says that the Tamil original was composed in 1917.

122. The Garland of Fourfold Gems on Vinayaka

1918

1. For valiancy in words, O my Lord!
The bards of power invoke Thee, whenever
They begin to compose a work; for this
Work too, on Thee, Thou alone art invoked.

2. Our sole refuge Thou; thy grace our refuge;
I, a cur, did many a sin commit;
Fatigued I come seeking Thee; with lips sealed
In silence, I will for thy flower-feet, write
Hymns of Tamil, full effulgent as flame.

3. Work done in sooth is thy work; do bless us
That we may become great; Earth, Air and Space
Thou didst create in times of yore; O Lord!
Four-faced Brahma! Thou of elephant's face!
Thy guarding hand circles Vani in love;
O Karpaka on lotus enthroned!

4. Hail Lord-God Karpaka-Vinayaka!
Hail Deity of Divine Intelligence!
Hail flower-feet of the Elephant-Faced!
Hail His feet of Grace whose face is the Veda!
He is the God of Creation, Lord of bards!
Indra's Guru, Son of Him who in me
Inly shines sporting the crescent in His crown!
Let us embosom the feet of Ganapati;
For varied are the resulting virtues
To which you do now listen: Inner ear
Will open; the eyes of soul will shine bright;
Flame will issue; manliness will mature;
In all directions the Flag of Triumph
Can sure be unfurled; the venomous adder
Can be held in hand; by fierce enmity,
Ills and venom undaunted, can flourish
Very well, rid of sorrows; fear will cease;
Elixir will flow; arts and sacrifices
Will grow; immortality -- here and now --
Can be attained; realise these to be true.

5. Realise, do realise, O ye of the world!
Enjoy here the bliss of the celestials
Hail Ganapati as the Flame of Wisdom;
Bow at his lotus-feet in immense love.

6. I hold thy feet pressing my eyes on them,
Ganapati! I should author many works;
I should perform good deeds and no blemish
Should beset them even for a second;
Be it known that my aim is to stablish
Your Sceptre in the kingdom of my mind.

7. Ganapati! let me relate the boons I need;
Hearken to me; no stir should agitate
My mind; no murk ever cloud my intellect;
At my mere wish, you should cause me enter
Thy beatitude of silence; great wealth
Coupled with a life of hundred summers,
Thou shouldst, my Lord, deign to bestow on me.

8. Duties indeed are: to control the mind;
To rid the misery of others; to pray
For the welfare of others; to worship
The One -- the Protector of all the worlds
Who is hailed as the Lord Vinayaka
Spear-holding Kumara, Narayana,
The Lord in whose matted hair flows the river,
The Deity called Allah or Jehovah --,
Variously hailed and worshipped by men
Of other nations in joy; the Being
Supernal that is beloved of Lakshmi,
Saraswati and Uma! these four indeed
Are duties to everyone in this world.
Four are the fruits of these; they are in sooth
Righteousness, Wealth, Joy and Bliss of Release.
O Manakkula Vinayaka! Great Lord
Of Heavenly Scriptures! grant me the skill
To rule myself; if I come by the power
To govern myself, all shall stand fulfilled.
Grant me faith unshakable; O Ganapati!
To serve all lives worshipfully, I will
My duty deem and live in delight great.

9. Rid of all shackless of ancient karma
Full well must I discharge my duties all;
All light-giving learning I must possess;
For this O Lord, bestow on me thy looks
Of grace that I may live here blemishless.

10. Great indeed is the excellence of men
Of renunciation; but greater still is
The tapas of those devotees who help
The unfortunate and feed the lowly
And who pray unto the Lord that rules well
All the planets for the welfare and long life
Of all chaste women and righteous people.

11. I know not tapas to perform; my heart
Knows not stillness; I seek Siva, but stand
Bewildered all the time; O Lord whose crown
Is studded with nine types of gems pure!
Sea of mercy! O pranva tatva!
(I implore Thee humbly); bid me; "Fear not."

12. Ineffable, beyond all devices
The divine Ens pervades good many forms;
As inner life, It sustains the universe
Being non-pareil power self-effulgent;
Him worship, the Son of Sakti, the Lord
Whose crown sports the crescent! Be one with Him
In yogic meditation with omkar
Resounding in the soul; learning the art
Of enshrining sakti, I desire to live
Humble, strong, dear and sweet to everyone.
O mind, reflect on this with concern deep;
On this do ponder again and again;
Let contemplation grant you clarity;
Then dispense this to them that surround you;
Proclaim, loud proclaim this blemishlessly;
Thus if you enable me to pass muster
And attain beatitudes, if you thus
Help me, as suits your capacity, I will
Build for you a temple of gold; O mind,
Help me live well; fret not in vain; do praise
The Palladium -- the Son of Sakti.

13. We will ever extol thy golden feet!
Twinned with great glory, we will, Ganapati
Flourish; we will dispraise the falsehoods
Of the base sinners demoniacal:
These indeed are the boons of Vallapesa

14. Behold our boon! We quell and throw away
Worry, deception, concealment, meanness,
Desire and doubt; on our head we adorn
The flower-feet of Ganapati; the bliss in us
Proclaims: "Can the heavenly lords equal us?"

15. Of deceit, concealment and restlessness
Rid, seek divine bliss of Siva and take,
O my heart, umbrage under the cool feet
Of Him, the First Son of Sakti, the King
Who averts the onslaught of troubles, the Lord
That daily reveals the vedas' import true.

16. In shine and shade He is my goodly aid;
From dangers of fire and water He saves;
He quells my fear of earth, air and sky too;
He rules me safe from the elements' fury;
He has soul-piercing eyes which uplift
The soul, silent mouth and boon-bestowing hand;
Our Lord pervades our consciousness; He thrives
As the Sound of Om; the Vedic Rishis
Wide acclaim His praise; He is Brahaspati
Brahma and all rolled into One; He is.
The peerless deity; He is the Wisdom
Of those who have shed I-ness and My-ness;
He is the seed original for the state
Of Mukti; He is the Sat, the Tat, the Lord
Blemishless who is daily hailed by those
Versed in Vedas four; He is the Son who
Regards the poor with sympathy; He is
The Everlasting Lord of Manakkulam;
As Vishnu of white habiliments; He is
Hailed by the mantras; in fitting worship
'Tis our duty to hail Him thrice a day.

17. O foolish heart, behave well; do not feel
Wilted even for a second; the Son
Of the blue-throated Lord -- the cause of Vedas
Sakti's son --, is aid sure for devotees.

18. O Aid! Coruscating Gem of my life!
O King of my life! Jewel of my life!
Nectar of my bosom! O my marvel!
Can aught equal Thee? Horizon's lustre bright!

19. Hail lustre! hail Lord of the Deva-Hosts!
I do beseech Thee a myriad times;
Thou shouldst ever deign to save me from troubles;
O God! Thou hast harmoniously set
Billions and billions of many billions
Of planets which pirouette; praise be!

20. Art Thou the Ultimate, the Absolute
Who as inner light glows in all the worlds
As Mother, Father, Sakti and Siva
The Lord-God and His consort getting oned!
Oh beginningless Origin, God of gods
That protects all! Siva! Kanna! Vela!
Sattha! Vinayaka! Mada! Irula! Surya!
Indra! Sakti! Vani! Kali! Mother great!
Oh Natural Deity that doth in all
Manifest as man, woman and the sexless!
Lustre of Vedas! God of truth perfect!
Refuge, refuge, refuge, I do beseech.
Rid me of ills; a life of hundred years
Grant me; rid me clean of fear; grant me peace;
I seek not possessions; I seek thy help;
Remove all that is not good as unwanted
And grant me all that is good as needed.

21. Is there aught as duty, O Lord who has
For his head an elephant's? Thy grace abounds
In the world; Thou gavest us lordship and joy;
Pray, tell us: Can we ever Thee repay?

22. Uttered words will become famous scriptures;
Work undertaken will bear fruit; Devas
Will grant boons night and day; Ganapati was
Even before Brahma; He is Surya.
Great will be the attainments of those who
Hymn His great glory and bow before Him,
The Lord whose visage is an elephant's.

23. O mind, may you attain greatness! Listen:
Even if a bolt from the sky should fall
Swerve not from your state; nor should you tremble;
Of what avail is fear? I have told you
Before, a million times; I will yet tell you
A million times; the grace of Ganapati
Who is *anma*, is there; no more is fear.

24. Fear ceasing, ceases depression;
Trembling ceasing, ceases shame;
Sinning ceasing, ceases skulking;
We will not troubled be, what though
The happening be; the universe
May go to pieces; but afraid
We will not be; the sea may in
Tumultous billows rise aloft;
But unworried will we be; we will
Be afraid of none and nought can
Put us to fright; nor place nor time
Can affright us; the heavens are there;
Rain will pour; Sun; Wind and Water good,
Fire, Earth, Moon and stars, body, brain
And life are there. Edibles to eat,
Belle for union, airs for the ears,
Goodly world to behold, the name
Of Ganapati gladly on the lips;
These are ever here; be not vexed
O my poor heart! May you flourish
And flourish righteously, no room
Shall you to deceitful worry
Yield; the beauteous feet of the Lord --
Bright-rayed --, are our refuge, this reckon.

25. We build the lofty rhyme; our country we serve;
We idle not even for a second;
The Son dear to Uma will cause our line
To prosper; dear soul, these three do perform.

26. Lo, poetry writ is by Parasakti writ;
'Tis Mother Siva-Sakti that guards the world;
What boots it to spill and waste your talent
In doubt and speed? Work without haste, O heart
Devoted to the Lord of Heavenly Hosts!

27. Men of devotion work without commotion;
With patience great, like the seed germinating
They work slowly and are crowned with achievement.
If all be the work of Sakti, why then
Should we flurry when we are with Sakti?
O Lord of Arts and Science! O Gananata!
I pray Thee ply me in work ennobling.

28. May Thou save me, O God who art all!
They who bear patiently aren't these who can
The world govern: If Thou art all, to bear
With all is the good and righteous way; in that
Siva's state can be attained; of fury
Rid me; grant me patience, auspicious Lord
Of goodness! O Ganapati of Manakkulam!
Enshrined in the heart of lotus, shower grace
O beloved Son of wide-eyed Uma!
To cause the nation prosper without misery,
To rule without any ills the kingdom of mind,
To live sans misery with an intellect
Lustrous like the Sun, I cast on thy feet
Looks of worship; do grant grace and save me;
Karpaka-Vinayaka, grant grace and save me.
In harmony didst make all the worlds,
O Being unknowable! Thou dost sport
Ankus, cord and tusk; O Lord of our clan
Hail! Hail hallowed feet of Sankara's Son!

29. Hail Kalyani's Son! Grant me valiancy
In singing; make me steadfast hail the feet
Of Vani that I may prosper and from
My tongue emanate the Sound of Vani's Vina!

30. I will declare my intent; hear me please
O Puduvai Vinayaka! I will always
Serve thy mother Parasakti; rid me of
My former weaknesses and make my tongue
Revel in a million Tamil songs rich with
The sweetness of mellow mellifluence.

31. The Red one, She who is sweet Sri Devi,
She, the One on the red-lotus enthroned,
She will sure lend her hand to all my work
Which I perform as her plighted servant.
Famed Vani too abiding in me
Will rain poesy; Sakti will help me
O Son of Lord-God, if I do hail Thee.

32. I have willed, aye, to speak the not-spoken;
I have willed, aye, to seek the boon not-sought.
People on earth, birds, animals, insects, grass,
Herbs, trees -- all these by my act, freed of let,
Must be made to live, Lord of lords, in joy
Love and concord; from Wisdom's Vast Expanse
I will proclaim: "May love and forbearance
On earth prosper; rid of pain, penury,
Illness and death, may all lives in delight
Dwell." This should, O Lord, reach thy ears divine
And Thou shouldst, by mercy moved say: "Amen"
Now this day, do bestow to me this boon
O Source Original! Son of Sakti manifold!
Wearer of the crescent! Being eternal!
Refuge, refuge, refuge in Thee, I seek.

33. I had dedicated my life and heart
To Thee only; pray, rid all my distress;
Thou shalt at once, to the utmost limit
Of my longing grant me enduring fame,
Length of days, abundant wealth and beauty.

34. Hasten to grant me mercy, O my Sire!
O Nephew of Him who with His consort
Is enshrined in Arankam; by a monkey
He gutted with fire the isle of His enemies!
O boon-pouring cloud! Dweller in my heart!

35. Hail the jewelled flower-feet of the Lord
Of munificence -- Vinayaka of Putuvai
Manakkulam! May heart be stilled in silence;
May love alone embrace the wide, wide spheres;
May sorrows perish; may unending joy
Issue; may the power of Kali go down;
May ever-righteous Krita-Yuga reign.

36. Again and yet again into misery
You fall; you would not long for liberty
However much I goad you, O sinner-heart!
I will make you happy on earth; fear not
Hence for aught; by the grace of the great Son
I grant you refuge; O heart, never fear!
To stablish my assurances to you
I will jump into the pit of fire; fall
Into the ocean; eat dreaded poison;
Destroy the world; do anything to save you
From troubles; O foolish heart, I told you
Three hundred million times; I 'll yet repeat;
Flurry not if thunder falls on your head;
Come what may; think: "What is that unto us?"
The world moves on by Parasakti's grace;
Why then aught of burden for us? There is
No such independent being as 'I';
"The very thought of 'I' is a falsehood."
Thus spake the Buddha; let us hail his feet;
I shall not repeat this henceforth; neither
Should you forget this, O my foolish heart!
Worrying indeed is black inferno;
Liberation from worry is Freedom;
May the Son of Siva grant this to you.

37. Do tapas; tapas do; O heart, if you
Do tapas, desires fructify; than love
There is no greater tapas in the world;
Happy life is the nature of those that love.

38. Unnatural desire shall not flourish;
Deed follows mind's desire; great love married
To growing glory should, O you on earth,
Be by you cultivated; work essayed
Will then thrive by the power of Vinayaka!

39. I will quell hostile and swarming worries;
The grace of Ancient One shall be my aid;
I will endow with strength the drooping heart;
I will make the body like unto steel;
I will kill Kali -- the base falsifier;
Even as all men on earth witness it
I will usher in Krita-Yuga true.
Know this to be the very will of God.

40. Hail will divine! Hail Vinayaka!
Hail Lord! Hail God the Absolute!
Hail God who doth ruin ruination!
Hail Righteous One who doth fresh work
Reveal! Hail the King who fosters.
The intellect! Hail Mula-Sakti
That doth manifest as iccai
Kiriyai and gnanam! Hail Lord-God
That wears the crescent! Hail the Pure One
That grants fulfilment! Hail Him that
Doth transcend threefold time! Hail feet
Of Saktidevi! Hail triumph!
Hail heroic bravery true!
May devotion thrive for aeons
Many many; may Truth flourish;
May ardour flourish; lo, ye men
Of earth, the good gunas in us
Alone are deathless beatitudes.
I have vowed to stablish firmly
Krita-Yuga; the feet twain of Him,
The lustrous Vinayaka, do hail
That triumph may never you fail.

- T.N.R.

Note: This poem appeared in a book-form in 1929. It then contained only 38 stanzas. The writing of Bharati had by then become fudged in certain places. With the help of Desika Vinayakam Pillai and Kavi-Yogi Suddhananda Bharati, Bharati Prachuralayam brought out an edition is 1936 which contained all the forty stanzas.

The date of this work is given by us as 1918 for the following reason. In a letter dated 3-8-1918 Bharati wrote to his brother Thiru C.Visvanatha Iyer as follows:- "Tiruppayanam V.Ramaswami Iyengar took from me "Vinayaka Stotra" (a Tamil work) for publication. He has not yet printed it and sent it to me. Tell him to expedite the printing of "Vinayaka Stotra" and send me the printed books . . . "

From this it is inferable that the work was composed in 1918.

The translation here given follows the 1930 edition so far as the first 38 stanzas are concerned.

123. Muruka My Lord

O Muruka, Muruka, Muruka!

1. Come on the peacock
   with burnished lance:
   merit, worth, fame, penance,
   ability, wealth, firmness --
   their giving is Thine.

2. Here are the imprisoned devotees:
   liberate them! You are
   the end of the endless scriptures
   the divine destroyer
   of the demons.

3. Spirit of the Vedas! Come!
   O heroism, O flame!
   O javelin that dries up
   the sea of worries
   of the woe begone.

4. O my friend that inherits
   the heavens of the ideal!
   my homage! blazing warrior
   that erupts fierily
   to destroy ills.

5. Adorned with the shiny spear
   you sit in the Temple of Light,
   on the lap of Mother Grace;
   come on earth to grant
   the New Life.

6. Teacher! Child of the Supreme!
   Fire blazing in the cave!
   give us work and the fruits thereof.
   Chief of immortals,
   my homage!

- P.N.

124. Epistle to the Rajah of Ettaiyapuram-I

2-5-1919.

1. May Ilacai Venkatesu Retta Singh
Of global renown, verily the King
Of kings, Scion of royal dynasty,
The Lord Indra of monarchs, this peruse.
This is the Epistle of Sakti Dasan
The famed Subramania Bharati
Ever devoted to the feet of Kannan,
The wearer of the fragrant basil-wreath.

2. O King, the obloquy that in the land
Of Tamils, no king was in Tamil versed,
Was voiced forth in great pain by the people
Even at the time of your coronation.
Did you not taste and taste in sheer delight
The excellences of words and their import
Even as children, the sugar-cane?
You did revel in the taste of Tamil.

3. The stigma that there was no lord of bards
For the land of Tamils, who could uplift
Sky-high the Tamil tongue, that the whole world
May hail it, ceased to be, because of me.
"Taste is new; meaning is new; new indeed
Is this fecundity and new the words;
Aflame with the novel marvel is this;
This poesy great is deathless for ever."

4. Thus the lofty poets of gloried France,
Others and the renowned emperor sweet
Of English bards hail it, struck with wonder
And celebrating my poesy true
They have in their tongues transcreated it.
O lord of earth, by the world ever praised
O King Ilacai Venkatesu Retta
I bring unto you that Tamil indeed.

5. In enchanting tunes ever-new, I must sing
My numbers marvellous, oh mighty king,
In your eminent court of excellence;
To that must you listen in rapture great.
Bid triumphal drums resound and to me
Gift ornate palanquins, robes of honour,
Bags of gold and retinues of servants.
Thus may you, O King, flourish for ever!

- T.N.R.

Note: The manuscript copy of the Tamil original is available.

The 1937 edition of Bharati Prachuralayam mentions the date of this poem as 2-5-1919. This is also corroborated by *Chitra Bharati.*

125. Epistle to the Rajah of Ettaiyapuram-II

3-5-1919.

1. Over ancient Tamilnad of glory
By great Pari ruled, Oh Arya, you wield
Your sceptre this day; if on purpose, bards
Do desire your audience, would you not
Fulfil it all, then and there and hail them?

2. King Venkatesu, sky-high is your fame;
My music is high as music itself;
My Muse, is as high as Muses themselves;
If gloried poets, great as Thought itself,
Numberless throng seeking you, Oh Patron,
Would you not grant them a billion guerdons?

3. Learning constitutes your whole vocation;
Muse you worship night and day; if great bards
Of peerless words come seeking your presence,
Would you not in delight leap like the bull
That rushes forth to greet the light of sun?

- T.N.R.

Note: The manuscript copy of the Tamil original is available.

Not getting a reply for his letter sent on the previous day, Bharati wrote this letter in verse.

126. Good Old Tamil-Land

1. When the words resound,
'Good old Tamil-Land!'
Dulcet streams of honey
Flow into our ear:
When the words resound,
'Land of all our sires!'
A potent power indeed
Is born in our breath.

When the words .....

2. Filled with Vedic lore,
Is our Tamil-Land:
Packed with chivalry
Is our Tamil-Land:
Maidens making love
Like celestial nymphs
Teem on every side
In our Tamil-Land.

When the words ....

3. The Kaveri, the South Pennar,
And the Palar river,
And the Vaikai, witness of gloried Tamil
And the Porunai river,
All these famous streams
Flow through and nourish
The rich and fair terrain
Of our Tamil-Land.

When the words ....

4. The lofty mountain range
Of *Triple-Tamil's* sage
Stands as a mighty guard
Of our *Tamil-Land.*
The various riches which abound
Upon this spacious earth
Are all found together
In our Tamil-Land.

When the words ....

5. One border is the edge
Of the blue ocean's wave,
Where the virgin Goddess stands
Ever in penance rare;
At the north is Vishnu's Hill:
Between these borders two
Compact of boundless fame
Is our Tamil-Land.

When the words ....

6. It gave Valluvar the Great
For all the world to have:
And the fame rose sky high
Of our Tamil-Land.
It made a necklace of gems,
Named 'The Lay of the Anklet'
Which grips enraptured hearts
In our Tamil-Land.

When the words ....

7. Of those that went to Ceylon,
And to Pushpaka, and Java,
And many other islands too,
And settled as dwellers there
Planting their countries' flags
Blazoned with the Tiger, and the Fish,
And made them stand supreme,
This is the Mother land.

When the words ....

8. They are the men of might
Who dared to dash against
The hills of the Himalayan range
Whose heads knock at heaven:
They once waged a fierce war
Shattering Kalinka's might,
They the stable Tamil Kings
Of our Tamil-Land

When the words ....

9. The fame spread far and wide
Among the Chinese, and the Egyptians,
And in the Greek and Arab homelands,
And in other lands as well,
Of their Arts, and Mystic Wisdom,
And techniques of War and Trade,
For these were nurtured well indeed
In our Tamil-Land

When the words ....

- P.N.A.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Nattu-p-pattu* published in 1919 by Parali Su. Nellai Appar.

127. Bharat Desam

1919

Uttering the very name of the Bharat country
Will annihilate fear and vanquish enmity.

1. We will saunter over the silver-Himalayas
And sail our ships all over the Western main
We will make temples of our schools ev'rywhere;
And stroke our shoulders proclaiming 'Bharat Land.'

2. We will build a bridge to the isle of Lanka
And elevate Sethu and make it a road;
We will irrigate the central regions
With surplus water of Bengal.

3. We will dig deep to unearth minerals
And search the earth for gold and the like
We will go far and wide to sell all things
And bring back things of all our desire.

4. We will dive for pearls in the Southern sea;
The teeming traders of diverse countries
Will bring with love things of our choice
Seeking our favour on the Western Coast.

5. In the moonlit waters of the Indus
With the damsels of the Chera country,
Singing songs in dulcet Telugu,
We will ply our boats in a jocund play.

6. We will take in exchange the grains of wheat
Of the Gangetic plain for the betels of the Kaveri
For the poems of the lionlike Marattas
We will give as reward the ivory of Kerala.

7. We will invent an instrument to hear in Kanchi
What a scholar speaks from the Benares City;
To the heroic soldiers of Rajasthan
We will give the gold of the good-hearted Kannadikas.

8. Silken dress and cotton clothes
We will produce in plenty and pile in the streets;
These we will sell to the world's traders,
Who will bring all their treasured wealth.

9. We will make weapons and paper too,
We will start factories as well as schools
We will not rest or droop our heads
We will speak truth and do benevolent deeds.

10. We will make umbrellas and ploughshares too;
We will make gunnies and nails of iron;
We will make vehicles for the road or the air;
And build ships which make the Earth tremble.

11. We will learn mantras well a scientific laws;
We will scan the sky and harvest the seas
We will study the Lunar science for illumination.
And learn the Sastra of sweeping the street corner.

12. We will compose poems and foster forests;
We will kindle the flame of art and the smithy;
We will produce pictures and precious tools;
All things done in the world we will willingly undertake.

13. We will cherish as nectar the dictum
Of the Tamil poetess; 'Castes are but two'.
Poised in rectitude, the great men and just
Who help others; and the base -- all the rest.

- K.C.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Nattu-p-pattu.*

128. Tamil

1. Of all the tongues that I have sampled,
For sweetness Tamil's unexampled:
But now become illiterate mutes
Our lives are worse than those of brutes;
Grown recreant to our ancient trust
Our treasures in a heap have gone to rust.
Tamil's mellifluous sounds
Must reach the world's utmost bounds,
If we are to lift our heads again,
Instead of wasting our time in vain.

2. Of all the bards that I've explored
None in the world are richer-ored
Than Kamban, Valluvar, Ilankovan, --
Immortal trinity -- our own
This is the truth unvarnished, plain, --
Free from all vainglorious strain.
Deaf, dumb and blind wretches we live, --
We can't our greatness e'er revive
So long as our native virile speech
Is not allowed much wider reach.

3. To enrich, refine and modernise
Our tongue, new writers must arise;
Translations too we must produce
From foreign classics for our use.
What boots it if we idly prate
Of our glorious past in our present state?
The world will recognize our worth
If genius midst us gain takes birth.

4. Unless our hearts by truth are lighted,
Our speech with wings will not be flighted.
Self-purified we then may strive
Our arts and poetry to revive.
Then our renascence in a flood,
Will lead us into a world of good.
The blind long fallen in the ditch
Will be blessed with vision strange and rich,
And rise with the rise of Tamil strains
Chronicling our varied gains.
Like gods assuming human birth
We'd then live glorious on earth.

- P.M.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Nattu-p-pattu.*

129. Mother Tamil

1919

1. Siva the supreme was my Father:
Sage Agastiya took delight in me.
Grammar, complete and perfect,
The Brahmin endowed me with.

2. The three royal families
Cherished me with loving care;
Among advanced languages I stood,
As peer of sublime Sanskrit.

3. Poets, erudite, experienced and wise,
Combined wine and fire, wind and the cosmic space;
Out of that alchemy arose
Sweet poems to enrich me.

4. Treatises, scientific and spiritual,
Scholars equipped me with;
And glory was mine
That reached the ends of the earth.

5. The blasted sight of the God of Death
Cannot know good from evil;
He sweeps away
All that comes his way.

6. Like the flood of jungle river
That carries off all before it,
The Lord of Death does away with
All kinds of worldly goods.

7. In those salad days of mine
Many were the languages
Spoken within my hearing;
See, they are all dead and gone.

8. By the Grace of my Holy Father,
By the merits of the poets of old,
The lord of death never dared
Even to look up at me.

9. But now I heard an ominous remark;
What shall I do, my beloved children?
The remark hit me like a fatal blow.
Listen intently to those sinister words:

10. "Even new sciences that reveal
The operations of the material world
In all their subtleties and precision
Grow apace in the West.

11. "These disciplines are to Tamil unknown;
Tamil cannot expound them;
It hasn't the power to do so."
"It will die a slow death"
So spake the simpleton.

12. Alas! Should I suffer this stigma?
Journey in all directions, my children,
Bring me all the wealth
Of all the arts and sciences, new-grown.

13. By the Grace of my Holy Father,
By the merits of modern authors,
This reproach shall be wiped clean.
Gaining ever-growing glory
I'll live on earth for ever.

- S.R.K.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Nattu-p-pattu.*

130. Labour

1919

1. Ye that heat and melt iron
Ye makers of machinery
Ye squeezers of juice from sugarcane
Ye divers into the sea for pearl-oysters
Ye that drip sweat in a thousand trades --
I praise and glorify you all;
You do Brahma's work on earth.

2. Ye that mould clay and make pots
Ye that hew wood and build homes
Ye the givers of fruit, ripe and green,
Ye that till the wet lands and grow crops
Ye spinners and weavers of fine fabrics --
Gods protect us from Heaven;
Ye protect us on earth.

3. Ye creators of songs and poems
Ye artists of the classical dance
Ye observers of the truth of material world
and architects of sciences therein
Ye that guide us in Virtue's way
Ye that enable us to experience the joys we seek --
Ye are all gods in visible shape
We behold the Divine in you, unsought.

- S.R.K.

Note: The Tamil original forms part of *Nattu-p-pattu*. The Tamil original in manuscript is available.

131. Scion of the Chetty Race

31-10-1919.

1. Long may you flourish! You are like a sun
To the city of Kanatu Kathan
You are the unfailing aid, dear as life
To the bards who are indeed lords of words.
Oh Saviour of Tamil, like Rama
Of triumphal bow, be a Rama of wealth
And flourish very well, oh Shanmuka
Endowed with the shoulders of a hero.

2. Oh bright-rayed lamp of the race of chetty,
   You have fastened in sooth the divine feet
   Of Mother Bharath great, to your bosom;
   May you hymn in joy Parasakti's fame.
   You 've alike cut to pieces the demons,
   Worry base, fear and vile weariness --,
   And annexed glory that is truly great;
   Your very form is that of Liberty.

3. Your tongue wafts the very fragrance of Tamil,
   From your soul wafts the perfume of nectar,
   The essence pure of old upanishads;
   Up bubbles joyous immortality
   From your whole body odoriferous.
   The world entire began to melt, when he
   Played on his bamboo flute mellifluous.
   Minstrels will hail you sure as that Kanna.

4. All mankind will hail you as the General
   Of Bharat; even they who are bereft
   Of pity, when they behold you will surely feel
   In their pores the surging of loving grace;
   When the unrighteous men happen on you
   They will at once embrace the righteous way.
   Who can ever know your glory? Who can
   Ever essay to pack it all in words?

5. We have gone round many regions; we have
   Many arts cultivated; we sure have
   Mixed with members of righteous families;
   We have known of opulent groups of men.
   But this we say: "We have not seen at all
   A munificent patron to match you."
   Other than the rays of moon, is there aught
   Of luculence the *Chakor* to delight?

6. We sang of kings and the rich in Tamil;
   We but truly became sore and bitter!
   We then resolved to sing our golden songs
   On the celestials and not on men.
   Yet when we met you, oh my God, in you
   We for sure discovered all the glory
   Of skiey lords; so are we delighted
   To hail your fame in verse and solemn strain.

7. The fish-bannered Kama is Lord of love
   You are as handsome as he indeed is;
   Give us all the things by us sought after
   And thus our indigence annihilate.
   O Shanmuka, king of loving kindness,
   O my God-send of Kanadu Kathan!
   May you flourish well as Lakshmi's darling
   To the delight great of earth and heaven.

- T.N.R.

Note: The person celebrated in this poem is Vai.Su. Shanmukam Chettiar who in his essay entitled, "Bharati in Karaikuti" mentions the date of this poem as 31-10-1919.

132. Laudatory Verses on the Hindu Madhabimana *Sangam* Karaikuti

9-11-1919.

1. We can for ever live on earth
   Like the celestials deathless;
   There is a way to achieve this
   Which I will now unfold; listen.
   It is the inly ens supreme;
   It is the power behind action;
   It is the dense light of wisdom.
   Embosom this ens entium.

2. "All action is its, and all Thought
   Is Its; we are indeed Godhead
   Which blazes for our weal, in us."
   Thus should you firm resolve in mind.
   Falsehood, baseness, wrath, indolence,
   Worry, confusion, empty wish,
   Mental sweating, fear, doubt: Cut these
   Demons with your sword of wisdom.

3. If firm established in the light
   Of everlasting bliss, they do good,
   They will on earth immortal be.
   By Vedas and sastras true
   Is explicated this rare truth
   In the hallowed religion great
   Which by the people of this world
   Is truly hailed as Hinduism.

4. Hinduism is the rarest
 Of all rare things; it is goodly aid
To those loving men who seek it;
 If men fail to comprehend it
And follow not its wise words true
 They will sure fall into the Hell
Known as worry, and wallow
 To suffer without end, and die.

5. Nectarine Hinduism is potent
 To rid such misery on earth
And firm establish Krita-yuga
 That its glory may be made known
The world over, flowers of youth --,
 Possessors of enthusiasm --,
From the noble clan of Vaisyas
 In Pantiyan Karaikuti..

6. Felt truth to be the Saviour,
 Love to be the unfailing strength,
Charity as Kula-dharma,
 And service true as the sure way.
These servants of ever-glorious God,
 Impelled by love divine and immense,
Have founded in strength "The Sangam
 Of the Lovers of Hinduism."

7. Good many a work they publish;
 Lectures by scholars they arrange;
Schools and libraries -- a legion,
 They have founded and are toiling
For the upliftment of your clan,
 Your city and your nation too.
May infinite good attend them!
 May they blaze their trail forever!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was sung by Bharati in honour of "Hindu Madhabhimana Sangam," Karaikuti. The manuscript of the poem is one of the prized possessions of the Sangam.

133. To Death

December, 1919.

1. Death! I spurn you as a piece of weed!
Come here. Let me crush you -- Ha, ha!

2. I meditate on the Veda singers,
Velayuta guards the fort of my mind.
Do you forget what befell the crocodile
When Gajendra invoked the Lord?
Death! I spurn you ....

3. Failed you not when Markandeya,
Fleeing from you, sought Siva's refuge?
A thousand miles away, I order you
I confront you as Hari, himself!
Death! I spurn you ....

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original appeared in the Annual Number of *Swadesamitran* in 1919.

134. On Allah

20-6-1920.

Allah! Allah! Allah!

1. Thy myriad worlds ceaseless roll
In space infinite,
Under Thy command.
Nor word nor thought can reach Thy light
Allah, Allah, Allah!

2. The ignorant, the untruthful,
The evil-doers, the profligate and the unjust:
Death shall have no terrors for any,
If but they kneel before Thee.
Allah, Allah, Allah!

- C.R.

3. Peerless father to the rich and the poor,
Unique guru who removes the wants of timid and heroic;
Live for ever immersed in joy and free from fear.
Praising His name
Allah, Allah, Allah!

- R.E.A.

Note: The third stanza of this poem was recently discovered. Its translation is by R.E.Asher. The Tamil original was sung by Bharati before a Muslim in Pottal Pudur on 20-6-1920. The song was also published in a monthly called *Katha Ratnagaram* in its issue of July 1920.

135. The Commonwealth of India

1920

1. The Commonwealth of India, hail! for ever hail!
The Commonwealth of India, may she never fail!

2. For thirty crores of people
A commonwealth
A state beyond compare
A novelty most rare
Here's to her health!

3. Shall man deprive another man
   Of his food?
Shall he look on as means he has none
   Of livelihood?
Shall such things be again?
Even in thought be again?
Amongst us be again?

4. Of large fields and timely rains
   No dearth in our land;
Fruits and roots and grains
   Unnumbered she can give,
   Yes, unnumbered she can give,
   Daily unnumbered she can give!

5. A new law will we make
   And ever keep;
If a single man goes without food
All earth this outrage shall make good
   Or fall in one fell sweep!

6. "In every life do I exist:"
   'Twas Kannan our Lord said so.
The way all men may turn divine
   India to the world will show,
   Yes, India to the world will show.
   Indeed India to the world will show.

7. All are of one caste, all are of one kind
   All are India's children.
All have the same pull, all have the same place,
   All are this country's kings,
   Yes, all are this country's kings,
   Indeed, all are this country's kings!

- P.S.S.

Note: The Tamil original was sung by Bharati in a meeting held in Madras beach. Ve.Swaminatha Sarma says in his book, *Nan Kanda Nalvar* that he himself heard Bharati sing this song in 1920 in one of the beach meetings.

Bharati himself has given the notation for this song. The manuscript is preserved by Thiru C.Visvanatha Iyer.

136. The Prayer

Beloved India! Oh Magna Mater
Of all religions, countries and peoples!
From time ancient, aye, inconceivable,
You mothered Gurus and the world guarded!
You gave unto the world hallowed God-men!
May you rise here with your light of wisdom!
That we may be blessed with freedom, to us
Unveiling your concealed face ornate, come!
May you bless with peace, the wrangling races
Of mankind, here; may you by your great love
Smite their enmity and hostility
Do make their armies return home from war.
Mother, this day we need such heroes great
Like your sons of yore — Kannan the Mayic,
Buddha, glorious Rama all-puissant —,
And men of valour too who once attached
Themselves to the cause of great Mohammed.
May you bless us with a seer who should come
To us announcing thus: "I have taken birth."
Like Moses, Jesus, Nanak and others
Who were by their people adored and who
For their people underwent all hardship.
Give us a holy son and thus bless us.
May you send us a sovereign soul that can
To us expound the nature of justice.

The Answer

Hearken to the answer of the Mother!
Who is it that is born among us, this day?
Who is he? Does he not the rules of Mother
To us disclose, setting at naught for sure
The tricky words of the world's perverters?
"Bewilder not; neither in mind nurture
Enmity; never smite them that smite you;
Join not the Government of evil rule."
These are his wondrous expostulations.
Come Gandhi, the very Life of Asia!
Strive for the nourishing of dharmic rule.
You have taught us the lofty way indeed
By which the soul should ever the life govern.
You have unfurled the heroic banner
Of the great hoary gods of our Bharat
And stablished it; you will sure fire the soul,

That grieving troubles of mankind, may melt
And perish clean. Oh Mahatma Gandhi!
In you indeed have we the man, whom we
Were longing to behold among mankind.
You but wield Mother's words, just and upright;
The clarion call of adored Mother
Is ringing in our ears; we have risen.
We do our life to Gandhi dedicate!
We will joy in the food, should we get it;
We will joy in the rich urge of freedom;
We will sure embrace truthful unity;
We will live, rid of all shackles within;
We will rise ignoring shackles without;
We will not wield old killing weapons of war;l
We will for ever wage the righteous war
With the weapons of justice and reason
Even if we wilt in petty prisons,
Even if sure death be our decreed lot,
Like thunder rumbling; "We will rise again,"
We will ascend the ladder of victory,
Break all fetters and thrive for ever sublime!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original is a translation by Bharati of the poem of Mrs. Maud Ralston Sherman, Detroit, Michigan State, U.S.A. Bharati's translation appeared in *Swadesamitran* dated 19-7-1921.

We are unable to trace the English original.

137. Agni the God - Will (An Affirmation)

Lo! He is rising on the altar of our sacrifice, Agni,
the All-Will ablaze, and He leaps forth on all sides,
chasing the defected shadows of the Dark Realm,
the Flame!

Lo! He ascends unto Heaven, lifting up His golden
arms,
And Dawn, the maiden, whose form is knowledge,
descends
with love to meet him, the flame, the flame.

Lo! He opens wide his jaws, the son of strength, the
priest of our sacrifice. He has come to drink our claries,
and our honies, well-pleased with our works.

Lo! He blazes up shouting, the messenger of the
gods and
the General-in-chief of their wars. And he has
made our
life His sacred shrine, the valiant son of
Virgin Eternal.

Lo! The Gods stand in front of us to receive our
oblations.
Now indeed there is no death nor foe. Now indeed
we have
found the supreme good.

Welcome! Ye Gods, take all our offerings -- our
milk and
ghee, our rice and soma wine. Shining ye stand
forth, O Immortal Powers, and accept our works for
ascent

Blessed are we, and, free from all evil, we have attained
to eternal felicity, for the gods have drunk our soma-wine and have given
us Light, their highest gift.

And fire, our flaming priest, has now pervaded the three worlds in us -- our bodies, vitalities and minds. And the gods have stretched forth their hands for our grasping. And their blessing we have received.

Lo! The whole world is a sacrifice; everywhere the Immortals shine; everywhere is blazing the flame, the flame. This delight will last for ever, for immortality is ours already.

Come now, let us sing! Live the Immortals, live the sacrifice and may humanity reach the good: Live the earth and live the heavens and may He live for ever, the Flame, the Flame.

- C.S.B.

Note: The translation here given is by Bharati himself. The Tamil originals of poems from number 113 to number 177 are available in manuscripts.

138. Prayer to Lakshmi

1. Oh Lakshmi on the flower,
I bubble with love for you,
Your face doth shed moon-rays;
Your eyes stun beholders;
Clean and graceful is your speech;
Your joyous smile is divine;
Your frame is richly wrought;
So I seek your pleasures.

2. Oh Lakshmi on lotus,
I am in love with you;
Who gets you, oh Virgin
Here owns a billion joys;
I will immortal be
If you choose to love me;
My hymns on you will smite
Himachal, and echo.

3. I will bid Vani Herself
To sing your great glories;
Pray, leave me not abashed;
Do you not know me full well?
Are not men who take to
Vows that foster riches
In this our goodly earth,
Truly limbs of Kannan?

4. You come decked with jewels
Aflame with gold and gems.
How can I describe
The beauty of jewels
On your person -- as lightning?
O Sri, my nectared life,
I will embrace you tight
And live a peerless life.
And thrive beyond compare.

5. Wealth eightfold I will come by
And live in grand splendour.
Pain of want slain by me
Shall on earth be nameless.
Reveal your jasmine-smile
And end my pain of passion.
Sweet infinite relish
Make me flourish for ever!

- T.N.R.

139. In Love with Sri

I fell in love with you oh Sri!
Never did I your divine forms forget;
In many directions I searched for you
And languished; I grew fatigued
And sore became my mind everyday;
Ha, in utter pride and confidence
I awaited your nubility.
Have you not meanwhile indulged in ruses?
Yet my love but grew the stronger for you.
With your sidelong glance, rain nectar.
In mercy grant me grace to thrive;
With honour I will help the world to prosper.
To usher in the deathless Yuga
I will stand firm, oh my honey!
You are my very eyes!
You are the lass of wealth
That comes seeking me in love.

- T.N.R.

Note: For the Tamil original Bharati has furnished (musical) notation.

140. In Praise of Lakshmi

1. I hail you daily, and fancy
All my thoughts of mind you to be;
I live a mad man's life, Oh Sri!
Is there in this any glory?
The lofty Vedas do proclaim
That the strong-minded will lay claim
To stature great and attain it,
As their deeds are with success knit.
Are these dicta totally untrue?
Gem-bright Sri, do I misconstrue?
I nurture for you, endless love
Oh Sri, to be ever with me, vow.

2. Other than you, can there ever be
In this our world, delight or glee?
Your form is wrought of shining gold
Oh nectar fresh, oh wealth untold:
You are a giver bounteous
Of bright gems that are beauteous,
Of mansions with pavilions bright,
Of shady groves and gardens dight
With ornate ponds where lotus gleams,
Of food, milk and ghee, curds and creams.
For ever your grace hail will I,
O Sri, and Death will I outvie.

3. Goats many, cows and bulls countless
And beauteous horses taintless,
Fertile fields and homes for dwelling
You will grant us, aye, right willing.
Is there a deity to match you?
Have I any refuge but you?
Will ever your heart like the cloud be
Unyielding to the earth thirsty?
All the great wealth we are after
Oh Sri, you will give us hereafter,
Lofty Being ethereal!
Bliss supreme empyreal!

- T.N.R.

141. A Plot of Land

1. A plot of land -- great Deity!
A plot of land I beg of thee;
With pillars beautiful and bright
And rising storeys gleaming white,
Build thou for me a castle there;
May palm-trees wave their green leaves fair,
And their delicious milk supply
While springs refreshing gurgle by.

2. Green palm-trees, these I do require,
Some ten or twelve beside me there;
And like a soft and pearly shower
Bright moonbeams send thou me, great Power!
And cause within my ears to fall
The distant cuckoo's gentle call;
Do thou send me the evening breeze,
That softly fans, my heart to please.

3. A faithful wife give thou to me,
In all my songs to mingle free;
And bring us poetry divine,
That our delights it may refine;
In that most solitary space.
Great Mother, guard us with thy grace!
And grant that by my gift of song
My sceptre over the world be strong.

- H.J.

Note: The original title which Bharati gave to this poem was: "A Poet's Request To Parasakti." This title was substituted by the title "Kani Nilam" by Bharati himself.

142. The New Woman

1. Hail! hail! A thousand hails!
Ten thousand hails to your golden feet!
Like a fresh lotus in the mud
Bright and beautiful you have come!
The drums of Freedom ushering you
Have beaten all our distress away --
Maiden Queen, the answer at last
To our people's penances!

2. "Women too have the right to be free!"
Those words emerging from your lotus mouth --
Was it Narada's vina I heard
Or the honey-sweet flute of Krishna himself?
Perhaps the Vedas as a golden girl
To save and exalt us spoke those words --
Or straight from heaven has nectar descended
To wipe out at once both old age and death?

3. They are mad, we are told, who would enslave
Human beings endowed with reason;
The way for men to become gods
Is to cease to do demeaning tasks.
Walk upright and throw in the fire
The scrolls of bondage and slavery --
Did you hear these novelties
Out of that sweet gold-bud mouth?

4. When men and women are equal deemed
Our brains on earth will burgeon, it seems;
Clothed in virtue, in woman's form here,
Is the very gooddess, Our Mother, it seems;
Fear and shame to dogs belong,
Wisdom, virtue, freedom and courage
Are a well-born woman's natural traits --
You heard these claims of that heavenly girl?

5. As good as the land is the crop that it yields;
For an ignorant woman trained as a serf
To produce lofty characters
Is quite impossible, it seems;
Well-born women are by nature chaste;
With brute might and ignorance to guard their virtue
Is, it seems, both foolish and wrong --
These womanly novelties, did you hear?

6. These words and deeds of the New Woman
However strange is this our age
Were in older Vedic days
Common speech and acts, they say.
In full agreement with the sages
These dulcet truths the maid utters
Were perverted later, it seems,
To our sorrow and decline.

7. A straight look and an upright gait,
Brows that fear none on earth,
A pride arising from mature knowledge
Will keep a woman steadfast, it seems.
A woman's duty, we are told,
Is to spit on the darkness of ignorance
And a helpless, sunk, uncultured life --
Did you hear that prophetic lass?

8. To know the subtleties of life,
To learn the various arts and crafts,
One must travel all over the world
And bring novelties home, it seems.
In the sweat of their brows they will work, they say,
To raise our land and make her great.
To retire and live in a hole in the house --
These heroines won't have it, they say!

9. Many and many a lore they will learn;
Many and many a deed they will do;
Destroy all the hoary lies;
Raze down all the stupid blocks;
All that men have done so far
They will reform for God's assent;
Earn men's regard by the way they live --
Did you listen to that youngster's aims?

10. Hail! Hail! Long live and hail!
The New Woman's glory for ever glow
To transform and renew our world,
To make all men immortal like gods,
The eager goddess, our great Mother,
Has of her grace become a girl
And come to earth to tell us these truths --
The greatest treasure of all we have gained!

- P.S.S.

143. Love Thine Enemy

1. Love thine enemy,
Oh! heart of mine
Love thine enemy.
Hast thou not seen the shining flame
Amidst the darkening smoke?
In foeman's soul lives Krishna, whom
As love the Wise invoke.

2. Dost know that limpid pearls are found
Within the oyster vile?
Hast seen on dunghill, too, sometimes
The starry blossoms smile?

3. The heart that fans its wrath, shall it
The inner peace possess?
The honey poison-mixed, shall it
Be wholesome nevertheless?

4. Shall we, who strive for Life and Growth
Lend thought to sad Decay?
'Thine evil thoughts recoil on thee
So do the wise ones say.
When Arjuna fought, 'twas Krishna whom
He faced, disguised as foes;
'Twas Krishna, too, that drove his car
In charioteering pose.

5. Strike not the tiger threatening thee
But love it, straight and true.
The Mother of all hath donned that garb
Salute her there, there too.
Love thine enemy, heart of mine, Oh!
Love thine enemy.

- C.S.B.

Note: The second stanza of the manuscript of Bharati is not found included in any of the anthologies so far published. Bharati who translated this poem into English has also omitted to translate the second stanza. Its translation is given below:

"In every life dwells the Lord!"
So aver for ever oh goodly heart!
'Siva dwells even in the foes!
Will you not think of this, oh goodly heart!

- T.N.R.

144. Lakshmi

An Affirmation

1. Come, let us affirm the Energy of Vishnu, the Jewel
Of the Crimson Flower, and end this want,
Where the mind ever struggles in the fumes of paltriness
And reason so faints that the noblest truths do but vex her.
We can endure this no more.
So let us take refuge in the feet of the Mother,
Lakshmi.

2. The discourtesies of the low, the kinship with those
who have failed;
The extinction of endeavours like lamps that are
drowned in a well;
The denial of fruits even when the seven seas are crossed;
To such things does want subject us, this worst
Of Earth's tyrannies. Down with it.

3. She is born of the inner Ocean of Milk;
She is sweet like the nectar of Heaven, twin-born
with her;
And her shining feet repose aptly on lotus petals.
Multiple riches she holds in her hands, which are four,
the Goddess whose eyes are gleaming azure;
Ruddy her form and verdant is her love.

4. Seated beside Love, in Heaven, on the bosom of
Vishnu Himself, on the Earth her dwellings are many.
We find her revealed
In the festooned halls of marriage;
Amid flocks, and in jewelled palaces;
In the hero's arm, in the sweating toil of labour,
And, ay! on the crown of knowledge,
Extending the light of her bounties.

5. Come, let us sing her praises, bless her feet, and
climb the heights of power;
Behold her in gold and in gems, in flower and incense;
In the lamp and the virgin's smile;
In luxurious woodlands, groves and fields,
In the Will that dares,
And in royal lineaments.

6. And firm let us seat her in our minds and speech,
Her who is revealed
In underground mines,
And the slopes of the hills, and depths of the seas;
In the righteous sacrifice;
In fame, and in talent, and novelty;
In statue and portrait, in song and in dance.

7. Dedicate unto her grace all knowledge that you have;
Attain to her splendours, and vanquish dire want;
Rise high in the world by joyous affirmation of
Lakshmi, who is revealed
In conquering armies and the traffic of the farsighted,
In self-control, and ay! in the harmonious lays of her poet-votaries.
Come, let us affirm the Energy of Vishnu, the Jewell
of the Crimson Flower!

- C.S.B.

145. Glory of Womanhood

1. Let us rejoice in praise of womanhood,
let us dance to the cry of 'Victory to Woman' --
for woman is the sanctified union
of the mother's fame and the spouse's name.

2. We shall rejoice in praise of wedded love,
we shall dance in honour of lovers' bliss;
and as woman is the solvent of sorrow,
her heroic sons shall hail her 'Holy Mother'!

3. 'Tis mother's milk that gives us strength,
while the wife's kind words reap our harvest of fame.
As woman's blessedness blasts all evil,
let us rejoice with linked hands.

4. Could man's valour defend woman's grace,
we would then face neither want nor defeat.
As the eyelids enclose and sustain the eye,
woman and man must cherish holy wedded love.

5. Woman is the heady wine we shall taste
 and make the earth tremble with our might.
We shall dance to the chime of flute and drum
 and lose our hearts in ecstasy.

6. Blow the conch! Dance in joy!
 For woman is sweeter than life itself.
She's the protectress of life, and creatrix too;
 she's the life of our life, and the soul of sweetness.

7. 'Hail holy Mother!' we make obeisance;
 and we sing our darling's praises to her ear.
We shall canter across a hundred hills
 in the service of a slender-waisted girl.

8. 'Hail holy Mother!' to the beat of the drum;
 'Hail holy Mother!' to the flute's golden tune.
We shall sweep the blue firmament itself
 in honour of a bright-eyed girl.

9. We shall willingly swallow coals of fire
 to serve the divine hand that fed us;
and although her hands resist us as we kiss,
 we shall sing in praise of the chosen spouse.

- C.S.B.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the handwriting of Bharati.

146. A Stringed Lute

1. Having tuned aright a stringed lute,
 shall we cast it on a rubbish heap to rot
Listen, Mother Might! You've given me life
 and lit this lamp of Reason.
A burden, this, to earth unless
 my thoughts can be turned to deeds.
Voucnsafe me this power of action
 to achieve my country's good.

2. I asked for a body swift like an ejected ball,
a body that's the willing slave of mind;
I asked for a desire-free heart,
a life with a ceaseless glow;
I asked for the gift of song in praise of you
were fire itself to burn my skin.
And I asked for an unflinching mind --
what holds you back from giving these?

- P.N.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the handwriting of Bharati.

147. Dance of Sakti

Dance, Oh dance to the tune of dhagath-thaga!
Sing, sing we the song of Shivasakti!

Dance....

1. Within the heart, within the heart, She stands;
The shams that haunt us She destroys;
'Thy feet our strength', we sing in praise;
May She deign to grace us, as is fit!

Dance....

2. Plunge in bliss ever deeper, I say!
All wile and fraud thrust far away;
It's deep down there like fire in a cave,
Secure like a child at its mother's feet!

Dance....

3. As in joyous glee the limbs grow tired,
Which the strength of will overcomes,
Till all the world applaud us well
Dance we oned in time and tune!

Dance....

4. The bruited pleasure of Indra's world,
Here on this earth shall be had;
And words like mantras should delight us,
As nectar drunk in a frenzy of bliss!

Dance....

- K.G.S.

148. Liberation

Far enisled in honeyed ocean,
Where the zephyr runs
Fleetly in delight of motion,
Live the Shining Ones.
Ah! come near us, comrades linking
Love with joy, life's nectar drinking.
Let perpetual gladness flourish:
All true joys our spirit nourish
  And for this, O Mother!
  Grant us liberation.
Let us fail not when Dark Powers
Strike to make an end.
Give us such exalted hours
Heaven to us shall bend.
Let us know the Word deep hiding:
Perish false -- the true abiding:
Perish pain and famine shatter:
Let us of thy largesse scatter
  And for this, O Mother!
  Grant us liberation.

Let celestial music flowing
From thy raptured sphere,
And the splendours round thee glowing,
Cling about us here.
Oh! cry 'victory' on our slaughters,
Take, O Gods! and wed our daughters --
Yield us, too, the Heavenly Maiden,
  And for this, O Mother!
  Grant us liberation.

- J.H.C.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the hand-writing of Bharati. The translation by the famous Irish poet was done during the life time of Bharati. Our poet felt elated that a foreign poet recognised his greatness.

149. Word

1. A word is needed -- a word that will cause
divine powers to be established in us.

2. Invite you, O gods?
Would you come down
if invoked in Tamil
to slake our thirst?
No other refuge!

3. Does the mere sounding of AUM
charge it with power?
Would our ills vanish
and our consciousness
glow in clarity?

4. If I sing, 'May Truth blaze forth!',
would your grace descend?
Could we compel the reign
of the life divine
through a mantric word?

5. 'We shall kindle a fire
in our heart!' -- does this sound
potent enough?
Will it make an eagle of a fly
and end our sorrow?

6. The downpour from above
gives us abundant joy.
Turn forests into homes --
and rooting out sorrow,
end the encircling gloom!

7. Show knowledge ascendant --
no pettiness of heart!
Give us the seeing eye,
and yoke our endeavours
to creative tasks.

8. A lightning growth in our talents,
a quickening of the flood
of life; nectar-like food:
the crown of glory
to our deeds!

9. The spark divine shall guard us
and dispel the mists around;
all we touch be alchemised
as gold -- no fear of death
any longer!

10. Chant for strength and puissance:
welcome wholeheartedly
the Phoenix generation.
Smite evil with your hands
and end my heart's sorrow.

11. We'll worship the Fire daily
and invoke ambrosia;
we'll chant the scriptures in Tamil
and confidently claim
the guerdon of glory.

- P.N.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the handwriting of Bharati.

150. Moonlight, Star and Wind

1. A joyous frenzy seizes us
  as we drink the nectarean wine,
the splendid concoction
  of moonlight, star and wind.
Let us allow our mind-bird
  to roam the world over;
is it a wonder that the bee hums
  from a cart full of jackfruit?

2. O mind! roam about to join
 the far star-cluster
and enjoy the sweetness
 dripping from them!
The heart's rich granary
 that treasures in joy
the starry skies above
 and the radiant moon.

3. Must you grovel in the mire
 like a dirty pig?
Rather sweep the blue across
 in search of victory!
Let the mind, like a car air-borne
 speed across space --
not like a slow-moving wagon
 linger behind.

4. Like the wind that rattles along
 the leaves of coconut palms,
our heart would ride you, mind,
 as a careering horse.
O wind who can gently convey
 the chirping of the birds,
must you also bring along
 lightning and thunder?

5. It's the Wind God who transmits strains
 auspicious for the earth;
and reproducing their music,
 we shall lave in delight.
The jingling of the bells, the barking
 of the dogs behind,
the beggar's despairing appeal
 for a mouthful of food;

6. The noise of doors being shut,
 of conches blowing in the East,
of people in loud argument,
 of the cries of children:
the varied sounds the wind carries
 are not to be reckoned.
O mind! look up at the moon's bright rays
 and drink the honey of delight!

- P.N.

151. Parasakti

1. "Give us tales in verse,
   Epics and long-drawn lays;
Lifelike characters
   In well-constructed plays" --
But day and night my heart
   In her alone finds joy;
Except in her service
   Myself I cannot employ.

2. "The people's poverty
   And their grinding misery sing;"
"Appeal to all the world
   And mankind together bring;"
"Preach morality;"
   "Bother only about Art --
Beauty is your field,
   In nothing else take part."

3. Whenever I try to compose
   Poems for our people's welfare,
Or else on the technique of verse,
   Lavish my concern and care,
Great Sakti the Mother just then
   In a whisper her wish will reveal
And claiming all things for herself
   My tentative efforts congeal.

4. When, caught in the beauty of rain,
   Storm clouds gathering dark,
Lightning that flashes in streaks,
   Winds gusty, pitiless and stark,
I Think, "What a wonderful theme!
   I shall depict this downpour,"
Says Mother, "All this is Myself --
   Rain, lightning, storm and uproar!"

5. Herself hard to describe
 She won't let me describe another --
Can you see a flame burning in a lily?
 You will then see the beauty of our Mother,
Can you sense the awareness of a stone,
 Seize fixity in Time's flood,
Feel the hardness of diamonds in the grass?
 Then Sakti you will know in your blood.

- P.S.S.

152. The Goddess of Beauty

1. In moonlight dim, I saw this in a dream;
She was a lass, perhaps sixteen years old;
Like a flooding moonbeam her face was bright;
Her smile shed fresh moonlight; such was her mien;
Like gems of purest ray, her flame glistened.
She said: "Slumber not, wake up, behold me!"
At that I opened my eyes. What a wonder!
She was indeed the Goddess of Beauty!

2. I asked: "What is greater, yoga or tapas?"
"Yoga is tapas and tapas yoga" she said.
I asked: "Is being two or one only?"
She said: "It is one, is two and is all."
"Can rain know of thirst known to it?" I said.
"Is not the forceful descent of rain, love?
Does it not pour willingly?" Thus she spake.

3. I asked: "Can Time-bound Fate excel Wisdom?"
"Time is but Wisdom's tool" was her answer.
I asked: "Do wishes come true in this world?"
She said: "Perhaps, one or two out of four."
I asked: "Can you put up Thought in auction?"
She said: "Thought will fructify backed by will."
I asked: "Shall I reveal the Genesis?"
Her face rained grace; gone was my delusion.

- T.N.R.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the handwriting of Bharati.

153. Conquest

1. What reaches the eye,
Cannot the hand reach out to it?
The sky seen from the earth,
Can we not make it our own, is it beyond us?
O primal force
That fills sky and earth, eye and mind!
Are we merely to dream and dream
And toil
And in the end slump in a futile heap?

2. 'All that the heart yearns for,
All gifts,
Glory and merit and all else noble
Can be ours
Yea, if only we conquer self.'
So spake the sages
Ages ago.

3. And we who hear now and know,
Are we to stand, listless, nerveless,
Sunk into nothing?
Is it beyond us, this power,
The power to win
And rule the self?

- A.S.R.

154. On Saraswati, Lakshmi and Kali

Saraswati

1. As a child I was bewitched by
Her glorious womanliness;
On instruction at school, my mind
Would not dwell; yet when I eyed her
Throned on the white lotus-flower
Alone, with her vina, her face
Beaming with nectarine message,
My child's mind was from me looted.

2. When I would play around, she would
Stand in the corner of a street
With a book, and from that she would
Lilt some verses; airs, vernal airs!
When I moved close to her, she would
Sweeten my ears with wise sayings.
If I said: "Come, let us enjoy
Ourselves," she would cast a side-long
Look, and go away with a smile.

3. All alone in an exedra
By the river-bed, when I was
The southerly breeze enjoying,
Came the Virgin and to me gave
Her treasured verse; that approving,
When I in admiration said:
"Darling, me you should marry"
She smiled but to vanish, alas!

4. Would ever my will then slacken?
My love for the Goddess of Arts
Spiralled up and I grew mad:
I talked of her by day and dreamt
Of her at night, all-impassioned.
Nought else thought I; thus did I grow
Into a lad of twenty-two
Holding fast to the Damsel Muse.

Lakshmi

5. While it was so, in a sweet grove
I met with another beauty.
As I beheld the glowing charm
Of her visage, I gave to her
As tribute my every chitta.
She said, Sri Devi was her name;
Since that day I longed to lock her
In loving and hearty embrace.

6. She would smile at me; that whole day
I would happy be; before me
When she came and just glanced at me
  My head would swim in bewildered joy.
Then, alas, I know not what fault
  She found in me; away She went
Me forsaking; with mind shattered
  And broken, sorely would I grieve.

7. In the tangled paths of jungle
  In hillscape and waterfalls,
In many a rural region
  In some bright alcoves of cities,
In the midst of a few bowmen
  And a few heroes and sovereigns
She would be sighted once again;
  In that wonder, joy would soar up.

Kali

8. Then one night a dark damsel
  Of great beauty came before me.
"A Virgin's form" though I overjoyed;
  As I neared to feast my eyes
Lo and behold! 'Tis Mother's Form!
  She is the primal Parasakti
With Her grace sweet, we should be blessed;
  Then all things on earth are surely ours.

9. We can come by wealth of all kinds;
 Buddhi clarified will secure
Benefits galore; Immanent
 In all the countless things, She does
Activate them all, night and day;
 She is the grand Operatrix;
She is the queller of troubles;
 We will hymn and hail Her every day.

- T.N.R.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the handwriting of Bharati.

The last line of stanza 3 in one of the manuscripts is as follows:

புன்னகை பூத்து மறைந்து விட்டா ளடா'!

The translation here given follows this.

155. Illusion or Reality?

1. You that stand, and walk, and fly,
 Are you but dreams?
 And dry streams?
You that we learn, and hear, and ponder,
 Are you but illusion?
 A shallow delusion?

2. Groves, and sunshine, and sky,
 Are you a snare?
 A castle in the air?
Since all that is past is a tale that is told,
 Am I too inanity?
 And this world a vanity?

3. Time and space, and the things that we see,
 Are they all ideal
 Their nature unreal?
If a seed may within it a forest contain
 Are trees mere tropes?
 Literary dopes?

4. If all we see are bound to pass,
   All that are past were once seen;
   Can Fate pursue what never has been?
That which we see is reality,
   What is unseen hypothesis;
   Sakti survives metathesis.

- P.S.S.

Note: The manuscript of Bharati as available to-day, contains the Tamil poem only. In the edition of Bharati Ashram, a note to the poem is also found appended to the poem.

156. Desa Muthumari

1. In Thee at last I take refuge, Desa Muthu Mari!
Destroy the ills that haunt us
And grant us the boons we seek.

2. Hymning thy praise I take refuge,
My shackles all remove;
A million good shalt thou do
And make us whole and flawless.

Forever in worries steeped
Fain would a sinner stand;
I do serve thee willingly
And survive by thy Grace only!

4. Singing 'Sakti' all the time,
If in bakti I hail thee,
In song and strain of Tamil sweet,
Me all fear shall hurtless pass!

5. Sakti is the base supreme,
The Vedas rare thus assert;
Some work or other we shall do,
For all work is Hers indeed!

6. Forget the dictum that avers
   That pain forsooth, is natural:
   Joy of life we beseech;
   She will grant what is sought!

7. Behold the verdict of Vedas four
   'The faithful never encounter fall.'
   Seek but refuge in Ambika
   Boons aplenty She'll grant!

- K.G.S.

157. Aspirations

1. A brave heart
   sweet speech
   good thoughts
   ripe fruit
   quick dividends
   dreams fulfilled
   wealth and happiness
   and fame on earth

2. Clear vision
   willed action
   woman free
   a fecund land
   the Lord's grace
   Truth triumphant
   a new heaven
   a new earth.
   Om Om Om Om.

- P.N.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the handwriting of Bharati.

158. Devotion

1. Hearken to the glories ushered on earth
by devotion, my dear one!

Clarity will inform intellect; goodness
every deed that is wrought here.
There will be attainments in knowledge, and kinship
of heroes great in its wake.
Truth will dawn in the mind; worries of heart
will cease and firmness will reign.

2. The demon of lust can be kicked and floored
by the heel that wields the blow.
The ghoul of *tamas* can be uncovered
attacked and wiped out for ever.
The demon vile of distress that ever
broods on frightening evils
Can be wrung to death; falsity can be
rendered homeless and nameless.

3. Good things will be bred by truth's potency;
we will kill desire, and we
Will kill base desire and burn it to ashes;
We will snap evil bondage.
This perceive: Parvati-Sakti shines in you;
so never dissimulate.
Envision the whole truth and adore God;
joy and glory will be ours.

4. Fatigue will cease; cast away false pleasures;
real joy will be our lot.
Good 'visions' can be had; the snake-venom
of indigence will vanish.
We can come to have good acquisitions;
joy will yield manifold wealth.
Problems will cease; so too maladies;
varied joy will come thronging.

5. Learning will increase, deeds will fructify;
Valour will soar and flourish.
Misery will cease; manliness will grow;
buddhi will become lucid;
Our utterances will become fruitful
like those of the great scriptures;
True valour will manifest; divine life
can here be attained and lived.

6. Indolence will cease and the body will
   obey the dictates of the soul;
   No wilting will mar the head which will stand
   erect as a great tower.
   Vainglory will vanish and true glory
   will be ours; shoulders will
   Grow in strength; the serpent of falsity
   will cease to breathe for ever.

7. To us divinised, true paths will open;
   yielding place to happy strength
   Worries will perish; progeny will thrive;
   to the God that rules this world
   I offer this prayer: "Your flowery feet
   of fragrance shall be my aid!
   Cured, the loved child should thrive; grant my heart's wish."
   If grace we seek, grace is ours.

- T.N.R.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the hand-writing of Bharati.

159. Song to Murukan

1. Heroic look divine, Spear triumphal
   And the Peacock will always manifest
   Before me and guard me; the boat is there
   On the bank of the river -- the mercy cool
   Of our Mother Nili Parasakti.
   My mind seeks Skanda's energy;
   He plays on the hillscape, and for ever
   Does he the troubles of gods, smite with force.

2. He was after her, the hunter's daughter;
   So he took to the guise of saintly form.
   That Tamil country might come by great fame
   He taught that tongue to the Lord of the saints.
   He smote the mountain of murk and darkness
   That celestial lords might be liberated.
   He the Ancient One of Vedas owned Him
   As His Guru; such is His glory true.

3. The demon of the Southern Isle, He killed
To marry the daughter of Lord Indra.
He became the leader true, of people.
The very Vedas, His lips explicate.
He would to the bards of Tamil grant grace;
On earth would He cause rain of dharma pour;
Heart's longing would He con and grant daily
Valour and manliness with grace divine.

4. In ancient times, Brahmins tended the fire
And established the glory of Your service;
They lit on earth the golden light of truth.
By Your grace divine, they established dharma.
Sire, to the Guru Mount where you abide
We will come, stand and hymn Tiru-p-Pukal.
That boons may Mother Parasakti grant
We will for ever seek Your grace benign.

- T.N.R.

Note: Tiru-p-pukal occurring in stanza 4 is a collection of hymns by St. Arunagiri.

160. To His Heart

1. Yet once more let me tell you, craven heart,
No use whatever in grieving over aught;
Not through our desires are we here --
Beginning, middle and end we have not wrought;
Through the supernal grace of some great God
You have found that earthly things are dearly bought;
No worries more need future years bring
If only to your freedom you will cling.

2. Things unimagined she can bring about
   And make them work together her planned ends;
Wilfully to pervert truth is sin,
   Or be ungrateful for the good she sends;
My mistress and my goddess, brave men's queen,
   Goddess even of the gods whom she defends:
Guardian of marches, giver of domestic joy,
In praise of her flower-like feet yourself employ.

3. As Sakti we shall laud her, Murukan,
   Sankaran call her, Kannan our heart's ease:
Your only sure refuge on earth, who can
   Remove your wants, give sorrow its surcease;
Ask for the greatness that devotion brings,
   Freedom from hunger and from fell disease;
Your feet set firmly on the virtuous road
By Her whose own two feet the world bestrode.

4. "Give me riches if I ask for them;
   Remove the smallnesses that in me dwell;
On the tight string of learning thread my thoughts;
   Through mercy kill my doubts and ring their knell;
Drive out that devil, the ever-tormenting self;
   And make me seek your grace, undrying well:
Guide me and guard me, never let us part,
Om Sakti, obeisance," say to her, my heart.

5. What comes out as song is all Her saying --
   O heart, an idle thing she won't tell thee;
You will get what you ask, without a doubt --
   Harm won't assail; God is; Victory shall be;
Once more I tell you this: The Primordial Force
   The Vedas' visible head and crown is She:
She has cast us in the saintly Janaka's part --
"Om Sakti, obeisance," say to her, my heart.

- P.S.S.

161. In Praising Siva Sakti

1. Chant Om Sakti, Sakti, Sakti
   And slaughter all evil trobules;
   Stand in Her sanctum to hail Her
   And chant Sakti, Sakti, Sakti.

2. Om, sing many hymns on Sakti
   Keeping time to "Om Sakti, Sakti".
   In Sakti's region of action
   Dance in joy with the zest of Sakti

3. Om, take refuge in great Sakti,
   No fear of death, henceforth for ever.
   Sakti's gloried nectar, store up:
   Than wine is sweeter that liquor.

4. Om, speak of Sakti's marvels new
   And the sapless milksops, denounce.
   Make your bosom Sakti's Temple
   And wear the *Kumkum* She gives you.

5. Om, this deed is but Sakti's own,
   To be with it is boon to us.
   Sakti is a pool of sheer joy,
   Into it pours nectar daily.

6. Om, chant and establish Sakti,
   On earth Her grace divine, reveal.
   All races on earth will listen to Her
   And thrive in Sakti's beatitude.

7. Chant aloud Om Sakti, Sakti
   And fill this world with Her scriptures;
   If with Sakti's grace, life be linked.
   Thrive it will, an everlasting tuber.

8. Om, ponder over Sakti's works
   And in like works engage yourselves.
   If you are bereft of powers
   Death and disease will sure be yours.

9. Om, rise aloft with Sakti's grace,
If trouble comes, you can rend it.
If. you are put to test by Sakti
Know it to be but Her grace divine.

10, Trust in Sakti's aid and bless it,
May you ensoul Siva Sakti.
You will acquire power and greatness;
Hail Sakti's grace. Praise be!

- T.N.R.

162. In Praise of Sakti

1. Chant thus: "Sakti, Sakti, oh Sakti
Oh Sakti; oh Sakti, oh Sakti!"
Affirm thus: "They who chant Sakti, Sakti,
Oh Sakti, will be deathless."

2. You have joined us who dwell dignified
Chanting "Sakti, Sakti!"
If you say: "Sakti, Sakti" you have become deathless.

3. If you chant: "Sakti, Sakti," you will
Automatically acquire 'Sakti'.
If you chant: "Sakti, Sakti", you will
Automatically get success.

4. If you act saying "Sakti, Sakti"
Your action of itself will become proper.
If you say: "Sakti, Sakti"
That itself will be the root of salvation.

5. "Sakti, Sakti, oh Sakti, oh Sakti, oh Sakti!"
Thus will we chant and dance.
Will we not sing "Sakti, Sakti, oh Sakti"
To the beat of time?

6. If you say: "Sakti, Sakti"
Trouble of itself will end.
If you say: "Sakti, Sakti"
Joy of itself will come to you.

7. If you say "Sakti, Sakti,"
Wealth by itself will well up.
If you say "Sakti, Sakti,"
Learning of itself will prosper.

8. Sakti, Sakti, Sakti, oh Sakti, oh Sakti,
Oh Sakti. oh Sakti! May you flourish!

9. Sakti, Sakti, Sakti, oh Sakti, oh Sakti,
Oh Sakti, oh Sakti! Praise be.

10. If you say: "Sakti, Sakti! May you thrive!"
All wealth will be in order.
If you say: "Sakti, Sakti"
You will be hailed as a servitor of Sakti!

- T.N.R.

163. On Sakti

1. Of hands make an instrument of Sakti,
They will sure with all achievements be linked;
Of hands make an instrument of Sakti
They 'll grow powerful even to smite a stone.

2. Of eyes make an instrument of Sakti,
They will ken the way by Siva Sakti shown;
Of eyes make an instrument of Sakti,
They will glow with Truth and beauteous grace.

3. Of ears make an instrument of Sakti,
They will hearken to the words of Sakti;
Of ears make an instrument of Sakti,
They will long for hymns of Sakti divine.

4. Of mouth make an instrument of Sakti,
It will trumpet the glory of Sakti;
Of mouth make an instrument of Sakti,
It will voice forth all the laws of Sakti.

5. Nose will know and Siva-Sakti inhale;
Of that make an instrument of Sakti;
It will inhale the taste of Siva-Sakti;
To Siva-Sakti alone is our tongue.

6. Make body an instrument of Sakti,
The skill of Siva-Sakti will charge it;
Make body an instrument of Sakti,
It will know of life eternal for sure.

7. Of throat make an instrument of Sakti,
It will for ever sing nectarine songs;
Of throat make an instrument of Sakti,
It will for ever have kinship with Sakti.

8. Make shoulder an instrument of Sakti,
It will sure bear aloft heaven and earth;
Make shoulder an instrument of Sakti,
It will powerful grow and as like Mount Meru.

9. Of heart make an instrument of Sakti,
It will grow in prowess and expand;
Of heart make an instrument of Sakti,
The attacking sword will sure shy away.

10. Our stomach is for Siva-Sakti great,
It will turn even ashes into good food;
Our stomach is for Siva-Sakti great,
Power endowed, it will the body guard.

11. Of hip make an instrument of Sakti,
Powerful progeny will be begotten;
Of hip make an instrument of Sakti,
Your whole race will be stablished in dharma good.

12. Of leg make an instrument of Sakti,
It will dare and leap the seven oceans;
Of leg make an instrument of Sakti,
It will without let travel all the realms.

13. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
Worry-freed, it'll attain integrity;
Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
It will wear as its diadem satwa pure.

14. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
Then resolutions weak will be no more;
Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
Resolute and glorious, it will grow.

15. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
It will ye chant: "Sakti, Sakti, Sakti!"
Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
Kinship good and lusture will be with it linked.

16. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
It will go after all subtle powers;
Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
It will jump in joy and chant: "Sakti, Sakti!"

17. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
If will carry power to every direction;
Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
It will uproot a mountain huge, if it wants.

18. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
It will for ever power envelop;
Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
In it 'll perish evil karma and fate.

19. Dedicate the mind to Sakti only,
Whatever you desire, will reach you sure;
Dedicate the mind to Sakti only,
With power great will your body be infused.

20. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
You will thrive on earth for a hundred years;
Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
Disease that comes to you, will perished be.

21. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
Armed with power will your arms good work perform.
Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
Grace of Sakti will pour down everywhere.

22. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
It will learn the ways of Siva-Sakti;
Of mind, make an instrument of Sakti,
Your face will glow with grace great and beauty.

23. Of mind make an instrument of Sakti,
Clear knowledge of all sastras, you will have;
Of mind, make an instrument of Sakti,
The great lamp of truth will burn bright always.

24. Dedicate chitta to Sakti only,
Many rhythms and metres will stand revealed;
Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
Goodly words and songs will there sure abide.

25. Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
Of power, it will make others conscious;
Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
Sakti's glory will it stablish everywhere.

26. Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
It will pipe like a flute: "Sakti, Sakti!"
Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
Neither fear nor deception will it near.

27. Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
The melodic vina will sing: "Sakti!"
Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
Here will it waft the fragrance of Sakti.

28. Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
With beat of time, will it trumpet Sakti,
Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
It will all worries, sure annihilate.

29. Dedicate Chitta,to Sakti only,
Sakti will build a fortress for dwelling;
Dedicate Chitta to Sakti only,
It will souse in Sakti's gracious marvel .

30. Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
It will shatter all troubles to pieces;
Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
There will flourish truth and righteousness good.

31. Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
It will forfend the onslaught of evils;
Dedicate the intellect to Sakti;
It 'll smite senseless the demons of worries.

32. Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
It 'll search for the wonders by Sakti wrought;
Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
It will seek the blest abode of Sakti.

33. Dedicate the intellect to Ṣakti,
It 'll rid fear in the wood of disputation;
Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
It 'll sweep away falsity and evil.

34. Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
The evil darkness of worry 'll vanish;
Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
The light of Sakti will shine for ever.

35. Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
The serpent of doubt will go not near it;
Dedicate the intellect to Sakti,
The seed of salvation germinates there.

36. Make your intellect the slave of Sakti
That will on earth stablish the Abode of Love;
Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
That will reveal Siva-Sakti Absolute.

37. Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
It 'll confer on you the grace of Sakti;
Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
It 'll break *tamasic* falsehoods and evils.

38. Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
It will unfurl the triumphal flag of truth;
Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
It will chase away phantom-tiger hostile.

39. Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
It will reveal the goodly son of truth;
Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
It will quell the invading hurricanes

40. Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
To practise for ever the vow of Sakti;
It is wisdom to keep the vow of Sakti,
And good food is the joy of Siva-Sakti.

41. Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
Clear will it shine as a tarn of nectar;
Make your intellect the slave of Sakti,
It will as happiness glow for ever.

42. Dedicate your soul to Sakti only,
It will know itself to be a sakti;
Dedicate your soul to Sakti only,
It will quieten *tamas* and egotism.

43. Dedicate your soul to Sakti only,
It will behold itself as Her temple;
Dedicate your soul to Sakti only,
It will be ashamed to worry itself.

44. Dedicate your soul to Sakti only,
It is a drop in the ocean of Sakti,
Dedicate your soul to Sakti only,
Siva-Sakti is there; worry is no more.

45. Dedicate your soul to Sakti only,
There will ever resound Siva-Sakti;
Dedicate your soul to Siva-sakti,
In it will shine Siva-Sakti-Splendour.

46. "Praise be to Siva-Sakti" may you sing;
Chant 'Siva-Sakti-Sakti'; jump and dance;
"Praise be to Siva-Sakti," may you sing;
Play you, singing Siva-Sakti-Sakti.

- T.N.R.

164. The Praise of Universal Sakti

1. We sing the praise of Mahasakti
Who makes and guards the worlds entire,
That all we do by Her Grace shall be
For ever attended by success true!

2. We salute the Power our eyes perceive,
The Power that moves the elements five!
That men may rise to noble heights
As the ancient Vedas asseverate!

3. We hold to the Power that is the cause,
Of motion and force of attraction;
That all of us shall apprehend
The nectar pure of the Monadic state!

4. We chant the Power that causes growth
In living things with nourishing food;
That She'll foster us with daily care
As the kindly rain doth bless the crop!

5. We sing the glory of Sivasakti
Who is ever present in the inner mind;
That pleasures all of every kind
Shall be full known to us on earth!

6. Steadfast on earth we sing Her Praise,
Of Parasakti, day in and out;
That we may live to a hundred years,
A glorious life, all aims realized!

7. Om Sakti! Om Sakti! Om Sakti! Om Sakti!
Om Sakti! we will proclaim
For he that utters 'Om Sakti'
Shall share in the bounty of Life itself
He 'll see the glory of Godhead true,
And the radiance white of Eternity!

- K.G.S.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts in Bharati's handwriting. One set contains stanzas 5, 6 and 7 only, the other stanzas 1 to 6.

165. Mahasakti Quatrains

1. Forgetting Self, holding Her as the only Guide,
Mahasakti who sustains all the universe,
Getting poised in clarity
Without drooping indeed is Joy!

2. Letting fret and worry to breed in the mind,
To live in fear is folly: Wisdom it is
To hold fast without doubt, as sanctuary true,
The Grace of Mahasakti that guards the world.

3. Not for the world but for thy good alone
Speak I the words that all grief remove:
"O Mind! the all-sustaining Power divine
Shall protect us too, in truth."

4. The Power that shaped the myriad stars
Scintillating across the celestial sphere,
Is the self-same one that created us
To live in bhakthi a hundred years!

- K.G.S.

Note: Line 3 of stanza 1 according to the manuscript of Bharati runs thus:
"அவளே துணையென்றமை வெய்தி நெஞ்சே"
and not
"அவளே துணையென்றனவரதம் நெஞ்சே"

166. Sakti — An Exposition

1. The Primal Being in energetic action,
It's good to worship as our Mother;
I tell you true, oh men of this world,
The other faiths lead only to inertia.

2. The three worlds are but the divine play
Of Her who enchants the Primal Power!
On the endless stage of Time She dances
And to our Kali's dance the worlds revolve!

3. It's but the glance of Her effulgent eyes
That makes the morning sun to shine;
It's Her writ that runs through the night
Over the sky so blue and orb so bright!

4. The Vedas of old speak of Narayana,
The Lord, -- the feet of Sakti divine.
They that tapas do to reach Her feet,
Get riches, intellect and enlightenment.

5. Adhi Siva's Sakti is She our Mother;
   To secure Her grace divine is deliverance.
   To conquer Life is the key to joy,
   To win our life, while yet alive!

6. He is a sinner that cons them not,
   The sacred texts that expound the Truth,
   Seeking the grace of the white-clad One,
   Bharati, the ordainer of hoary law.

7. The Essence is one, though the forms be three;
   The Primordial One is a hill of light;
   Hail thou as Sakti for aye and ever,
   That sublime Light that shines so bright!

- K.G.S.

167. Unto the Mother
(A Song of Sacrifice)

Some call thee Matter; others have named thee Force.
As Nature some do adore thee; others know as life,
Some call thee Mind. Yet others have named thee God.
Energy Supreme, O Mother, by grace accept our sacrifice,
drink this excellent soma-wine that we offer thee
and let us behold thy dance of Bliss.

1. Some chant thy name as loving Light;
   Deep Darkness art thou called by others;
   To some thou art known as Joy; while
   others name thee Pain.

2. Supreme Energy, O Mother divine, by
   grace accept our humble oblations, so
   that we may enter into the state of
   the Immortals.

3. O thou true nectar, healer of wounds
and maker of delights,
O deathless fire, O source of light and force!

(Virtue and perfervour gush forth
From thee -- the spa of divine grace!
Thou hast vowed ever to stand by us
To foster us in loving grace.)

Luminous thought is our soma-wine. We have pressed it for thee from the bright leaves of earthly life by the force of Will. Drink it, O Mother, for we long to behold thine exultant dance and sing ourselves into gods.

4. The demons of Fear and Sorrow, with
their legions of beggarly cares and
pains and deaths, do ever encircle us.
They are plotting to rob us of the
nectar pot. Day and night they are
assailing this fortressed city of a
million halls, this Body which thou hast given us.

5. They are damming the River of Life.
They are shelling our beautiful
domes of the Mind.
Mother, we sing thy praise;
Protect us, dispelling our foes.

6. For our laws, our arts and our works
Our shrines, and homes and dear ones,
Our herds and flocks,
Our pastures and fields,
We beg thy mighty protection,
O Mother.

7. On our lives and loves and songs,
Our dreams and willings and acts,
We invoke thy blessings.
We offer thee our all.
We kiss thy lotus-feet.
We surrender. Make us immortal,
O Mother.

- C.S.B.

Note: Bharati's translation for the second half of the third stanza is not available. The translation here given in brackets is by T.N.R.

168. On Mother the Supreme Ens

You will link in harmony, the three worlds,
Praise be.
You will change, wipe out, foster and guard;
Like taste in fruit, and motion in wind
You indwell in all entia.
You will blaze forth as all the worlds,
Praise be.
You are the newest of the new, oldest of the old,
You are the Life of the life, and in death too, the life;
You are the is-ness in all that 'is';
You are the 'I' in me;
You are the deathless flame
That transmutes all the 'I's into Self.
You are the great bright sun the killer of evil murk.
You are the crest-jewel of wisdom
In the crowns of Yogis
Who have shed their I-ness and My-ness;
Action, Resolution, Thought and Buddhi --
These you are Mother! Flourish for ever!
Joy I seek; pray grant it.
Nectar I seek; pray grant it.
Sakti, praise be! Mother, praise be!
Salvation, praise be! Silence, praise be!
Death I seek not, pray forfend it!
Praise be!

- T.N.R.

Note: The line "*துன்பம் வேண்டேன் துடைப்பாய் போற்றி*" is not found in the manuscript of Bharati and hence not translated here.

169. To the Beloved

1. O thou so childlike and so fair!
The cherished apple of mine eye!
Thou art the wine of my desire,
And welcome moonlight from the sky;
And as within the serpent's crest
A priceless jewel hidden lies,
Within the lowly human breast
Thy glory flaming doth arise.

2. Why need I speak more words for thee?
Thou, womanhood's bright diadem.
Art sure a wondrous mystery;
Thou art mine own, my priceless gem;
More than the fire thy beauty's bright;
There struggles one within the deep
Where he must drown; such is my plight;
O nymph, my senses from me sweep!

3. Thy flowing tresses wave and gleam
Upon the azure of the sea;
The crystal-shining Moon doth seem
Only thy gentle face to me;
In all the bright expanse of space
Thy wisdom glorious doth appear;
Thy love doth stand revealed in grace
Through all the changes of the year.

- H.J.

Note: Bharati has furnished notations for this song.
Chandramati according to Bharati's note refers to a woman in love since Chandra is the deity of Love.

170. On Muruka

1. O Vela, you but knit your bow-like brow
And there a mountain great, stood pulverized!
When you eyed mellifluous Valli young
In the South Hills, you stood bewitched, a tree!
Vela you smote the flint-hearted Cinkan
And two thousand ravens preyed on his eyes!
In a Brahmin's disguise, you held the hand
O Valli whose smile shamed the whitest pearl.

2. With waves as hands, the sea doth clap and roar;
It singed and dried you all involved in smoke.
Valli your consort is a sweet-tongued jay,
Wealth rare and blemishless life ever-lasting.
Banukopa laid waste Amravati;
Your wrath smote his head into billion bits.
Like a deer of jungle she leaped and romped
Through millet-fields! You are her Lord, Vela!

3. Your faces six are a feast to my eyes;
Your hand dispels fear, and I joy at it.
Make ashes of disease, hunger and all
And guard your devotees, everyday, Vela!
Seeing Asura hosts, your chanticleer
Did roar its laughter that rattled their worlds.
Bhairavi doth manifest manifold,
You are Her flame great, oh handsome Vela!

- T.N.R.

Note: "Velan or God Subramaniya is the name of Agni Deva who is the heroic form of the soul. This is the meaning according to the Veda." Thus writes Bharati in his note to this poem.

171. Evening (A Love-Song)

Ka! It is the crow.
In the sky the flame doth glow.
Ka Ka!
The crow dark with beauty, passing sweet to my eye,
From branch to branch, they rove and cry.
They crowd
And wander into the cloud.
Look, in the west.

The Mother has donned the crescent in her crest.
The parrot, a dream,
Leaps in the palm, with a scream;
And a little swallow, with a start,
In a swinging flash into space doth dart.
Two kingly kites float round
And sail into the far without a sound.
In the street crows the cock;
Sakti Vel is the burden of its talk;
The red fades amain
And the honeyed moonlight falls, far-flung, a bright rain.
On the terrace high,
She comes, my love, smile on her lips, the moonlight in her eye.
'Great is woman.' To the truth I woke.
'Great and good is woman's love.' I spoke.
At its sight
Life springs and leaps on the mount of honour bright.
Wisdom grows
And on the earth poetry glows.
'Wondrous,' I cry, and raise
Her hand gently to my eyes in praise.
Peace came my way
As her voice swelled and flowed into a lay:

They draw intricate patterns on the floor
  With coloured dust.
They light the lamp in the dark of the shrine
  And stand in trust.
Stand in a row, fold their hands and sing:
  'Mother glory be Thine.'
Poor souls, they know not they pour dark
  In the darkness of the shrine.
Come out into the open, friends,
  Spread out before your eye,
The fair world lies. They are the Mother.
  This fair world and the sky.
The way to know is, yea, to light the lamp
  And hold it high above.
But the lamp is the lamp of wisdom
  And the shrine is love.

- A.S.R.

Note: There are two sets of manuscripts for the Tamil original in the handwriting of Bharati.

172. Where Wind Wafts Free!

1. Where wind wafts free in space, I feel
Delighted musing over thy love.
Thy lips, a spring of nectar sweet,
The eyes whence gush forth moon-beams pure,
Thy body of gold of finest touch
These --, so long as I on earth live,
Will never suffer me to think on
Aught else, insphering, as it were
Me in the region ethereal,
O my beloved Kannamma!

2. My dear life art thou, Kannamma!
Always truly will I hail thee!
Gone were miseries and sorrows
When I took to thee, as my gold;
My mouth salivates ambrosia
When I utter thy name Kannamma!
O lustre of life's very flame!
O my Thought, O my own Citta!

- T.N.R.

173. Muthu Mari

Mistress of the Universe! Our Muthu Mariamma!
(Our own Muthu Mari!)
We take refuge in thy feet;
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
Mutinous fiends many of them,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
Have infiltrated our thought,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
Despite our varied learning and instruction,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
Little have we gained,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
Anchorage we find nowhere,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)

In Thy feet we take refuge
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
There's fuller's earth for fulling clothes
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
And with ashes hides are cured,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
And gems are cut with diamond files,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
But to scour the mind there's naught,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
And for every ill an anodyne,
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
Alas, for folly, none!
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
Oh, Thou of infinite riches
(Our Muthu Mariamma ...)
We seek refuge in Thee,
(Our Muthu Mariamma
Our own Muthu Mari!)

- K.G.S.

174. Victory

1. Fear not, my heart!
   Victory is sure.
   Freedom shall be ours
   here and now.

2. The mighty Mother lodges in my heart,
   and bhakti shall bear nectarean fruit.
   Fear not, my heart!

3. High are the shoulders, mountain-like,
   and they carry the Mother's golden feet.
   Here the passions, thoughts and deeds,
   and *dharma* is here, and Sakti too.
   Fear not, my heart!

4. There's brain enough to amass wealth,
and divine strength to face all ills.
Labour shall prove wondrous fruitful,
and Muruka will expel and sorrow.
Fear not, my heart!

5. Rowing across this sea of storms
in the boat of the Mother's grace,
let's turn back on pain at the other shore
and fall at the Mother's feet.
Fear not, my heart!

- P.N.

175. The Victory Drum

1. Beat the drum, beat the drum,
Beat the drum of victory!

2. The demon Fear we have ejected,
The snake Deceit we have killed;
The Vedic blaze which lights our days
All earth with bliss has filled.

3. We have dived in the depths of the Sun,
We have drunk of the nectar of Light;
And as for Death who steals our breath
We have stared and scared him out of sight!

4. The crow and sparrow our kin;
One with us mountain and sea;
Wherever we glance ourselves a-dance
In a whirl of Ecstasy!

- P.S.S.

176. Message Through a Parrot

O couldst thou not my message bear?
Bid Muruka, the valiant, here
Bring love's rejoicing? Parrot dear,
Couldst not to him my message bear?

1. The dear beloved son divine
Of Him who doth eternally
Dance marvellous in Tillai shrine,
Beseech him make love's speed to me?

2. Go ask him, how he doth forget
That eve of tender memories,
When by the water-lilies wet
The jessamine shook in the breeze?

3. Call to his mind the words anew
That on his mighty spear were sworn,
As hand in hand we wandered through
The vasty desert-stretch forlorn?

- H.J.

177. The Bandy-Man's Song

1. If robbers do infest the way
That lies across the jungle grey
Our household deity -- Virammai
To save us all will surely hie.

2. If robbers vile on us close in
And bid us stop our cart within
We will our dark Mari invoke
Then Death too will quake like one broke.

- T.N.R.

Note: The sub-title to the poem is: "A conversation between the elder and younger brothers." Bharati has furnished a note to this poem the translation of which runs as follows: "Life on earth is the forest; the thieves thereof are the messengers of Death. The elder brother is the Guru, the younger the Chela. Virammai, Kali etc., are the names of Mola Sakti (Primordial Force)."

178. The Town of Let's Pretend
By
John Scurr

1. Now this is the town of 'Let's Pretend'
   Where the fairies live and play;
   'Tis the gorgeous land of 'Make Believe'
   Where every one is gay.

2. This chair has become a pirate ship
   That sails the Spanish Main --
   Full many a man must walk the plank
   Ere we come home again.

3. 'Tis here the young prince will welcome us
   With the kiss that awoke his wife;
   For happy they are, for ever and aye,
   Free from all care and strife.

4. We'll drink our tea from dolly's cup,
   Sweet nectar it will be.
   We must hide away from the giant ogre
   Till Jack can set us free.

5. The Children dwell in this pleasant town
   Where the toys all pulse with life
   Each doll is a queen in a golden crown
   Or else a prince's wife.

6. Each firewood stick is a dagger ornate
   To destroy the Red Skin Chief,
   And with cards or bricks we build a house
   Which never shall shelter a thief.

7. O would that we of the elder breed
   Whose youth has passed away
   Could dream again as we dreamt of yore,
   As the children dream at their play.

8. But the dear sweet land of 'Make Believe'
   We never can enter again;
   We have grown too old and cannot pretend
   Nor castle build in Spain.

Note: This poem appeared in Volume One of the journal called *The Herald of the Star*, on 7th June 1918. There are two sets of manuscripts of the Tamil version in Bharati's handwriting. Bharati has given the meaning of the poem in simple Tamil prose.

179. Song of Kali

1. Thou art everything, Kali!
   And everywhere pervadest!
   Good and Bad: are they
   Not thy divine play?
   Elements five thou art
   And also the senses five;
   Gnosis thou art,
   Transcending sense.

2. Joy thou becomest
   Penetrating deep into me;
   Life I have none,
   Kali without thee!
   Love thou didst grant
   And manly vigour;
   Affliction thou removedest
   And all troubles too!

- K.G.S.

180. Om Sakti

1. Justice, the heart, and the sword, the arm
Like sparkling jewels adorn:
Blights and ills are like fleece
Before the glance of Her fiery eyes.
And therefore, Oh! ye men of this world,
Rid of rancour, guile and fraud,
Cry 'Refuge' and chant 'Sakti Om, Sakti,
Om Sakti! Om Sakti! Om!'

2. 'She that works with good and bad,
To us shall render only good;
And vice shall vanish: this proclaim,
Through the seven worlds, Oh kettle-drum!
Behold She is the ineffable Ens,
Who doth overthrow all their woes
Making them truly the peers of immortals,
Who chant: 'Sakti Om, Sakti Om'.

3. We've put our trust in the gospel truth
That the only way is the path of faith;
Oh, my mind! to you I shall bow,
If in prayer you chant 'Sakti' ever.
Nor fire or flood shall us affright,
Nor dreaded venom or slow disease.
"Om Sakti, Om Sakti, Om!" is the vocable
That will grant beatitude
To them of the earth and the heavens too.

4. Shower gold and our powers increase!
All hail we sing thy wholesome praise;
Mother Parasakti! our cry doth rise!
All our shackles off we cast!
There's naught else to do, Oh mind,
But do as we bid thee do;
We repeat the same again: 'Sakti Om!
Sakti Om! Sakti Om! Sakti Om!'

5. Oh thou ensconced on the lotus white
As the very essence of the Vedic truth,
Vani! Muse divine of Tamil pellucid!
Thee I importune to grant my prayer:
Wasting not, even a particle of time
My tongue inspired by thee shall pour
In a torrent of words: Oh Saktivel!
Saktivel! Saktivel! Saktivel!

- K.G.S.

Note: The first three stanzas alone are now available in manuscript.

181. Oozhi-K-Koottu (or) The Dance of Doom

1. The worlds unleashed collide in space
And crash 'mid peals of thunder;
The spirits blood-soaked run a race
With the atoms split asunder:

Dread Mother, Kali,
Chamundi, Gangali! --
The tinklings of thy glancing feet
In tantalising patterns fleet
Unwind the cosmic loom, --
Usher in the final doom!
Bliss is it to see thee capture
Dissolution's heady rapture.

2. The five-fold *bhuts* dissolve and merge
In that terrific blast;
The mind is driven to the verge
Of extinction at last,
As with eyes ablaze
Thou threadest the maze
And scatterest fire
In which worlds expire.
Mother, Mother, I've fallen in love
With thy dancing in the inane above!

3. The emptied spaces shrink in dread,
The demon-hosts retire:
Disintegration stalks wide-spread
With mounting flood and fire.
O'er that deluge
And arson huge,
Thou rangest yelling frantic
In movements corybantic:
how blest am I to have been
A witness of that awful scene!

4. Sakti's minions clap their hands
In suicidal glee,
As they butt and rear in roving bands
And sink in a boiling sea:
The havoc wrought
Is past all thought, --
For Time at last expires
In thy consuming fires.
I thank thee mother for the chance
Of witnessing thy mystic dance!

5. O'er Space and Time annihilated
A silent splendour breaks:
But with that holocaust elated
Thy Mother-heart awakes;
From the void arises divine Grace
In Siva's winsome form and face;
With looks down-cast and tender
You meekly then surrender
To your eternal spouse
In a divine carouse:
For I see you hand in hand advance
To resume Creation's joyous dance.

- P.M.

Note: The first three stanzas alone are now available in manuscript.

182. In Praise of the Moon

1. Hail Soma, hail Soma, hail Lord Chandra,
Praise be; praise be.

2. Indra is the Lord thanks to you,
Asuric Maya you did subdue.
Wondrous earth you bathed with cool rays,
You killed my woe and gave me grace.
Lovers on earth you do protect,
Two to thrive as one you connect.
When darkness comes like clouds murky
Your smile makes it flee panicky.

- T.N.R.

183. To the Sun

1. Scattering your rays on the sea
How swiftly you go up the sky!
With the spreading light delighted
How merrily sing the birds!
And the sea with its limbs all spread
Making each little drop its eye
Takes in your dazzling form
And sings your praise with joy!

2. My soul is like that sea
Always under you.
Filling with your splendour
Every atom of it
Make me truly live.
Great God, the light of the Sun,
Giving life to all the world
With your far-off look from the sky!

3. You look and look on the earth
As if in love with her!
Nor is there any doubt
That she too is in love with you.
The smile that lights up her face
When she sees you in your glory!
You two are our primal parents
To whom a thousand bows!

- P.S.S.

184. The Parrot Song

1. She is Sri; we will daily adore Her
And best perform our allotted duty.
Come what may, oh parrot, we will be happy.

2. Having learnt the nature of law which rules
That success attends action, oh parrot,
Wherefore indulge in worry and sorrow?

3. What though they be -- fear, fatigue
And painful memories --, they will perish
In Love, and Love, I say, perishes not.

4. We'll contemplate the sun and cultivate
O my parrot, impartiality,
And live here deathless a thousand years.

5. If we hail in love, the flame, grand and pure,
The Lord Subramaniya, oh parrot,
Can ever sorrows assail us?

- T.N.R.

185. The Song of Govinda

1. With your two eyes divine
Unwinking
Lotus-red and lotus-soft
Look, Govinda, into my woman's eyes.
To me that seek
Vouchsafe your golden feet.
Lord of those that move
And those that move not
My cares remove
O! crores and crores
Unnumbered.

2. Poor me!
When will you remove that thought
Of "Poor me"?
O Lord, when can I
In this breeze and bird and tree,
In the cloud, the boundless sky,
In the sea, on earth,
In the street, the house,
In every act therein,
You perceive and with you merge?

3. Forgetting my two eyes
And making your two mine
Let me, Govinda, learn
To see the world as You
And so get fulfilled --
Shed cruelty, indifference,
Sloth and all other sins
Cringing poverty
Meanness of spirit.
Teach me, Govinda
That lesson of true life
Sweet as nectar!

- P.S.S.

186. Freedom

1. In what work are engaged the trees of this earth,
The plants of blooming and fragrant clusters,
The creeping lianas twining the trees
Medicinal herbs, small shrubs, grass and all?
. . . .
. . . .
2. Man need not till or sow or raise the linch;
Neither is there need for irrigation;
So long as heaven chooses to unbar
Its crystal doors to soak the earth with rain,
A great many trees, crops and blades of grass
Will spring in luxuriance on this earth.
I fear nothing; O men, I implore you
To adopt my religion; exert not;
Tax not your energies; nature will feed you;
Your sole duty on earth is to love all.

- T.N.R.

Note: The manuscript of Bharati contains dots after the fifth line. It is followed in translation also.

187. Ammákkannu Song

1. The lock is opened by the hand
And good mind by the intellect;
It is tune that opens the song
And woman the home of delight.

2. The leaf is cleaned by the hand
And the mansion of mind by truth;
The beast is captured with the bow
And the fortress of love with words.

3. It is mind that controls the breath,
It is action that guards the body,
It is mouth that consumes the food
It is mother that strengthens life.

- T.N.R.

188.

(Kannamma -- A Description)

1. The smile of Kannamma is rose-fresh,
   Her eyes are verily blue lilies:
   The face of our Kannamma is red lotus,
   Her forehead is the rising sun itself.

2. Our Kannamma's beauty is lightning-like,
   Her brow is like the bow of Manmata;
   Dense and dark her locks, like the snake that hides
   The moon; her nose is the bloom of sesame.

3. Her auspicious words, spa of bliss eternal;
   Her mouth, nectar; her lips ambrosia.
   Her voice of music, Saraswathi's Vina;
   Mien, Rambha's; sagacity, Indrani's.

4. Her ears are the abode of music sweet,
   Her conch-like throat, a nectarean chank;
   Her hands divine, Temple of Sakti great;
   Stomach, banyan-leaf; hips, abode of nectar.

5. Her pedestal is Nandhi who bears Siva;
   Her lotus-feet are the throne of Lakshmi;
   Overflowing love that fills directions,
   Love ever-fresh, and Gnosis are her form true.

- T.N.R.

Note: Bharati has furnished notation for the Tamil original.

189. Deliverance

1. Deliverance! deliverance! deliverance!
To the Pariahs, the Tiyas, the Pulayas
Deliverance!
To the Paravas, the Kuravas, the Maravas
Deliverance!
Come one, Come all
Let us all become learned and wise
Let us do useful and skilful work.
Deliverance! Deliverance! Deliverance!

2. No more penury! No more slavery!
None is low-born in India.
Learning and wealth, each and all shall attain.
Soul shall flow to soul in joy;
We'll live together as equals,
as persons of the same status.
Deliverance! Deliverance! Deliverance!

3. We will burn the folly
that despises womenfolk.
No more subservience or slavery
In any walk of life.
Men and women shall equal be
In this land of ours.
Deliverance! Deliverance! Deliverance!

- S.R.K.

Note: Bharati has furnished notation for the Tamil original.

190. Song to Valli

1. I love you, oh peerless Valli!
   You are indeed sweeter than life!

2. You are my ruler, oh Valli!
   My lovely bird, my heart's bloom!
   Oh my fruit, my tasty honey!
   Your union is ambrosial! Yes ambrosial!
   You are unique, oh wisdom-eyed!
   In moonlight I come, oh Valli
   To blend with you and become you!

- T.N.R.

Note: Bharati has furnished notation for the Tamil original.

191. In Praise of Rama

1. Grant me immortality, oh Rama!
   Lord of Vedas, I hail your lotus-feet.

2. You pervade and indeed are, Space
   Air, Fire, Water and Earth also.
   Will you not grant refuge, I seek
   In your feet twain, all nectarine?

3. Fair-armed hero, the ever-dauntless,
   In form a Manmath, Lord of Sky,
   Lord of Sita of honied words
   Your flower-feet are my refuge.

4. Everlasting, blemishless, Rama
   Immaculate support of all,
   The truly eternal Rama,
   O Mercy, you are my refuge.

- T.N.R.

Note: Bharati has furnished notation to the Tamil original.

192. Thou Art Rati, Chellamma!

1. Rati art thou! So do I think
Oh Chellamma! Thou art Sasi
And in thee I do seek refuge.
Rati art thou . . .

2. Golden is thy frame, Oh Pinnai
Lightning-like, Virgin-Eternal
Chellamma!
Rati Art thou . . . .

3. With his darts Mara rifles me.
Oh, behold me and come to me.
Chellamma!
Rati art thou . . .

4. For Sukha-Muni all is God;
Thou to me art all, Chellamma!
'Tis thee I behold everywhere!
Rati art thou . . . .

- T.N.R.

Note: The poem is addressed to Chellamma and not Kannamma as erroneously published by all the editors so far.
Bharati has furnished notation for this song also.

193. Maiden Earth

1. Maiden earth!
Damsel of Immortality!

2. Lustrously bejewelled goddess
with nectarean breasts!
You demolish the fear of death
by flooding us with love.
Golden creeper
who destroys our dark pride!

3. Maid! Magician of moods!
   the auspicious One, O guardian Time!
   With large eyes like dark-blue jewels,
   You shine eternally young.

4. With lotus-garlands adorning your feet.
   Your words are flame-born.
   Abiding world-creatrix
   Of unparalleled loveliness.
   Ever auspicious Queen of Love.
   Purify and transfigure me.

- P.N.

Note: The original is a Sanskrit poem by Bharati. Our poet has furnished notation therefor.

194. Lokamanya Tilak

1. May the name of Tilak
     live for ever;
   may tyranny fail
     and crash for ever.

2. May the peal of freedom
     ring on all sides;
   and hell-like slavery
     decline and die.

3. May truth-beguiling darkness
     scatter away:
   may fear in its endless forms
     ever cease to be.

4. He built a fortress strong
     Education its name:
   around it dug a moat,
     a stream of Thought.

5. He reared a temple too,
   clear Speech, its name;
   and on it unfurled
   our Freedom's flag.

6. He is the bark that shall
   take us across the sea of sorrow:
   he is the magic wand that shall
   exorcise the devils of defeat.

7. He is the love-fed honey-dripping
   bud of our Renaisance;
   he is the symbol and security
   of our reviving nationhood.

- P.N.

Note: Bharati has furnished notation for the Tamil original.

195. Murukan to Valli

1. Up spirals the frenzy of my love for you
   Oh Valli, for ever, my thievish girl!

2. Here and now at the foot of this very hill
   On the edge of the brook, I will unite
   With you, listen to your heroic words
   Of Tamil and be immersed in delight.
   My love for you dwells in your long tresses,
   Your lips of honey-dew and your rich breasts.
   I will hug you close to my heart's content
   And be immortalised and thus this day
   Enjoy its fruit in sweetest ecstasy.
   Up spirals the frenzy . . .

3. Here the fair moon covers the heaven
And floods the earth with its expansive rays;
In this splendour I will embrace you
And merge with you as is your wish.
My mind delights to drink in your words
Of soft melodious warbling.
Oh great wealth of clear wisdom,
I love to be linked with you in love.
Up spirals the frenzy . . .

4. Like the decorated float that moves not away
From the tank, though it circles and circles there,
I must again and again indulge in your love
And sport with you endlessly.
O my radiant beauty, my sun of dawn
Irradiating the eight directions
I must kiss you and kiss you,
Kiss you many times and totally merge with you.
Up spirals the frenzy.

- T.N.R.

196. Song to Sri Chellamma

She did the altar ascend, aye,
The Mind's altar, she did ascend.

1. She ascends the Alcove of Light revealed
Blemishless, to great Munis of Tapas,
That with it seek union, dances thither
In the Hall of Gnosis, wanders at will
Like Virgin-Rati, and darts through bosoms
Where thrive peerless fancies and sylvan thoughts:
She's the bliss after which the immortals
For ever, do pursue their anxious quest,
The very Heaven Valli the Huntress,
The Science of sciences, my own Chellamma!

She did the altar ....

2. Is she the lotus-born enthroned
On Kannan's bosom? Is she Uma-Partner
Inseparable of Siva's body --
Seated on the heroic throne adored by
They skyey lords? Her ambrosial frame
Golden truly sweetens thinking itself.
She's the Queen of women; great her beauty;
She is the pupil of my eyes, Rati
The beloved! She is the essence sweet
Of music; her language is Logos;
Her lips, a spring of nectar, my Chellamma!

She did the altar ....

- T.N.R.

Note: The poem is addressed to Chellamma and not Kannamma.

197. Hymn to Kali

1. Thou art everything, Kali!
And everywhere pervadest!
Good and Bad are naught but by thy doing;
Enough of the false life of humans here;
Adhi Sakti! Mother mine
Shower thy Grace and save thou me!

2. Singing thy praise I'll live my days:
Thou, flood of grace, gavest us Kandan!
In the pleasing winds, the sky, the peaks,
Why, wherever the mind doth go, Mother!
There thy perfection manifests itself!

3. Karma Yoga alone doth save in the world
The Veda avers; straying not from the path
Of dharma just, at thy flowery feet,
That mystic palladium, my heart shall pray
And perfect grow and lustre gain:
In my mind's Empyrean, wisdom's sun shall ascend!

4. Arms like rock, a form like majestic Meru
And a mind that ever seeketh Good
Grant unto me, Mother! Not for me
The mind that wallows in worry after worry.

5. Seeing the bright light of Heaven,
Glad of heart, and fearing naught.
I shall spend my days on earth;
How can I tell of that lovely light
Beyond compare, like wisdom true!

6. The pure effulgence of the peerless sun
Ah, who can hymn its praise on earth?
Sweet grows the tongue as it fondly speaks
Of the joyous light of the beauteous moon,
And the heart in grace doth melt!

7. My heart shall be oned with Kali for ever:
Puissance like that of the son of God,
Glorious praise from kings of earth,
The strength of the dreaded leophant,
For ever a mind where joy abides,
Thou shouldst grant me, Mother mine!
Sempiternal may thy Grace endure!

- K.G.S.

198. A Morning Song

We woke up in the morn and stood on a terrace
With our eyes fixed on the bright heavenly expanse;
In the orient the sun shone with pure splendour;
Wherever we beheld, we saw but shafts of light.
Passing its way through the leaves of the coconut trees
The southerly breeze moved on to a great falcon;
It garlanded him and gingerly sped away.
There on the top of a coconut-palm a crow sat
In great splendour as though osculating the sky.
The little crow pecked at the coconut-palm's green frond
And cast its looks on the shining sea in the south.
It beheld there in the south, bathed in bright rays
The flight of a great many crows, inky dark.
To that crowd it paid obeisance, and smiled in joy
At a sparrow, a songstress that stood there, nearby.

Thither came laughing the little sparrow and perched
On a lovely branch fronting that of the dark crow's
And spoke thus: "Chi-chirrup! O crow what is it that
You are worshipfully looking at, in the sky?
What may it be? "Thus accosted, the crow answered:
"Listen to this my friend; I behold before me
A grand forum and I hail it in heart-felt joy."
When the crow spoke thus, thither came a green parrot
Of dazzling beauty and sat majestically.
"O friendly sparrow, in the rays of the young sun
When every sight is one of pleasure to the eyes,
I beheld you in delight and so am I here.
O God, what may that great flock of crows be? Tell me."
Thus questioned the sparrow made answer! "Very well,
O green parakeet! I too wanted to know that;
Therefore have I come to the crow. Pundit corbie!
You please tell us" said the sparrow. Then spoke the crow.
"My rare and dear friends, listen to what I say.
Have you not heard of the new marvels which happened
Not long ago? Above the road you have beheld
The gathered crowd; haven't you seen the king of the throng?
He is a learned seer equal to God Himself.
Seven days ago he was crowned as our Sovereign
May he flourish well; he has quelled all our sorrows.
Famine is gone, so also war and misery;
He merits worship, the new Monarch, behold him!"
As the crow spoke thus, there came winging from the west
And laughing merrily, a swan; in an alcove
Near the coco-palm sat the swan in great beauty.
"Greetings my friends! Are not the sights of the morning
Full of pleasance; mighty glad am I to see you.
Gathered here, what may the subject of your talk be?"
To the swan that spoke thus the crow related all.
Hearing it, the gladdened swan spoke: "True, it is true
That the world will gain renown if kings rule justly.
Where unity is, there glory will be; if harming
One another be felt to be a crime, will life
Continue imperfect?" This said, the swan flew off.
Dissolved then was the parliament of fowls.
When we witnessed all this that day in the morning
We set it to music that all the world might know it.

- T.N.R.

Note: Bharati in his note to the Tamil original says that it was composed jointly by child Sakuntala and C.Subramania Bharati.

199. Our Country Bharat

1. Great indeed is our land of Bharath
Among the nations of this earth!

2. In wisdom and in supernal silence,
In honour, in deeds of beneficence,
In musical poesy nectarine,
Great is our Bharat, the nation divine.

Great indeed ....

3. In valour in warfront, in tested courage,
In milk of human kindness and patronage,
In gift of scriptures that sense the essence,
It shines in unrivalled glory immense.

Great indeed....

4. In utter goodness and strength of physique,
In wealth, multitudinous and unique,
In the chaste glory of golden damsels
And in courage, this land for ever excels.

Great indeed....

5. In production, spirit of enterprise,
In manual glory and vision wise,
In the sea of armies able-bodied,
Unsurpassed is this great country indeed.

Great indeed....

6. In munificence, in stoutness of heart,
In loving mind and brain -- subtle and smart,
In poets wedded to ever-during truth,
Beyond compare is this country in sooth.

Great indeed....

7. In tapas and rutual sacrifice,
In yoga great and joys of paradise,
In abounding grace of true devotees,
Without a peer this divine country is.

Great indeed....

8. In river and spa and southerly wind
In mountainous range, elsewhere rare to find,
In bulls that draw the ever-fruitful plough,
Is this great Bharat endowed with enow.

Great indeed....

9. In garden and grove with stately trees dense,
In abundant fruitage and crops immense,
In Limitless wealth immeasurable,
Mother Bharat is incomparable!

Great indeed....

- T.N.R.

Note: Numbers 178 to 194 from part of *Swadesa Gitankal,* Volume I (1922) published by Bharati Ashram.

200. Goddess of Readiness

1. Primal goddess of readiness!
Auspicious eternally,
Mother Might of the sacred syllable!

2. Cause of readiness in us,
Consort of Sankara,
Uma, Saraswati, Mother Mahalakshmi!

3. Praising the companion of Maheswara
We bow at Her feet and get ready.

4. She is good, she gives us strength
And encapsulates in us the Age of Truth.

- P.N.

201. On Vani, Sri Devi and Parvati

Parasakti

1. Mother Parasakti, you do pervade and fill
All worlds! Other than you, who is our support true?
Show us some way, oh our Life, Mother of Brahma!
We do adore you meekly and thus will we live.

Vani

2. Vani, Goddess of Arts, will grant us utterances, all gems!
She wears a Wreath of Wisdom, like a chain of pure pearls!
As sight and as the revealer of all that's seen
She stands majestic; we will Her flower feet hail!

Sri Devi

3. The golden queen, Vishnu's Devi, the queen of fame!
Her body sports the sheen of the nine precious gems!
She is the nurturing Mother, Goddess of Wealth!
We take refuge in Her golden feet twain to thrive.

Parvati

4. She was born in the mountain; She married Siva;
She tends the oven and thus the Cosmic Flame!
She is of lofty stature non-pareil; we wear
Her feet on our head to flourish well on earth!

- T.N.R.

202. Prayer to Saraswati

1. How could you have gone away, my sweet life,
   my ambrosial music?
   When the moon on high is beheld and when
   roaring waves and wind are heard,
   When darkness is seen, when the rising sun
   on the morning is here hailed,
   You gush forth like nectar, a new wonder;
   then shall I my sorrows forget.

2. For four months, you have caused poor me plummet
   into indigence of love.
   I hail your feet; may my sins perish clean;
   may you resound in my tongue
   For ever and aye, as Ganga of Wisdom
   and pour thenceforth endlessly.
   You have wrought the Vedas and you abide
   in the eyes of heavenly lords.

3. O pupil of eye! Here at morn and eve
   the sweetness of jewelled Sri
   And the great glory of the divine feet
   of Sakti -- Magna Mater --,
   You chant abundantly! Be pleased to abide
   in my tongue and intellect.
   Be by my side always; never can this slave
   suffer your separation.

4. To destroy the demon of egoism
   to fetter griefs -- the monkeys --,
   To come by the light divine, to stablish
   the buddhi in truth steadfast,
   Like honey sweet pour and do away
   with the "wraths" of Sri Devi.
   Cure my imperfections and me endow
   with vigour and glory great.

5. Pray, tend the flame and do grant us the grace
   of courage and clarity.
   I the brainless, wallowing in Maya
   failed to hail you, forgive me.
   I hail you Mother; in enduring patience,
   pray, grant me all goodly grace.
   I do hereby swear: "Henceforth I will not
   forget you." Forget me not.

- T.N.R.

203. Krishnanjali

1. Rising bright in Vedic Skyey Expanse
You thunder vibrant all the directions:
"Practise righteousness; from Truth never swerve,
Though doomed to death; abolish all evil."

2. You expound the Gita of endless fame
Which doth like ambrosial music rain,
Panoplying the consuming race against
The onslaught of morbid slumber and death.

3. You do guard our crops, the Arya-Varta
And make it thrive and prosper; O our Aid
Exalted! O Cloud! O Lord of flower-soft
Red eyes! We will your flower-feet meditate.

4. Arjuna -- heroes' idol, lamp of Karma,
Fruit of tapas wrought by sons of Bharat,
Broad-shouldered, wearer of blowing garlands --
Were to you, in sooth, a chance pretext.

5. O God, we treasure in our very 'life'
Your assurance that you 'll the lofty help
Be, to all the sons of Bharat, that firm
Believe you, and live meditating you.

6. Lord, hearken to a word; we are your slaves;
To your Word conforming, we play our part
To attain blemishless life of renown;
Do bless our acts with your energising grace.

7. With loftiness and learning all unique,
With unfailing courage and lordship of earth,
With unerring righteousness, we will be
Blessed, O Father! and hail your saving feet.

8. Should You to us, such life deny, O Lord!
Then let your grace in a trice sear our life
Away; O Monarch! in this world of Yours
We will not live empty, waste and perish.

9. Sprung from your dynasty great, we will not
Wilt as wastrels; we by your golden feet
Swear! Consume us in annihilation;
Or else, grant us victory and glory.

- T.N.R.

204. Jesus Christ

1. The Lord came and died upon the cross,
And rose up resurrected on the third day.
Devoted and glorious Mary Magdalene
Was witness to this wondrous event.
Listen, countrymen, to its secret meaning:
The gods will come and dwell within us,
And shield us from evil, and redeem us for ever,
If only we would shed our pride of self.

2. Look! Mary Magdalene is Love incarnate;
And look! Jesus Christ is the Holy Spirit!
If first we shed this embodied evil,
Goodly sacred life will manifest itself in three days.
Mary Magdalene, Love incarnate, saw the radiant vision
Of that goodly sacred life beaming from that face
Of golden splendour, and praised it in adoration,
'This is bliss indeed! the greatest, most ecstatic bliss!'

3. If you tie the senses fast to the Cross called Truth,
And hammer them down with the nails of austere penance,
Gloriously great and sacred life will shine with radiant splendour
In the sublime and celestial body of Lord Jesus Christ.
Look! Mary Magdalene is true womanhood incarnate,
And Jesus Christ is eternal virtue, which all cherish and revere!
Look! This is the finest, greatest secret, and inmost, mystic meaning:
Yet any one can learn and practise it in just a moment's time.

- P.N.A.

205. Ode To Belgium

1. Righteousness it was that laid you low!
  When the stranger, swollen with arrogant might,
Came with fell intent to do cruel wrong,
  You did not meekly suffer it -- No!
But, like the lass of yore of the highland tribe
  Who with a winnow beat a fierce tiger off,
Though poor indeed you were in strength,
  Yet by your deeds did you to glory rise.

2. Generosity it was that laid you low!
  When the enemy came down like a heavy flood
And rushed on you with massive might,
  You did not waver, did not quail
But, firmly within your heart believing
  That glorious fame alone is noblest, best,
You boldly dared to guard the rights
  Of the true patriots of your beautiful land.

3. Honour it was which laid you low!
  Immeasurable in might was the enemy king;
His strength was as limitless as the sky;
  Though you were ravaged, undaunted was your heart.
And you scorned to step aside;
  But, eager to do all the that you could,
Right across his path you bravely stood,
  Barring the mighty, overwhelming foe.

4. Chivalry it was which laid you low!
  When heaviest rocks rolled down on you,
You disdained with all your noble heart
  To step aside, or to screen yourself.
The burden that bore you down you held as naught;
  You declared that the serpent was a mere worm;
And when the moment came, you cried 'Halt' to the foe,
  And ready for battle resolute stood.

5. Courage it was which laid you low!
  With the serried host of his countless armies.
And in his pride which like a canker grew,
  Your mighty enemy most fully attacked you.
Never did you think of any surrender:
  No thought had you of weak submission:

6. You did not hold that wisdom lay in fear;
   All thought of danger you cast aside.
 Like the rolling waves of a mighty flood
   Came the countless legions of his army's van:
 And intoxicated with his resistless might
   The enemy thrust his way into your own domain
 But you dared to oppose him, shouting,
   'Let heads roll down, so honour be held hight!'

7. 'I care not whose enemy he may be:
   O care not whom he seeks to attack;
 Into my cities, my borders crossing,
   And setting at naught my issued commands,
 He has dared to enter with the panoply of war.
   The forest of his audacious pride
 I shall cut down; nor leave one root behind,'
   Thus did you declare, and challenging stood.

8. They say, 'All Holy Books declare
   That noble men who as martyrs die
 Are reborn again upon this earth
   With greater valour, nobler fame:
 And if those who engage themselves in manly enterprise
   Die, overpowered in doing the right,
 They quickly return from the world beyond
   To live exalted upon the earth.'

9. When lamps grow dim, and then die out;
   Till the dawn comes in sun-lit glory,
 Golden mansions vanish in the gloom
   Of dark, and foul, and wicked night,
 Though untold suffering may now be theirs,
   Those gallant men with fearless hearts
 Shall rise again with unshakable might --
   Never did hero pine in grief!

– P.N.A.

Note: **கோலநாடு** in stanza 2 has obvious reference to Holland.

206. Prayer to the Lord

1. How many billions are the joys Thou hast
Deigned to create, O Lord, O Lord!

2. Thou hast married the *Cit* with *Acit*, and there
From the five elements in that union,
Thou didst evolve this wondrous universe;
All the worlds are thy colourful treasures
And many are the beauties wrought by Thee!

How many billions ....

3. Thou didst devise *Mukti* and madest it
There possible to comprehend in full
The Infinite that is the Absolute
Thou didst also the path of true devotion
Devise, to attain Thee, O Lord, our Lord!

How many billions ....

207. In Praise of Poesy

Hail Consort, the Lady of Poesy!
Daily into this world, like smithereens
A good many things fall; shorn of meaning;
Like brambles and briars there do crop up
Senseless stories in this desert — our life;
These but augment the nescience of this world.
O daughter of deathless Sakti whose mind
Is for ever informed by clarity!
You must rule the domestic life proper;
Through the years, so fashion the incidents

That no two of them be ever alike.
As the Abode of Energy, you must
Diffuse life, multicoloured and joyous!
Queen of the goodly home, you must turn
All fragmentary things --- as husk useless --,
Into useful, fruitful experience;
You must breathe life into things that are dead
And endow with light them that lack lustre.
Whatsoever they be -- astronomy,
History or even petty service --.
These you must clothe in beauty and make them
Purposeful in social life, oh daughter
Oh Mahasakti! May you flourish well!
Oh daughter of Kali, protect Dharma!
O Mistress of Home, may you thrive; praise be!

- T.N.R.

208. Duty

"They that perform duty will happy be"
Fie, we reject this as an old, old story.
We know not of duty or assignment;
If you say, 'bind', we will say: "Let that be rent."
Like losing ignorance, meanness, worry,
Falsehood, sadness, pain and things that flurry,
We will be rid of the thought of duty
And flourish well in delight of beauty.

- T.N.R.

209. The Damozel Mind

1. Maiden Mind! Listen.
Clinging to one thing
You swing to another;
as I ask you to hold on to the good,
you slink away disgusted;
when I order you to skip an idea,
you grasp it the more tightly;
and you cling to the past
with dogged persistence.

2. Novelty makes you afraid:
you love new things and newer,
yet you shrink behind.
As the bee to the honey,
you return to ancient things --
then grumble again:
"Where is the new creation?
Everywhere the old rules!"
As the crow to the corpse,
you are drawn to the garbage
that rots and dies.

3. Likewise
loving me ever, and
guarding my soul:
my sensitive organs
my seeing eye, you are
that make me share
the earth's movement!
Giving joy, and swooning in it,
and committing blunders
in search of happiness:
guarding and cherishing it,
and destroying sorrow:
running after pleasure,
sinking in gloom:
yourself unknowing
but scouring the universe,
hungering to see
the Supreme One who is
within you all the time.

4. Ah, when asked to look somewhere,
your eyes roam elsewhere;
knowing all partial laws
you know not the law of laws
nor the meaning
behind the laws.

5. Maiden Mind! Listen
I do not know
how to live with you.
And yet I want always
your company.
I shall try to make you grow
and strive for realisation.
The Supreme whom I have seen --
but you have not --
claims my daily homage,
and through That
you too may be redeemed.

- p.

210. Kannan's Divine Feet

1. Kannan's feet divine, oh mind, meditate;
Faith and firmness eternal will they grant.

2. Grant for sure, riches, greatness and renown
He will, the black-tinted God, here and now.

3. Here and now will be the Deva-Sanka;
Evil will pale and will ever thrive good.

4. Good if you are seeking, oh ye poets
The Lord of Dame Earth and His glory, sing.

5. Sing Him, the Victor of the Immortals
Who for them the Asura host doth quell

6. Quell He will darkness and dire Kali too;
Rejoicing Immortals will tapas hail.

7. Hail without fail and know, ye of the earth
That Mal, Siva and Celestials are one.

8. One doth turn many -- the single puissance,
It endureth, aye, for ever undimmed.

- T.N.R.

211. Verse on Deliverance

1. We will take Sakti's feet as our refuge,
Hymn Her great glory in devotion true
And realize the life everlasting.
Thus rid of the malady of worry
We will (all) gain the spark divine.

2. Rid of falsity, if divine frenzy,
Like that of raging crackling fire is felt,
That indeed is 'Liberation;' all worlds
But attest the power that is divine.
'Wisdom' is to be freed from doubts.

3. If felt in the mind, it can be visioned
On earth; to you that here lead a poor life
(Her) gloried diamond-spear of triumph
Will grant the power to divine the goal
And come by wealth and greatness too.

4. Hail the 'Spear'; you will be liberated;
Hail Muruka's feet, the Lord of the Spear,
All worries will go; if freely getting
Great knowledge, you articulate: "Sakti!
Sakti! Sakti!", that is true weal.

5. Seeking weal I adored, always sore grieved
At heart I wept piteously; to me
Mother revealed a change in the Yuga
And also the firm path with strength inlaid.
She conferred on me solace true.

- T.N.R.

212. The Sparrow

1. O may you escape all shackles
and revel in liberty
like this
sprightly sparrow!

2. Roam about in endless space,
swim across the whirling air,
drink the measureless wine of the light
that flows for ever from the azure sky!
O may you escape ....

3. Happily twittering and making love,
building a nest beyond danger's reach,
guarding the fledgeling hatched from the egg
and giving it feed and wholesome care
O may you escape ....

4. Gather and feast on the remnant corn
from backyards and harvested fields:
then tell strange stories and sing and rest --
and rise again at dawn with a song!

O may you escape ....

- P.N.

213. The Kummi of Women's Freedom

(The 'Kummi' dance is perhaps peculiar to Southern India and is danced by women in a circle. The song that accompanies this very picturesque dance is also called 'kummi' - C.S.B.).

1. We sing the joys of freedom;
In gladness we sing.
And He that shineth in the soul as Light shines.
In the eye, even He is our Strength.

2. Dance the Kummi, beat the measure;
Let this land of the Tamils ring with our dance;
For now we are rid of all evil shades;
We've seen the Good.

3. Cone are they who said to woman: 'Thou shall not
Open the Book of Knowledge.'
And the strange ones who boasted saying:
"We will immure these women in our homes" --
Today they hang down their heads.

4. The life of the beast that is beaten,
tamed and tied down,
Fain would they lay it on us in the house,
but we scornfully baffled them.
Dance the Kummi, beat the measure.

5. The dog they sell for a price, nor ever consult his will,
Nigh to his state had they brought us -- would
rather they had killed us at a blow --
But infamy seized them.
Dance the kummi, beat the measure.

6. And they talk of wedded faith;
Good, let it be binding on both;
But the custom that forced us to wed we've
cast it down and trampled it under foot.
Dance the Kummi, beat the measure.

7. To rule the realms and make the laws
We have arisen;
Nor shall it be said that woman lags behind
man in the knowledge he attaineth.
Dance the kummi, beat the measure.

8. To know the Truth and do the Right,
Willing we come;
food we'll give you; we'll also give
a race of immortals.
Dance the kummi, beat the measure.

- C.S.B.

214. Bharat Mata

1. Whose bow was it that was strung in the past
To destroy the Asuras of Lanka?
It was Mother's Bow, the Queen of Aryas
The fearsome Mother, Bharat Devi.

2. Whose bow was it that was truly bent to split
The body of Indrajit into two?
It was indeed the bow of Bhairavi
The mantric Goddess, great Queen of Bharat.

3. "The Supreme Ens is one only; we are
Its children; life on earth is a delight."
Thus spoke he whose hand wrote many Vedas.
Whose is it but that of Bharat-Devi's?

4. "This world is what the mind means it to be;
If this be firmly resolved in the mind
Troubles and sorrows can all be ended."
Whose words are these but those of the Aryan Queen!

5. The child that Sakuntala gave birth to
Had for his playmate the lion itself;
That happy infant -- a thing of lustre --.
Was in truth borne by the Queen of Bharat.

6. Whose shoulder was it that bore the Gandiv,
The rocky shoulder that vanquished the world?
It is Hers -- the great Goddess of Aryas,
She that bore us, reared us and reigns in grace.

7. Whose magnificent hand were they that gave
Away ear-pendants at his hour of death?
They are those of the Empress of Bharat
Praised by poets in melliferous words.

8. Whose tongue was it that in the battle-field
Spoke the Gita of true supernal wisdom?
It is Bharat-Devi's flower-soft tongue
Surcharged with power to quell enmity.

9. "For my father's delight I do forsake
Sceptre and crown, and damsels' company:
Never will I covet these, in this world."
Who could fashion such a soul save Mother?

10. "God is Love; all the worries of the world
Will be destroyed by Love." Thus in the past
The Buddha spake and ruled the world.
These words are indeed the Mother's own words.

11. His city was on fire; but Janaka
Was calmly poring over the Vedas,
He but emulated the Mother's way
The strong-willed and ever-victorious.

12. Whose is the Muse that could in verse compose
The most divine drama -- Sakuntala?
It is the gracious Muse of Bharat-Devi
Which could sense the essence of Creation.

- T.N.R.

Note: Numbers 195 to 215 form part of *Swadesa Gitankal* Volume 2 (1922) published by Bharati Ashramam.

215. A Necklace of Nine Gems for Bharat Mata

1. To the flower-feet invocation of Mother-Bharat,
The mother of thirty-two crores of heroes
I have wrought a necklace of Ninefold Gems;
May Siva's Gem of a son, protect this.

Diamond

2. A beauteous frame strong as diamond,
A righteous buddhi, countless benefits
They will receive indeed who choose to chant
Your sacred name: "India," precious as eyes.

Sapphire

3. Should Yama chance to cross our path, he will
Fold his hands in adoration, will quake,
Cry aloud, run away and disappear.
Could enmity survive? She is comely
As sapphire-sea; three indeed are her eyes;
She has laid a bridge on the sea of Time,
Adore the holy feet of the Mother.

Pearl

4. Mother, in those ancient days, you composed
With words like choicest pearls, Vedas,
Upanishads, glorious Puranas,
Epics and other works a good many.
How can we this day fully praise their wisdom?
It is lustre great which is lightning-like;
Ha, it is a feast to commemorate
Conquest of Time, a triumph to even God.

Coral

5. Proclaim victory! Loud blow the white conch!
The world was truly guarded by the learned;
So shall it be; time propitious is come.
Till this day sinners -- they that chose to wear
The crown of blemish --, deemed enslavement
To be just and proper and also wise.
Petty kings of blemish-ridden armies
Till now governed us with their rotten laws.
This day Bharat reveals to all the world
A new way; listen to the words of the king of bards,
Rabindranath; from his coral lips drop
Dulcet music of varied modes, hailed by all:
"To-day the leader of the world is he
Who is an embodiment of Dharma;
He is Mohan Das Karam Chand Gandhi!"
With such an one to lead in politics
People of Bharat have come to practise
The dictum of the Vedas which proclaims
That Dharma alone secures sure success
In politics and all other fields too.
The reign of prideful armed force therefore
Shall soon end and leadership will be with
Wise men firm-rooted in lasting Dharma.
(Proclaim victory, blow loud the white conch!)

Ruby

6. Blow the conch of triumph; let blessings resound;
Chant Vedas; rise aloft; ha, rise aloft!
We have forged a new sinless path; it is
Ruby-like; worries end; freedom is assured.

Emerald

7. It is assured; I swear by Him
Whose hue is that of emerald;
Let your thought wilt not a whit;
Freedom is ours; ours is Freedom.

Sardonyx

8. "You will soon surely your Freedom enjoy;
Yours is success." Thus he speaks everywhere.
He fosters a sinless revolution.
"Nor heat nor cold can affect life at all;
Nor fatigue nor downfall the devotees;
Wage the righteous war." Thus comes the call from
Gandhi our monarch, gem and sardonyx:

Topaz

9. Lakshmi of lotus, brilliant as topaz
Fills the golden Bharat with her presence;
All people stand cured of fatigue and fear;
Gandhi guides them; Freedom will be theirs, soon.

Lapis-lazuli

10. When I summon you, you must in a trice
Appear before me, oh Bharat-Devi
Throned on the wind-swift fiery-eyes lion
That dazzles like the lapis-lazuli.
To all countrymen that invoke your aid
You must grant freedom from all miseries.
Your beauteous presence and gem-like smile
I must ever behold with delight.

- T.N.R.

216. To Mahatma Gandhi

1. Long may you live, Gandhi Mahatma
You who have brought new life to Bharat,
The land which of all lands on earth
Lay most degraded, poverty-stricken,
Ruined, forsaken, of freedom bereft.

2. Endless glory, yea, a crown
Universal you have gained
Devising a simple plan whereby
Our people can shake off slavery.
Breathe free, grow rich and learned and wise,
And show to all the world the way
Of true, enlightened citizenship.

3. Are you the monkey-god who brought,
As an antidote to ophidian noose,
The healing herb from the high Himalaya?
Or are you Shri Krishna who held up
The hill to ward off thunder and lightning?

4. Simple, Simple, new and Simple
Is the cure that you have found
For heteronomy, painful and chronic
Malady: "Count as your own life
The life of him who comes to kill you.
Know that every human being
Is an image of God, a Child of God."
This wisdom bold and true you dared
To thrust into grim politics
Rife with sordid murder and strife.

5. Shunning the way of war which is
But murder on a massive scale,
You chose a method much more effective,
The path of dharma prepared by seers
And servants of God, Satyagraha,
Unfailing, fruitful, for bringing to Bharat
A future bright, and to the world
Forgetfulness of deeds of hate.
May this good dharma live for ever.

- K.S.

217. National Education

1. The wick is well-fixed in the lamp;
May you friends with this light fare forth;
They that cross mortifying murk
To reach the Temple of lustrous Dawn
Bid you all join the throng that moves
Towards the gloried stars of sky;
Did you not once in delight great
Go in quest of the lustre pure?

2. That day your banner was empearled
And made bright by desire -- the stars.
Bewildered by the eve and midnight
You moved lazly and lagged behind.
Behold this! All your lamps which glowed
With light and all your dreams you dreamt
Grew dim and were like birds of night
Howling omens of vile evil.

3. Though darkness is here thick and dense
Like the lives that languish in hell,
Though the wind blows here fiercely
And howls amain, in this jungle,
Yet like the great sound that rose,
Since ancient times threading through aeons
And reaching here in full blast,
Vedic mantras here do resound.

4. "Dispel darkness, and reveal light;
Kill death and feed with nectar sweet"
Thus in grace the Vedic mantras sound
In your ears, plunged in deep sleep;
Would you not rise up to this call?
You that are plunged in blasted sleep,
Dispel murk and be with knowledge blest,
Proclaiming us to be sons of light.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original is a translation of an English poem by Rabindranath Tagore. Tagore's poem is not traceable.

218. Flourish for Ever

1. Flourish for ever! May Tamil flourish!
   Aye, flourish for ever!

2. What the heavens have measured, Tamil hath;
   Thrive Tamil bounteous!

3. May its fame and fragrance waft through world
   Bounded by seven seas!

4. Our Tamil language, our Tamil language!
   May it ever flourish!

5. May *Kali* perish, may Tamil flourish,
   May earth in splendour shine!

6. Rid of ancient Karma troublesome
   May Tami-land, glow bright!

7. May Tamil flourish, may Tamil flourish,
   May Tamil ever flourish!

8. May Tamil own celestial knowledge,
   Grow and prosper for ever!

— T.N.R.

Note: See note for number 179.

219. Horror in Fiji Island

1. In plantations thick with sweet canes,
   Alas, very thick with sweet-canes . . . .

2. In plantations of sugarcanes
   With their hands and legs grown, lifeless,
   With ceaseless toil, lo they sorrow.
   With hearts consumed in burning fire,
   The matrons shrink and shrink.
   Is their nought to remove their pain?
   Is there no remedy for this?

In plantations . . . .

3. Even a demon will relent
For a woman. Oh God, won't you?
Should the tears of those wretched poor
Be rained on earth to merge therewith?
In the midst of the great South sea.
In a benighted island blind
In an unfriendly forest dense
The women wilt, waste and languish.

In plantations . . . .

4. Will they think of their Motherland?
Will they think of their native homes
Yearning for the day there to be?
They lament, cry, weep and whimper;
O wind, you would have heard their sigh.
-- They can cry no more; so weak are they --;
Oh wind, you would have surely heard
Their cry and sigh from sorrow's pit.

In Plantations . . . .

5. The hearts of those wretched women.
Are rambling at the cruelty
Of forced and base violation;
In utter misery they die
And die, with none to succour them.
Could we even now this suffer?
End this oh heroic Karali!
Mother Chamundi! Oh kali!

- T.N.R.

220. Siddhanta-Swamy Temple

1. In the foreyard of the divine temple
Of Siddhanta Swamy, blazes, oh woman,
The lustre of lamp and these rays divine
Reveal whole the street of heavenly homes.

2. Blaze forth these bright rays to chase away
Soul's dirt and body's blemishes, of woman!
The rays are there to expose, oh woman!
Furtive thoughts deep encased in inner soul.

3. Bright burn the rays to make it known, oh woman,
That all embodied lives are good for sure!
The lustre of rays reveals clear, oh woman,
That time threefold is good, for ever good.

4. The revealing rays do declare, oh woman,
That village is much better than city
And the temple to be far greater than
The building for mere dwelling, oh woman!

- T.N.R.

221. The Birth of Kannan

1. Behold Kannan is born,
Our dear Kannan is born!
The wind loud proclaims this
To the directions eight.
The Solvent great is He
The One who is gem-hued;
The Lord of Celestials
Aye, to the earth is come.

2. Sing hymns and solemn strain,
Be cured of your heart-sores.
Know that this world will be
Rid of its sorrows all.
Open your eyes full wide
No more shall flaw mar us,
Vedas are certain aid.

3. Came Agni encircling
All the cardinal points
And routed Kali vile,
The false earth-possessing murk;
Misery did he quell.
Came all the lords of sky --
Dazzling Soorya, Indra,
Vayu and Maruts too.

4. This moment gathered all
Devas in throngs good many
Who stood wholly fulfilled.
Down fell sinner-demons
Puking out their dear lives.
Over earth resound Vedas
Like roar of ocean great.

5. Came Sankara and said:
"Let there be bliss on earth."
Chandra came and with light
Nectarean, bathed Good-Earth.
Nought of blemish shall be,
And no more will light pale.
To the witnessing earth
From Heaven is born Kannan.

Behold, Kannan is born,
Our dear Kannan is born!

6. Ganga came; the Goddess
Of arts also; Kali --
Mother delightful, came
In grace ever-abounding.
Bright-faced beauty, Lakshmi
Came and stood majestic.

Behold Kannan is born
Our dear Kannan is born!

\- T.N.R.

222. Welcome to Kannan

Please come, may you please come, Kanna
May you please come, may you!

1. You shine in Wisdom's form, Kanna,
   You rain as Life's nectar, Kanna
   May you foetus-like grow in me
   And be linked with Lotus-Lakshmi.

Please come.....

2. May you with my spirit be oned,
   May you be in my heart enthroned!
   May you rise armed at aeon's end
   To smash the heads of sabre-toothed demons

Please come....

3. Like the sun that rises on the sea
   May you rise from my very heart!
   I hail you Kanna, my Siva!
   O Help sure by Devas adored.

Please come....

- T.N.R.

223. Hymn to Kannan

How is it you are the cool of the wind
And the heat of flame bright? O Lord Kanna!
How is it you are boggy in quagmire
And lucid in directions? Lord Kanna!
Why is it you are for ever adored
And why succour you the lowly? Lord Kanna!
Why is it you save them that adore you
And kill them that are false? O Lord Kanna!
I hail you, I hail you, O Lord Kanna!
Your golden feet I hail, O Lord Kanna!
Why is it you are sour in the green fruit
And sweet in the ripe fruit? O Lord Kanna!
Why is it when ill, you are bed-ridden
And vivified in rites? O Lord Kanna!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original formed part of *Swadesa Gitankal* 1922. The order of this poem was changed by Bharati Prachuralayam. The translation here given follows the version of *Swadesa Gitankal.*

224.

Om Sakti, Om Sakti, Om-Para Sakti
Om Sakti, Om Sakti, Om!
Om Sakti, Om Sakti, Om Sakti, Om Sakti
Om Sakti, Om Sakti, Om!

1. He is the great Lord of the Hosts,
His feet twain, we will take hold of
That we may grow, sure ennobled
And be liberated for ever.

2. Great deeds of heroic puissance
Of Parasakti exceed words;
She will endow us with power,
We will hail her and adore her.

3. Let us hail Muruka's valour
The Lord of Victorious Spear.
Behold, the Spear comes leaping
Oh enmity, circle us not.

4. Alone on the lotus-flower she chants
The Vedas; we will press our eyes
On her ornate feet of flower
And thus come by holy merit.

5. We will extol the feet that dance
On the dreaded hood of serpent;
His mango-sweet lips play the flute,
Let us praise that gloried music.

6. We will the Goddess of Riches
Contemplate in faith, firm and strong;
All the wealth she will sure grant us;
Our fame will spread in all directions.

- T.N.R.

225. To His Heart

1. The past will not return, poor fool,
   Ever lost in vain regret,
   Don't drown yourself in the whirlpool
   Of worry and killing fret.

2. Think every day, 'I am born anew,'
   And live; eat, drink and play;
   The Devil is dead and won't pursue --
   Evil will all away!

- P.S.S.

Note: The first seven lines of the Tamil original are already found mentioned in stanza 32 of Bharati -- Sixtysix.

226. Ring out the Old, Ring in the New

1. O you of weak shoulders, away!
   O you of shrivelled heart, away!
   O lustreless face, away!
   You of visionless eyes, away!
   O you of voiceless throat, away!
   You of frame, dun and dull, away!
   O you of frightened heart, away!
   You aching for the low, away!

2. Like a cur now in Bharat
   You live without glory away!
   You, scared to hear the good, away!
   You shameless groveller, away'
   If lies of the past are to you
   Truly admirable, away!
   Triumphant truths are false to you,
   You of clouded vision, away!

3. Adept in alien languages
But not your mother-tongue, avaunt!
Admirer of a hundred works
Denouncing the true one, avaunt!
With ceaseless tongue, you but argue
All inconsistently, avaunt!
You builder of little hutments
Of mud and muck and mire, avaunt!

4. Talker of divisive castes, avaunt!
Non-doer of Dharma, avaunt!
Articulating pure ethics
You bow at a tiny coin, away!
Undaunted to cause harm, but the first
To flee away from it, away!
In lustrous gem, blemish gathers
With time; you are like it, away!

5. I bid you welcome, you of lustrous eyes!
I bid you welcome, you the stout-hearted!
I bid you welcome, you of honied words!
I bid you welcome, you of strong shoulders!
I bid you welcome, you of lucid mind!
I bid you welcome, who frown at meanness!
I bid you welcome, who pity the lowly!
I bid you welcome whose gait is bull-like!

6. I bid you welcome who can in true love
Hail as very Vedas a work of truth!
You who are averse to falsehood, welcome!
I bid you welcome, router of false works!
I bid you welcome, you of mighty heart!
I bid you welcome who are sound in limbs!
I bid you welcome that came to be born
In this land to annual anathema!

7. I bid you welcome, you of young Bharat!
I bid you welcome, oh peerless prowess!
I bid you welcome, oh you rising sun
Come to chase away the murk of the sky!
I bid you welcome, come to pour again
The light and lustre in the forlorn land!
I bid you welcome whose eyes can divine
Like Arjun's, all glory and majesty!

8. Your hand wields victory; I welcome you!
   You are soft-spoken; I bid you welcome!
   With fullness of form you are blest, welcome!
   Yours is the perfect face; I welcome you!
   Your learning ever comes true; I welcome you!
   For the nation to thrive in unity
   You will act mighty; I bid you welcome!

T.N.R.

Note: Line 6 of the last stanza according to Bharati Prachuralayam is:
கருதியது இயற்றுவாய் வா வா வா.

227. The God Agni

1. Come, let us tend the flame,
   Let us tend the great flame.

2. In our soul and intellect,
   True love we will foster indeed.
   We will rear heavenly desire
   And nurture the longing for joy.
   Devi's son, the God of great skill,
   Red-rayed Deva, the Inviter
   Of gods to the oblation -- cow's flesh,
   We will adore in teeming throngs.

Come, let us ....

3. Chitta's resoluteness, men's friend,
   Annihilator of evil,
   The grantor of weal and welfare,
   The one of manifold glory,
   The Lord-God of all Aryans
   Who doth the world entire, brighten,
   The beloved son of Rudra
   We will adore in teeming throngs.

Come, let us ....

4. He breaks fetters and liberates,
He is dear as the eye's own pupil,
With vigil he watches over us
And destroys the thicket of woes,
That our fame may fill directions,
That on earth delight may flourish,
That knowledge may disperse everywhere
We will adore in teeming throngs.

Come, let us ....

5. Worries of heart and illnesses all
He doth drive far away; our life
On earth, he doth in grace extend;
He is the dazzling flame, pure and great;
He, our daily succourer true
Bids us: "Fear not" and makes men of us;
Many triumphs are ours, thanks to him.
We will adore him in teeming throngs.

Come let us....

6. He is our lord celestial,
Away he burns Fear ashlessly;
He is the spark of intellect
Behind action; skill fetterless.
As desire, longing, passion, love
Linked with dharma good, he blazes,
The excelling flame of tapas.
Him will we adore in teeming throngs.

Come let us ....

7. He is the great flame that from earth
Up spirals to feel the heavens;
He is the nectar of poets,
The true lord of enterprises.
Claries and milk, ghee and cooked rice
And sweet fruits all, here doth he eat
And delights in abounding joy.
Him will we adore in teeming throngs.

Come let us ....

8. Pictured mansions, golden alcoves,
Heavenly damsels beauteous,
Lilting music of honied sweets
Youthful state full fraught with relish,
Full many a pot of goodly pearls;
Gems of purest ray serene, and gold:
Ready is he to grant us these.
His will we adore in teeming throngs.

- T.N.R.

228. Sakti

1. Sakti is but the state without pain,
With eyes wide awake, it never sleeps:
It is kindly love mellowed and ripe;
It is manliness made perfect;
It is joyous pleasure fully mature.
It is the flame of thought itself:
It is the job on hand to be done;
Sakti is Mukti's ultimate state.

2. Sakti is the will that undoes sloth;
The radiant flame that lights the word;
It is the taste within the nectarine fruit;
Sakti's the very thought of God indeed.
It is the weapon that kills the snake;
And too the joy that springs from song;
It is the glowing love of Lord Sankar
Who lives in the cliffs, ashes clad.

3. It is the power that fosters all on land
And guards and cherishes life itself;
It is the power that stops decline,
And clears the mind of carking care:
Its valiance stays the fall of good;
It takes in its sweep the celestial sphere,
It is Sakti destroys the Karmic Fate,
And shines like an altar-light in the heart.

- K.G.S.

229. Twenty-eighth Birth-day

This body, its instruments and organs
I nurtured for years twenty and seven;
Praise be, oh Mother of grace abounding!
Bhairavi, puissant Chamundi, Kali!
Clarified indeed is my intellect
Which I dedicate to your grace divine.
Abide in me; ply me in such service
As you deem fit; I hail you for ever.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was obviously composed by our poet in 1909.

230. Nanda Lala

1. In the black feather of the crow
 Nanda Lala, one sees
 the dark colour of your skin,
 Nanda Lala.

2. Whatever trees one sees,
 Nanda Lala, one sees
 the green of your body,
 Nanda Lala.

3. In all the sounds one hears,
 Nanda Lala, one hears
 the sound of your music,
 Nanda Lala.

- A.K.R.

Note: Of the Tamil original, three stanzas alone appeared in *Swadesa Gitankal* volume 2 (1922). All the four stanzas however with slight variations are found in "Chandrikayin Kathai," though not in the same order. The fourth stanza, as translated by A.K.Ramanujan is as follows:

And When one puts a finger in a flame
  Nanda Lala, one feels
the thrill of your touch,
  Nanda Lala.

231. The Maravan's Song

1. Alas, earth we spade to earn a living!
   Gone's the valour of our shoulder and strength!
   Gone's the glory that once pierced the sky!
   Ours is now infamy and calumny!

2. With bows and arrows, with quivers and strings,
   With conch to sound our victorious march,
   With mace, stout and ornate, we did battle.
   All that has now become an old legend.

3. It is a cruel night of dense darkness
   Which is thick with chilling wind and pouring rain.
   With sooty rag our body base shrouding
   And very like a little, sneaky fox,

4. Fear-ridden and in stealth we move about
   When someone else is sighted somewhere.
   Even to articulate, our heart burns:
   "Should we grieve as in famine for mere food?"

5. To fill our heinous maw we should repair
   To homes where languish the penurious.
   Like coward rats we do die to secure
   A few farthings to survive in meanness.

6. Alas, even a mongrel can thrive thus!
All our daily hardship, us enervates.
Lo, the hunting Brahmins, the police dogs,
False reporters for a mess of pottage.

7. Behold him the avaricious Brahmin!
But he sweats when he eyes the whites, the lords.
Whoever he be, him will he harm sure
And slave like a dog at the white man's word.

8. In days of yore, Brahmins chanted Vedas
And in those days, it would rain thrice a month.
These days the Brahmins have turned deceitful;
They will do aught, alas, to come by cash.

9. "Thread-ritual for the son" he would say
And tease us for money and eat it all.
A false case of dacoity he would frame,
Involve us and make us suffer endlessly.

10. Would we ever indulge in larceny?
Would we kill heroic fame ancestral?
Are we not all, courageous warriors?
Is it good then to live this wretched life?

- T.N.R.

Note: The version of the Tamil original is incomplete. The translation given here is based on the Tamil version as furnished by Thiru R.A.Padmanabhan.

232. To His Mind

Restless imp, my mind,
Take orders from today:
Efface yourself, I am your lord,
Listen to what I say;
Fix your thought on Sakti's feet;
Ceaseless to them pray;
The virtuous actions I prescribe
Effect without delay.

- P.S.S.

233.

I found a fire-chick, and that
I placed in a hole in a forest;
The forest smouldered clean away.
In fiery valour, is there anything like
Fledgeling or age-worn?
Tatththarikita Tatththarikita Titththom.

- Mrs.K.

234. Sankaranarayana

1. In the forest of Taruka
   Where great saints with their hearts set on
   The flower-feet of Lord Siva
   Performed austerities, drinking
   The nectar of Siva's glory;
   Sukha -- an ocean of learning --,
   Who by his wisdom true equalled
   Supreme Siva Himself spake thus:

2. "Oh saints, may you all flourish well!
   In glorious Sankarankoyil
   The Lord-Author of all aeons,
   The Lord whose from is the universe,
   He who is the Lifé of the life
   Of all beings in worlds fourteen,
   The One of wisdom beyond compare,
   Ens true beyond light of intellect,

3. "The Lord-God of all gods -- Siva
   The supreme, once upon a time,
   In His form divine did share
   That of Kannan, the Protector,
   Appeared before two Naga saints
   Who longingly performed tapas,
   And granted unto them great boons.
   That wondrous story I will narrate.

4. "Hearken to this, oh ye saints all!
Whoever listens to this story
Will come by that righteousness which is
Obtained by a crore of Yagas,
Or by chanting the Vedas four
A thousand times; Siva's nature
Con he can; get wealth manifold
And be blest with everlasting life.

5. "I will their story, aye, narrate;
Saints, lend your ears with joyous hearts!
By His grace who smiled destruction,
Here flourish worlds without number.
The planets on high! Their number
Is billions of billions of billions!
Who can ever know this reckoning?
Who can count the worlds in the space?

6. "May be the naked Lord, doth know;
I know not, nor does mortal man.
Competent, wise ones say, planets
Are there whose number is not to be
By any one reckoned, in truth.
Sea-like is the light-giving sky;
This sea great is truly bourneless.
It indeed is a shoreless sea.

7. "In this vast ocean, like bubbles,
Hither, thither and in between
The worlds are poised; the ether pure
Interfluent runs through all these.
This wondrous sight of universe great
Is exceedingly marvellous.
Saints of true art, the true essence
Of this is Para Siva-Sakti.

8. "Do they have any bounds at all,
-- Space and directions --? Whoe'ver saw?

- T.N.R.

Note: The sub-title to the Tamil original says that the work is about the glory of Avutai Amman of Sankaranayinar Koil.

The work as available, begins with the second book relating to Sankaranarayana. Bharati also says that this historises the fact that Siva and Vishnu are one and the same Being and that they manifest in a single form.

The Tamil original is incomplete.

235. Bharati-Sixtysix

Book One

Invocation: In Praise of Para Sakti

1. A good many Siddha before me throve,
I too in this country am from their line.
Enshrined in my heart. She doth this inscribe:
Manonmani, my Sakti great, Devi of Earth --,
Like the lotus fresh-blown is her face
And as ruby lustrous; She has willed thus:
It is even so; in the Eden of Love
She is a blossom and I, a beetle.

2. She stands pôised in Time interminable;
Her red lips nectarine can never cloy.
As Water, Fire, Space, Air and Earth, Her form
She took and on Earth She doth manifest
As war, illness and death to destroy it.
If She be pleased, she will straightway confer
To the earth-born true immortality
And the peerless Life of Blissful Silence.

3. Great Kali, Para-Sakti, Uma, Mater,
Bairavi, Gangali, Manonmani,
MaMayi of honied words, blazing flame red!
She of the darting eyes, Sakti supreme!
Nourish She would, the Giver of Buddhi,
Adi Para-Sakti, my tarn of nectar
She saves me from the jungle of sorrows
And doth lisp poesy mellifluous.

The Way to Conquer Death

4. I hail the golden Feet and beauteous
And will reveal all the truth I know of.
'Every life is God' declared the ancients;
Firmly do I, by this dictum abide.
Nought is there beyond what they had pronounced.
Can there be death, if Atvaitam is come by?
Many Siddhas of whom spake the ancients,
Perished and died and became muck and mud.

5. In crypts, forests and shrubs, it is said they live
And also on Potika, and in lanes
And by-lanes; like shadows they are beheld
Here and there at times. It cannot do good
To pierce a painful sore; the great Buddha
Died of illness; Sankara the Brahmin-Sage
Also died; so too Ramanuja great.

6. The Christ died crucified; Kannan was
By an arrow killed; Rama by many praised,
Had a watery grave; in this world 'I'
Will thrive deathless, for sure. Simple indeed
Is this truth; I will never lie; even
If I should die, I will not lie to men;
No languishing, no death; Listen! Listen!
If shame, anxiety, resentment, falsehood.

The Names of Asuras

7. Base fear and desire are all abolished
Death will then and there die; I will relate
All else later on. Conquer first anger,
Death on earth shall cease! As things of others are
Held in contempt, and as Sruti's wisdom
Which doth authentically loud proclaim
That 'all this is by God enveloped,' is ignored
Fire of wrath gets housed in human heart.

The Evil of Wrath

8. They that are wroth, are like unto suicides
That burn themselves to death; the angry are
Like them that cut their own throats with swords.
Into ire fall men daily billion times.
. . . .
Ruing their deeds done to others in ire
They would fall into a sea of worries and die.

9. May Kali great, Para-Sakti aid us;
Worry not for aught in the world, henceforth.
It is not by our skill we keep alive;
We were born on earth by grace of Sakti.
I'll narrate it all it Tamil dulcet:
Ye of earth, listen! Creator will foster.
Live in delight with wholesome heart, thinking
That worldly happenings cannot touch us.

Non-languishing

10. What does it matter for skyey crescent
If the peak -- northern or southern -- should rise
Or sink? If the art of continuing life
Even after eating poison, had been learnt
What care we for aught! What will be, will be!
Firm, let us live; no wilting in vain;
Billions by troubles girt wilted and died.
Ye of earth, be not afraid of aught, henceforth.

The Glory of Patience

11. Listen to the message of enthronement
Of Kumara on Thiruthanika Hill.
Thiruthanika here means patience great;
It is Tamil chaste; the root is *Thani*
By proper patience sense-control is achieved;
The apt adage of hoary Tamil says:
"They that are patient reign in the world."
On earth the patient one is the Deva.

12. Uthishtira, the son of God-Dharma
For many days on earth upheld 'patience'
But in the end let it slip and did war
Against his youngsters; without patience he waged
The war which annihilated Bharat.
Establishing penury and Kali here,
He strode on the hill and thence to heaven.

13. Ah! Is it sheer cruelty that lives
On this planet should meet with unjust death?
Should one die forsaking life honey-like?
If you ask, 'What may be the cause of death?'
Listen to what Jagadisa Chandra Bose,
The prince and ruler of modern science, says:
"Shock in the artery results in death."
(This is the essence of experiential wisdom).

14. Anger causes shock in the artery;
Anger great and small, causes shock great and small;
And shock is dangerous; by fear are all
Arteries made ashes; by fierce yearning
Are all artieries quartered; by worry
Are all arteries baked hot; listen to
What I asseverate: "Conquest of anger
Alone is the way to quell hostility."

Where is God?

15. "Say Sirrah! where is God called Hari? Say!"
Roared Hiranya. To him says the good son:
"He is in the pillar. Lord Narayana
Is in the straw too." The Omnipotent Lord
Lives in each atom; nothing can there be
Unpervaded by Sakti the mighty;
Worry not, worry not, never, never.
Worry not, worry not, never, never.
If all be deemed God, can there worry be?

16. Listen, O Chela! The ass, the base pig,
The scorpion -- when seen, cast looks on their feet,
Fold thy hands above thy head as in worship,
Chant "Sankara Sankara" and adore.
Rubbish, even faeces should be adored;
The assemblage of all things is indeed God;
I will yet again this explain clearly;
Not only is Heaven God, Earth too is.

17. Pure knowledge is indeed God, said the great;
Simple mud too is Siva, say Vedas:
'The wise Guru is Siva', said the great.
The brainless one is also that, say Vedas.
O ye mad! if it be true that all lives
Are God, then aren't they that are ever with you --
Women and children too --, God? Oh tell me.

18. Lives are God and not aught else at all;
The crawling and the flying are truly God;
Not only are the varieties of life
But all things beheld here, are God indeed.
Sun that gives light, moon, star, cloud and all,
Inanimate things variform are God;
The writing quill is God; this writing too is God.

In Praise of the Guru: The Glory of Kullaswamy

19. I hail Gnana Guru Desika! He is
The "All of the land," the ever-enduring;
By the grace of the great silent Guru
Transmigration is snapped; we are made deathless;
The honey of Supreme Sakti's prowess
And Cit's nature he revealed, and granted
Clarity of mind; hail his feet, the God-man
That taught us to clasp heaven from this world.

20. Feet of Guru, O heart, ever-meditate!
On Chidambara Desika's feet, think!
He had eyed the space beyond Triple Void!
He is the Sun of Heaven called Mukti!
He is the prince that granted peace surpassing.
He -- Mankottai Swamy of perfect tapas --,
By mystic knowledge saved me from the chill
Of curdling death, the Deva-Kumara!

21. Men call him the Lord-God Kullaswamy:
A clarified Gnani! Snapper of shackles!
Burner of fear! By Godly Yoga
He dwells above the space supreme; he is
The Destroyer of destruction! Killer of Death!
His locks sport the Gnanaganga divine!
For the creeper of desire to thrive,
He is sooth is the divine tree! I hail
His lustrous feet -- the very Genesis.

22. No human tongue can his praise contain;
Way there is none to inscribe it either;
Can ever the sun be with a chain measured?
Can we the Gnana Guru's glory descant?
It will spill over many thousand tomes!
Let me all too briefly, his fame narrate.
He has yogically his body embalmed;
There is none on earth to reckon his age.

Guru-dharsan

23. When one day, in Puduvai, I went to
A little house in the street named after
Easwar Dharmaraja, the Souls' Palladium --,
At the request of Raja Ram Iyer
-- A Nakai Brahmin --, to scan and correct
The manuscripts of great Upanishads
Translated in the past by his father,
Thither did he come, this Kullaswamy.

24. I clasped then the hands of Kullaswamy
And in love spoke thus: "Father! Desika!
Some call thee 'Gnani', some 'mad man'; some do
In praise tell me that thou art an adept
Of occultism eight-fold; deceive me not
With decorative frills, O lofty one!
I beseech thee, disclose thy self to me.

25. "Who art thou? what is thy prowess? What may
Be thy knowledge? Why roamest thou in rags?
Why starest thou like Deva? Why sportest
Thou with curs and urchins in open street?
Why wanderest thou like one demented?
How camest thou with Supreme Siva's form?
How couldst thou be desireless? O Arya!
All thy knowledge, to me impart." Thus I.

26. Kullaswamy did essay to unclasp
And run away; but I held him, aye, firm.
Casting looks on all sides, he smiled and as
I eyed his beauteous lotus feet twain
The blemishless Desika freed himself,
Jumped and ran to the back-yard of the house;
I followed him close on his heels and did
Bar his further movement in the back-yard.

Upadesa

27. The adjacent house was now in ruin;
In equable grace, the supreme Yogi
Eyed me, pointed to me a tiny wall,
The sun and its image in a cenote
And asked: 'Knowest thou now?' 'I know' said I.
Away went he in great delight; I have
Thus beheld a root of the Vedantic Tree.

28. By gesture of hand, to me was conveyed
Desika's message; I will now, that impart
To those of great Tamil Nadu. "Control
Thy breath by *Kumbaka* and live like mud
Or wall; like the image of sun revealed
In the well, you'll inly behold Siva;
Talking is of no avail; it is by
Anubhava, bliss divine is attained;
This indeed is Gnosis' said the Guru.

29. If I have a book on hand I will discourse
In detail; in that will I demonstrate
The message. Pointing to the sky and to the way
Of life on earth which is linked
To the love of collyrium-eyed helpmeet,
The knowledge that the Sire to me did teach
Is manifold, and towards this, glimpses
That he showed are endless; Gnana Guru
Desika knows not untruth; indeed is
Kullaswamy Lord Vinayaka on Earth.

30. He the kindly Muni whose lotus feet
Are hailed by the learned, one day carried
On his back a dirty bundle of old rags
And came fronting me. I smiled and asked him:
"O Lord what may this mean? Is not this
The deed of the totally demented?
Why carry you a bundle? Do declare."

31. A smile bloomed on the lips of the Arya
Who said: "I carry without; you a sack
Of similar rubbish old, within."
This said away did he flit. I have conned
The message of the prince; by fostering
In mind falsehoods old, men are by troubles
Beset; they wilt, waste and perish alas!

32. The past cannot recalled be, O ye fools!
Fall not to welter in the mortal pit
Of woes ever thinking on the dead past;
Let by-gones be by-gones; think that thou art
Born anew this day; to this thought hold fast,
Eat, play and live in joy. Never, never
Shalt thou ruminate, again and again

33. Over what is past, and weep alas without end
O ye brainless, again and again -- eyes,
Again and yet again, streams fresh air
Into us and fosters fresh life; again
And again, ye do wither befuddled
Mistaking the chain of action for 'soul;'
Lose yourselves in Sakti Devi whose eyes
Are antelope's. By her possessed, live.

34. "The results of past deeds will not touch me;
I am Sridar; and I not Siva's son?
I am born anew now this precious moment:
I am a new one, am God, am changeless."
They that thus live on earth like celestials
Are Siddhas; to the Mount of Supreme Dharma
They dart swift in a single lightning-leap;
Freed are they from drift, decay or trouble.

35. Infinite may be the aims, and the deeds
A million; yet unfettered by action,
Practising the art of Veda Guru, --
Lord-God Siva mad --, whose frame Umai shares,
They do quell the murk of ancient Karma
And wander over earth like flame -- the great ones!
Wise chela, rid of drifting aims, if you
Act, act and act, immortal will you become.

36. 'Tis by examples and gestures galore
And by words pregnant with good, oh my son
Did Kullaswamy of flawless buddhi
Explain all these truths; like delighting
In the sight of well-shaped shoulder, I felt
Joyous to behold, his two, helpful feet.
Long live Mankottai Swamy of flower feet
Hailed by kings who joy at the sight of swords.

The Glory of Govindaswamy

37. We but spake a little of the glory
Of Mankottai Swamy. Seer-Govinda
For firmness renowned, made all my learning
On this earth bear fruit; I chant my Lord's praise,
Listen: "He is blemishless; he came to abide,
By the tapas great of Puduvai people.
Like Mankottai Swamy affectionate,
He too is above caste, clan and sect.

38. "Mukti is through Love" said the Buddha of old:
That was this day by Govinda practised;
He is the Lord that showers Mother's grace
On suffering lives; a resolute Yogi
Is he; for true Love he can devour
The whole sea. "Love is God" says he and he is Love.
He knows all lives to be but God only;
Freedom is he from the bewilderment of woes.

39. To my house, this saint plied his golden feet
Once, to sanctify it and there to me
He revealed the form of my dead father;
Then he assumed the form of my mother;
He was a supreme Yogi; a seer
Of realized Gnosis; I knew this for sure.
I took refuge in this kingly Guru;
Gone is fear of death! Strength I attained to.

In Praise of the Jaffna Swamy

40. We spake a little of Govinda's praise
And now of him from Jaffna, the eye of world:
This Seer-Hero never Devi's feet forgets,
He is Nataraja of Chidambaram,
The boat of wisdom that rows ashore sinners,
The ostiary of the house of supreme bliss.
I beheld him in Puduvai bounded by
Fields rich with leaping fish and blue lilies.

41. On earth are many devotees who coin
Images of gold and crystal linga and there
Adore the installed feet of the Lord.
Friends, for me *Sarva Siddhi* does consist
In taking refuge in the Lord of Jaffna,
Him deeming Shankara; he is in sooth
The monarch of the celestials, who rains
From his auspicious eyes, grace for ever.

In Praise of Kuvalai Kannan

42. He dwells on the Mount Kailas; his feet rest
On the back of Lord Nandhi; such is my Sire
Of Jaffna whom to me did bring Kannaṇ
Of Kuvalaiyur of great fame on earth.
Kannan was born in the clan of Brahmins;
Pariahs, Maravas -- were all to him
Equals; he followed the Vedic path true;
Siva's devotees took kindly to him.

43. All great saints are Kannan's companions;
All Devas are this Kannan's devotees;
Kuvalaiyur Kannan is the master
Of heroes with stout heart and valour great
Endowed; he it was that brought to my house
The peerless Swamy of Jaffna; I have
His flower-feet enshrined in my bosom.
That is Moksha, ushered that very moment;
That indeed is Moksha, that truly is.

44. We have hailed the great Guru; we are rid
Of dread; dead is bondage; we are with grace
Even on earth, immortal we are become.
Many there are kings, who, out of spite
Try to destroy the earth; they fall by pride.
They are our kings, the Seers who ever pour grace;
They know not to yearn, fear, or do evil.

Manumission of Women

45. I have declared a law; 'Manumission
Of Women'; hearken to its nature:
If every life on earth be God, then is not
The wife too a god? O addle-pated!
Your wondrous tales waft aloft to the sky;
You talk of freedom and the flood of mercy.
If you should deny women their freedom
Then there is not life at all on this earth.

46. Wanting to enslave the wife, could the whole race
Of women be enslaved? Is it good,
To befuddle life that is a tale of love,
By living wretchedly, laughed at by all?

Mother Greatness

Oh ye of the world bereft of all sense!
Can you not know her to be Umai, who mothered
And fostered you? "Mother and Father are
Indeed the visible deities on earth:"
Did not great Avvai of old, affirm thus?

47. Is there here superior to Mother
A god? Is not mother, truly a woman?
Sister -- younger or elder --, wife, daughter:
Aren't all these, women? Wanting to enslave
The wife, could the whole race of women be
Enslaved? Is there not an adage that says:
"The child shall be mother-like." If women
Are enslaved, no wonder, people too will be.

48. It is domestic habits that turn social;
He who treats others in the house as slaves
Will in the nation ......
He who plods every day will get weakened,
Wilt and die; let us live like sylvan birds.
If Love informs Life, worry will lie buried.
Love, will I sing in verse and for this will I
The flower-feet of supreme Siva invoke.

In Praise of Love

49. By love are men able to have union;
By union are men, truly rid of worries;
By love can men have poesy, music,
Painting and other arts; so ye of earth, love;
Is not that the world's capital pleasure?
By love can deathlessness be attained;
Worries will cease and death will falsified be.

50. Hara shares his frame with Adi-Sakti;
Ayan keeps enthroned Vani on his tongue;
Madhav bears on his chest, gemmed Lakshmi
Whose eyes from her bright face rain all riches;
Even for the celestials, is there aught
To match the joy of union physical?
Lo, the beloved wife is indeed Sakti
And Godhead is to be attained through her.

51. With Siva-linga did Kalidasa
The breast of woman equate, and adored them;
Sridar to the forest hied with his wife,
Ran after the golden deer for her sake
And all bewildered endured hardship endless.
Are not all epics and literatures here
The sum and substance of Love's own glory?

52. Our countrymen express wonder, and praise
Love that is found in drama or literature;
But they growl in ire if they behold love
At home, near the well or in the village;
They keep the bier ready and then kill love
All the fools on earth are leagued together
To uproot the crop of love; promulgating
Jealous laws, these misbehave and perish.

53. If they are in joyous love delighted
Will ever the mighty monarchs think of war?
If with women their minds are bewitchingly tuned
Will ministers with warfare stuff their minds?
If like birds during the whole day and night
Love is sweet-whispered in mid-dalliance,
If lo, love is linked with loving lasses
Will generals brood over battle and war?

Free Love

54. They say a concept grows fast in Europe;
It is called "Free Love;" they say women can
Live with the men of their choice as they like.
"Take to pangamy *like the animals;*
Mate when the urge is there and then depart
Without any qualms whatever; one can
Thereafter have union with others too."
Thus they advocate a new way of love.

55. Words of men from valiancy divorced!
Free love is false love, utterly false!
Like thieves do men lust after the pleasure
Of women. Why? Men desire furtive love.
But yet they for ever without mercy, din
Into the women that chastity is
Lofty and superior and noble.

56. If men from chastity slip and commit
Error, are not then, women also robbed
Clean, of chastity? Shameless words indeed!
If the house be gutted, the good roof too
Will together burn; 'tis only for love
That women from chastity deviate.
O the men of world draw a veil over all
That is patent and merely assert "Chastity."

The Unity of Religions

Conversation with Govindaswamy

57. Again on a bright day did he come
To my house, the heroic seer Govinda.
He has come to rule the world; he is greater
Than earthly kings; he is the Monarch of Love.
My mind burgeoned in joy, as the flower
That blooms by the touch of sun. Let us do
Our work in time; dry, when the sun is hot.

58. Make hay; the sun shines; when mighty Guru
Is present, have arrogance vile expelled;
Have the blemish of forgetfulness wiped out;
Have the Asuric life hostile put out;
Have the spoiling Maya extirpated;
It is by our boon Guru is come; from him
We will truly receive all beatitudes.

59. Thus I mused and him implored: "Sire, impart
To me the Truth; killed should be killing death."
The heavenly Govinda replied thus:
"Let us wear on our crown the lotus-feet
Of eternal Mahadev, King of Kailas;
Shackle ceases; shackle ceases for ever;
Fear ceases, ceases surely for ever.

60. 'Thou are *That*' is the Vedic truth; what is *that*?
Well I will explain *that*; all things of world
Are *that*; thou also art nought but *that*; so
Come what may, be undaunted in this world.
Enshrine Sri Rama of honied garland
In thy heart and live thus, oh my chela.

61. Earth is like a body; like hair thereon
Many herbs will themselves grow by nature.
If men do not seek to kill others here,
Tilling is unnecessary; the glebe
Need not be reclaimed; no dispute shall mar
Irrigation; it will rain; God is there.
Earth shall be fertile for Siva dies not.

62. Therefore if men give up thieving, all can
Get food even without effort; men breed
Differences, brew mutiny; they fence
And ear-mark and call it guarding; this sure
Is the way of unjust thieves; this indeed
Is evil even to think of; it is
Mother who revealed Her flower-feet twain
And saved thee. This Dharma to the world, declare.

63. One word yields place to many; one word wipes
Clean the impurity; that one word is
To be in the heart treasured; the one term
Say some, is truly *Om Namasivaya;*
'Tis 'Hari Hari' or 'Rama Rama';
'Siva Siva' also means the same thing.
The clarified chant it as Om Sakti
When they their rosary count in rapture.

64. I have said that which is quintessential;
No worry henceforth; God abides for ever.
Those without kindness cannot Siva behold;
May grace for ever be linked with thy mind.
They that are cowards cannot see Siva.
Perform deeds, full of valour, for ever.
Hail the flower-feet of those men also
Who adore great Jehovah or Allah.

65. Billions are the religions of this earth:
Buddhism, Jainism, Parseeism, the way of
Them that hail the feet of the sacred Christ,
The *Sanatana* Hinduism, Islam,
Judaism, Tao of the renowned Chinese,
The Religion of Confucius. Many,
Many are these, the religions to us known;
All these have at their core one message only.

66. The message of all religions on earth
Is what we hereby declare: "Thou art God;
God thou art; God art thyself only;
Tatvamasi,Tatvamasi, That thou
Art; Maya that the heart hath invaded
Makes thee, declare that thou art not God.
Thou art-God." May you remove that Maya
And dwell always in the state of *Sivoham!*

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original was first published in book form in 1923 by Bharati Prachuralayam.

236. The Inner Eye

Is there anything like dream or wakefulness?
Is not vision that which is beheld, and,
Will it be anything else?
Here, space pervades the ground,
Whatever is thought by them
-- The Devas and the Sages of the etheric space --
turns into deed indeed.

Enquiry yields not comprehension;
if the inner eye gets opened
Heaven can be there beheld.
Tatththarikita Tatththarikita Titththom!

- Mrs. K.

Note: The original of this poem appeared in *Katha Malika*, an anthology published by *Swadesamitran*. *Bharati Puthaiyal* (Vol.1, p.46) says that the poem had earlier appeared in *Swadesamitran* under Bharati's nom de plume Kalidasan.

237. This is Bliss

The world you forsook and the form also;
You can break a mountain; yet have you not
Forsaken the four: Great glory, wisdom
Tapas and learning; this is bliss, oh God!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original is from *Nava-Tantra Stories*.

238. Song of the Mendicant

1. Nothing on earth is inanimate;
   Sands and stones are not inanimate;
 Oh devil of a mind, I speak the truth:
   Fear exists not, either above or below.

2. Become clarified by and by;
   Weapon and venom are indeed God;
 Falsehood as well as truth is Siva;
   Fear exists not on the sphere of earth.

3. Death and disease are indeed Siva;
   Battle and sword are indeed Siva;
 Sinners, serpents, cows, the poor ones
   And acts of charity are all God.

4. Behold Siva everywhere
   And chase the base fear away!
 O Ganga-crested, Death of Death,
   Foe of Kama, may You flourish!

5. The Void is God, the Lord is God;
   The desert and sea are truly God;
 The seven worlds are God, truly God;
   Everything is God, who is everywhere.

6. Nothing on earth is inanimate
   Sands and stones are truly God
 Oh devil of a mind, I speak the truth:
   Fear exists not, either above or below.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil Original is from *Kathai-k-Kotthu.*

239. To Nivedita

Nivedita, mother,
Temple consecrated to Love,
Sun dispelling my soul's darkness,
rain to the parched land of our lives,
helper of the helpless and lost,
O you offering to Grace,
O you divine spark of Truth,
my salutations to you.

- P.N.

Note: The Tamil original is from *Suya Saritaiyum Pira Patalkalum* -- 1937.

240. The Song of Myself

1. I'm all the birds that fly in the sky;
   I'm all the beasts that roam the earth;
   I'm all the trees that grow in the wood;
   I'm the wind, the rain and the sea.

2. I'm all the stars that shine on high;
   I'm the vast expanse of widening space;
   I'm all the worms that crawl on earth;
   I'm all the life in the vasty deep!

3. All the poetry of Kamban am I;
   And all the figures that artists draw;
   The halls and bowers men wonder at
   And all the beauteous towers am I.

4. In the music melodious of maidens I am;
   And all the teeming pleasures I am;
   I'm all the lies of the unworthy base;
   I'm all the misery that endurance tests.

5. Master I am of a million mantras;
And Essence I am of all that moves;
Maker I am of a million tantras;
And He that proclaimed the Vedic Sastras.

6. I'm He that created the Universes all;
And made them revolve in their orbits true,
Unswerving from their appointed paths;
I'm all the beneficent bands of power:
I'm the Cause and the End of all!

7. I'm He that works the lie called 'I',
And swims through Wisdom's flaming sky;
I'm the intelligence shining bright,
Oned with all, as the Primal Light!

- K.G.S.

241. What May the Fate of Tamils Be?

Fate, Oh Fate, pray tell me what you intend
To do with the ancient race of Tamils?
Would you number it amongst those that for ever
Sure endure in their essence, by your grace
Ever adapting to changing conditions
Retaining their character and dharma?
Or would you rank it with the perishables
That but seek to maintain their outer form
And formal activity, divorced from
The true inner dharma and truth itself?
Is it an ocean indestructible?
Or a beauteous bank damasked with flowers?
Or a star on high? The light of a mansion?
The wish-yielding Karpaka ethereal?
Or a mere tree of a dense forest?
Oh Fate! How classify you the Tamils?
What is your verdict? Pray tell me.
For,
Well convinced of the stanzaed majesty
Of sonorous Cilappatikaram,
Of the solidity, clarity, depth,

Width and beauty of the treasured message
And meaning of divine Tirukkural,
And of Kamban's effort to inculcate
The meaning of the endless vastness
Of infinity, by telling symbols,
I once did think that the race of Tamils
Was indeed with immortality endowed.
Myriad trials and tribulations
Assailed the race of Tamils, yet without
Impairment to inner integrity ·
It marched on steadfast in its righteous ways;
As I to this bear testimony true,
My mind was not by troubles besieged.
In Africa where flourish the negroes,
In many isles beyond the Southern Cape
And many more in the east of this globe,
The poor race of Tamils is belaboured
With lathis and kicked and whipped ruthlessly.
Thus they perish in utter misery;
From women parted by barbarians
Die countless men; many die of hunger
And disease; cut off from their native soil
Many pine and perish as in exile.
All these I've heard; yet is my heart unbroken;
For comforting was the deep-rooted thought
That reassured me that never would they
God forget, or from duty swerve; methought
Whatever they do, howsoever they suffer,
They would in the end meet with fame and joy.
To me thus settled by conviction great
Came the confounding news; hearken to this:
All harms may this world endure; but perish
It will, if rains fail; even so, a race may
Survive death of charity and tapas,
But will die when wisdom lies falsified.
'Tis sastras that are the life of a race.
If sastras cease, the race itself ceases;
Should ever false sastras currency gain,
Men and women will turn false and die like worms.
Of the four clans of people, they that hold
The stewardship are indeed the leaders.
If these,
Forfeiting control of body and mind --,
Should deviate and fall into baseness
It matters not; it can be remedied.
Even if righteous deed and conduct wane

A few ways are there for redemption sure;
But if into sastras which are known as
True principles and doctrines and concepts
Tempered with the coolness of grace and purpose,
And approved by discerning intellect,
Bewilderment should commit inroads vile,
There could then be no remedy at all.
This day in our Tamil country, two-fold
Are they, the intellectual leaders.
"The dress and food, the work and style of life,
The doctrines and religion and symbols
Of the occidental whites excel ours
In every respect; so unless we adopt
These and get immersed in them, the race of Tamils
On the face of this earth shall cease to be;
Falsified, it will perish." Thus one group.
"Well, very well, we will the ways of the West
Pursue and flourish!" If we resolve thus,
Then would they say: "No, no! that will not suit you;
Many are the bars and bans preventing
Your happy espousal of the great ways
Of the West, and these cannot removed be."
Can you con the meaning of this? It means,
Our local allopaths just shook their heads
When they eyed the ailing race of Tamils
And went their way. Thus does a group react.
The second, with claims to sacerdocy
Would bid us pin our faith on our ancients.
(But, who are these? Were they those that throve
Some forty years ago? Or should we say
Three centuries, or a millennium?
Or perhaps even five millennia?
Does it refer to times when Buddhists throve?
Or is it the Age of the Puranas?
Were the ancients, Saivites or Vaishnavites?
Or those of the Vedic times when Indra
Was the Supreme of the Hindu pantheon?)
What do the ancestral voices convey?
They say that if we do pursue the code
Of conduct, way of life, activity
And doctrines so beautifully revealed
By our ancestors, punctiliously
Then Tamils can sure flourish. But they add:
"This is not to be; hostile Kali will
Your effort pervert, Kali cannot be quelled."
Thus spake the disastrous doctors, home-bred.
Like a log aflame on both sides, languish

Tamils; can there be for them redemption?
Of Fate, O Fate! What may your intent be?
How will you with the race of Tamils, deal?

Fate

If our people can condemn the scholars
Of disaster, whom you now just described
And follow such wisdom and goodly things
Wafted from all directions of this world
Fear shall be no more .....
....

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original is incomplete. Even the opening lines are not traceable.

242. A Novel Fortune-Teller

1. Kudukudu kudukudu kudukudu kudukudu;
Auspicious days are ahead; auspicious days are ahead;
Castes combine; conflicts cease;
Speak up, speak up, Sakti, Durga!
Predict, predict propitious days for Vedapura.

2. Destitution disappears; affluence is attained.
Learning spreads apace; sin ceases to be;
If the learned take to trickery and commit crimes,
They'll be ruined, alas, utterly ruined.

3. Commerce expands in Vedapura;
Industry grows; workers prosper;
Sciences flourish, secrets come to light.
Power-plants multiply; know-how develops;
Fertile ideas arise in abundance.

4. Kudukudu kudukudu kudukudu kudukudu;
Speak up, speak up, Malayala Bhagavati!
Antari, Veeri, Chandika, Sulini!
Kudukudu kudukudu.

5. Kudukudu kudukudu kudukudu kudukudu;
Masters are becoming brave;
Paunch shrinks; diligence spreads;
All forms of wealth grow apace;
Fear dies; sin perishes;
Sciences grow; caste declines;
Eyes open; justice is perceived;
Old madness vanishes all of a sudden;
Heroism is attained; so is honour.
Speak up, Sakti, Malayala Bhagavati
Virtue flourishes virtue thrives.

- S.R.K.

Note: The Tamil original is from *Kathai-k-Kotthu (1939).*

243. Woman's Liberation

1. All We women foster longing
For liberation; come let us
Take the oath on the wine-cup
Of resolute mind to gain success.
Sakti in sooth is the grand Creatrix;
She created men and women equal.
Our plight of subjection is not ancient.
Would we, aye, suffer this any longer?

2. We will grow lofty by dint of merit;
   We will rub off the old stigmas;
If men take us fully as their equals
   Attributing nought of defects to us
We will join them and labour in the fight
   To win back our nation and grace retrieve.
Total is the fall of the custom old
   Which held women as beasts of burden.

3. Stand firm to behold the star of morning,
   The wondrous culture new is one for all,
Evil ones deeming all of us as slaves
   Acclaimed themselves alone as the greater.
Totally annihilating that custom,
   Gaining all wisdom in proper training,
Do your duty, heroic women-hosts
   Of our nation, endowed with courage firm.

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original is from an article by Bharati. It is said that the Tamil original itself is a translation of a Chinese poem by Syuchin.

244. Our Doctrine
(The Song of the Vivified Tamil)

1. No trouble henceforth and no privation,
No more of flaw or anxiety at all!

2. 'A myriad castes among men':
To this vile thought, we subscribe not,
There's but one great fruit-yielding tree,
Tender, green and ripe are its fruit.

3. Its flowers may wither and fall,
Insects may its tender fruit spoil.
People eat tasty fruit and will not
Speak about forty thousand kinds.

4. Mankind is but one and they find
Happiness who truth realise.
That which is down today, may rise
Tomorrow; the lofty may fall.

5. In all land fourfold, there is
No Brahmin to equal Nandan.
Character and not clan doth count;
Genuine joy is knit with righteousness.

6. With buddhi's clarity and power
To reign, subduing senses five,
We've come by the art of leading
The sore-grieved mind in buddhi's path.

7. The name of truth is God; the gods
Other than this are mere falsehoods.
We call truths the Vedas; scriptures
Other than these are mere legends.

8. The monkey that leapt over the sea,
The flame-born and red-lipped damsel,
The dwarf-muni who came to the South
To set right the North Mount that sank,

9. Bhima who into a river plunged,
Reached the nether world of serpents
And married according to rites
There a snake bride -- are mere fancy.

10. One sneers at the other; one is hailed
As true but the other as false;
Nobly have they wrought Puranas,
With poesy good are they replete.

11. Although their poesy be good
The stories are sure false, we know;
They show the way of life on earth;
They teach well, but they are stories.

12. Then came to be writ, the smrutis;
They are not rife in the human world;
They are not eternal at all;
They will have to change with the times.

13. Modes suiting the times; mores and works
That with changing times, well befit:
No single work for all the world
To last for ever, can come to be.

14. "One law for Sudras; different one
For Brahmins who live but to eat:"
Should any sastra so proclaim,
It isn't sastra, it is a base ruse.

15. Be they the rulers of this earth;
Be they but keepers of small shops:
They that work from falsity freed
And thrive admired, are indeed great.

16. Whoever speaks good and does good
To townsmen, countrymen and kin,
Does perform tapas great; than this
There is no greater tapas at all.

17. He who cannot his neighbour's pain
Endure is righteous and holy.
He who is a model, and works
For worldly weal is a Yogi true.

18. To work for common weal is yoga;
To strain to do good is yaga;
To own a heart tranquil, even
In the battle-front is wisdom true.

19. In the universe infinite
The forms which endure for ever
Are indeed countless; these IT is
And is their very Life of life.

20. "It is the boundless Ens entium;
Its nature is pure sentience."
Thus speak the truly clarified;
The great adore this as Pure Space.

21. You too are its manifestation;
Unceasingly there rolls the sky
Of azure tint; many billions
Of lustrous rays too, are the same.

22. All manifold powers are That;
Birth and death and motion are That;
In this universe everlasting,
Earth is like a drop in the sea.

23. Joy is of momentary form,
Youth and wealth are momentary;
Pain's form too is momentary;
Defeat and age are momentary.

24. Life doth appear and disappear;
Pain, pleasure and emptiness are
The true stuff of life; come what may!
Espouse joy; this is liberation.

- T.N.R.

Note: The title given to the Tamil original by Bharati is "Enkal Matham." The word 'matham' means religion, doctrine, policy etc. Parali Su. Nellaiappar unearthed the Tamil original and published it in his journal *Lokopakari* (Depavali Issue - 1947).

245. On V.O.Chidambaram Pillai

1. Soon will you hear the unheard of story
That a Velala who the jail entered
Did return as the Monarch of Tamils!
Oh my kingly friend, I pray thee: "Grieve not."

2. Are our efforts for your weal but a few?
May you perform tapas unto Lord-God
And bless your compatriots that they may
Come by dazzling valour. May you flourish!

- T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil, original is from "The Life History of V.O.Chidambaram Pillai" by Parali Su. Nellaiappar. To this work Kavi-Yogi Suddhananda Bharati contributed an article. In this article it is mentioned that this poem is by Bharati.

246. To Radha

1. Grant me delight, O Radha mine!

2. Nectar from the ocean of love, O Radha,
You are the Queen among jewel-clusters.

3. Peerless laureate of the senses, O Radha,
The earth's desire has compelled your birth.

4. O Radha, you are the essence of the Vedic chants,
The explicator of the sacred knowledge.

5. Imaging the vision of the Supreme Creatrix
You glow with divine loveliness.

6. In the island of love,
O Radha, I found you.

7. You are the wish-fulfilling tree
in the garden of love.

8. Queen among women, Radha, dear maid,
O the celestials' beatitude!

\- P.N.

Note: The original is part Tamil and part Sanskrit.

247.

1. How can I speak the uttered word?
He tricked me into apparent, idle seclusion
And conferred on me absolute joy
Hitherto unbeknown, and held me inthrall.

2. To rid all clingings he bade me cling
to the one and only desire of clinging to him:
I did as bidden.
lo and behold! What can I say
of what I came by!

3. O my friend, he spoke to me that
Which is anywise unspeakable.

- Mrs.K.

Note: The original of this poem appeared in the biography of Bharati, indited by his wife Chellammal.

248. On Muruka

The hero on peacock divinely green,
The ornate one, the eternally young!
Ten and two are his shoulders, strong and broad;
He grants grace to me -- Subramanian,
The devotee --; the handsome lord divine
Grants mastery in Tamil, rich and great,
The beauteous Lord of Arunachal.

- T.N.R.

249. Are We with Riches Born?

Are we with riches born? Or are we fit
To run small industries to become rich?
Are we with the form beauteous, endowed
That bow-browed women seeing us stand bewitched?
Is that delectable art of music
Which is more sweet than many an art, ours?
The arts of murder, darkness and nescience
We cultivate and waste our mind, alas!

- T.N.R.

250.

'The love of the lotus-eyed, gazelle-like
  damsels is cruel venom indeed.'
Thus is declared to the practitioners of religion;
  this is not true.
In this world, all that is known as joy of life
  is but sorrow, nothing else.
O cursed little cosmos, wherefore were you
  wrought at all?

- Mrs.K.

Note: The original of this poem first appeared in the weekly -- *Kalki* (13-4-1958).

251. The Flower, The Magnet and Nature Goddess

1. **The Flower:**
   'Should any bee
   Come near me
   Seeking a free
   Feed of honey,
   I shan't ever
   Open, --- never,
   My petal cover,'
   Said the flower.

2. **The Magnet:**
   'Should iron set
   His eager net
   My charm to get,
   And come to pet,
   I shall not let
   Him near me get;
   I shan't coquet,'
   Said the magnet.

3. **Goddess Nature:**
The honey set
In a little chest
Within the flower
By me,
I never set
As sole bequest
To the flower
Free.

4. It was there set
To greet the guest
Of the flower,
The bee.

- P.N.A.

1. 'Tis no magnet
That attracts not
A piece of iron
But only granite

2. That's not wood
Which burns not in fire.

3. There's no maiden - heart
But what melts in love.

4. To renounce is great,
Is indeed great:
Till the advent of true love,
That transcends death
And forgetfulness,
To renounce is great!

- K.G.S.

Note: Only the first four lines of the Tamil original have been translated by P.N.A. The rest are by K.G.S.

252, 253 OMITTED

254. For-Ever Valuable

1. If a blind man kicks away
   A gem beateous, will it ever
   On this earth, valueless become?

2. As the false one basely 'prisoned
   The queen Mythili, did Sita
   Our Mother, her honour forfeit?

3. Before the Five, the base disrobed
   Panchali; yet the majesty
   Of the black-eyed, could not be touched.

- T.N.R.

255. God is with Us

1. This deity will favour us,
   Giving no more room for worry.

2. If you the mantras examine
   You'll find, 'tis God who rules the world;
   In this deity do take refuge;
   All things will attest that gain is yours.

3. The tree has its food in its root,
   Foetus has it, in uterus;
   Trusts there are of equal merit;
   In Sakti's name is bliss of release.

4. The world is the body and in that
   God doth as life abide and glow.
   Like heavenly light and wisdom
   God pervades and is everywhere.

5. All action is God's own action;
   All Thought indeed is God's own Thought;
   Who chants His name for salvation
   Will conscious grow into a god.

6. No more illness or indigence;
   No pain is there in rituals;
   As loving parents and true friend
   Fitness and fruit God will grant.

7. No more fear or bewilderment;
   Love, joy and greatness will abide,
   Worry -- old rubbish heap --, no more.
   Victory is all ours, anon.
   This deity will favour us,
   Giving no more room for worry.

- T.N.R.

256 to 261 OMITTED

262. On Mani Muthu Pavalar

Than the milk-sweet words of round-breasted dames
They 'll taste sweeter to my lord; like a chain
Of pearls of pure lustre, blaze the dulcet words
Of the bard -- Mani Muthu Pavalar.

- T.N.R.

263.

1. Can you forget the cause? When you think
   and think on one thing (only) triumph ensues.
   Can any work be done in halves? Whatever is
   undertaken, must be accomplished;
   greatness demands persevering progress.
   When intellect penetrates with persistence
   Clarity yields the good.
   Can work be left half-finished?
   Can the good be relinquished for the sake of
   mere celerity?

2. Can work be done in fear? If the heart
is without love, can hands work?
If one is scared by the exceeding trouble
that besets gold-digging
can welath be attained at all,
or loving sweetness?
Are we infants? Is God an old mother?
Firmness of heart, intellection: If these abide
Work is done right royally.

3. "Think and dare the deed; having dared
thinking then is but blemish."
Thus spoke the holy sage of Tamil Kural.
The dull-witted that forget the sage advice
Will very soon perish in this earth.
They that think and perform with wisdom
Will obtain the abounding glory of Heaven,
Victory here and now, and supreme *moksha*.

4. Work should be done collectively; they that
gradually calm the heart's disturbances,
Contemplate the lasting benefit,
swerve not from justice,
perform with propriety having cast away
the impotent chaff,
and for the greater public good
give up, as in sport, their petty, selfish gain
Are truly the seekers of general weal and victory;
these will attain greatness.

- Mrs.K.

Note: The original of this poem was found among the Bharati's poems collected by Tirunelveli S.Muthia Pillai, a friend and follower of the bard. It was traced by T.M.C. Ragunathan and published in *Tamarai* (Sep.1973).

264. Sri Kapilar - Akaval
(In Nondi-chintu)

1. Touching the multifarious universe
Created by the four-faced (Brahma),
Let me here narrate a few things
Of note; O you of the world, listen!
Of the category of souls
Which are the most ancient?
Men heroic, or women, or the sexless
That are denuded of nature?

2. Can wealth be deemed great?
Or learning? Or is it knowledge?
Was the ancient universe of crowded spheres
Self-born? Or by some one created?
Are all types of birth merely natural?
Or wrought by divinity?
O you of the world, this declare.
Who can unravel all this mystery?

3. *Does the body fall down*
At the hour by fate determined?
Or is death a gambol, unrelated to fate?
Will the consequence of evil deed
Perish or remain deathless?
What happens to the five recording senses
When life ceases to be? Where do they go?
What person can here analyse
All this intellectually?

4. If by skill of rare *tapas*
The body can be turned anew
Do you then acquire a different body?
Or is it a transformation
Of the self-same body?
What consumes food? Is it
The skin-covered body or 'life'?
What enjoys the appearing sight:
The eyes or the inner thought?

5. O you men of the world, I will
Beat the drum of my mouth
With the stick of my tongue.
O you men of the world, listen to
The drumming of my tocsin-mouth.
A hundred -- and nothing more --, is truly
The age-limit of all earth-born men.
Of this one hundred, you spend
In slumber fifty years.

6. Infancy lasts for five years;
In youth is spent fifteen years;
Of the remaining thirty years
You spend a few days in flawless joy;
You also spend a few days
Weeping over your sufferings;
In this false and petty life that is so wasted

7. Wealth is like a river-flood;
Youth is its eroding bank;
Life is like a tree
That grows on the erosive bank;
What you should do is but this:
Without setting your heart
On anything else, you should do
That which is wholly good.

8. Do that which is good; neither shall you
Postpone it to the morrow, thus wasting time;
Do it this very day
And her and now.
If by base indolence, you think
That you could do it on the morrow
What could you do, if on the morrow
Death kills and takes you away.

9. If we (just) say: "Tomorrow, to-morrow,"
Will that day be ours or Death's?
Do *dharma* now; Death may strike
At any time and take lives away;
Even if his two feet
Are praised, he will not go (empty-handed);
Even if you give him gold, or entreat him
In various ways, he will not spare you.

10. He thinks not of men's righteousness;
Neither does he consider their weakened plight;
He takes no note of the wickedness;
Neither does he value the riches of the wealthy;
He will not tarry a moment;
Should cruel-hearted Death come
He treats all alike and carries their lives away;
Their bodies, however, he will not take.

11. O you poor poor people, why bemoan the dead?
Is it for loss of life or embodiment?
Pray tell me, why this wailing?
We do not behold 'life' at all;
If we bemoan (loss of) life,
That life is not anything that is visible;
We never saw it in times gone by;
Neither can we behold it this day.

12. The body -- yes, you beheld it --, in the past;
You behold it this day too;
Nothing comes of wailing but misery.
Like binding a thief -- the doer of larceny --,
When fleeting life quits, the hands and legs
Of the mere body are tied;
The clothing you remove
And tie round its waist a loin-cloth;

13. It is carried to the cremation-ground
Where the funeral pyre is lit
And the body reduced to ashes;
This done, the doer of obsequies and his kin
Take a dip in water and wail with mind forlorn.
Shall we call this deception?
Or shall we smile it away as a goodly ruse?
O you ritualist-Brahmins
Hearken to what I am to narrate here.

- R.E.A. & T.N.R.

Note: The Tamil original which is incomplete, is available in manuscript. Both the text and the translation are published for the first time by the Tamil University.

265 & 266 OMITTED

267. Song to Lakshmi's Consort

1. Flawed are they in their heart;
Borne by cupidity
These evil ones commit
Deeds -- fell, foul and cruel --,
Like Death they snatch the lives
Of the beings on earth;

2. They jail the good that are
Freed in their mind from wrath
And deception, and tread
The flawless path peerless
Of noble liberty.

3. Espousing wrong dogmas
These hurl obloquy vile,
Starve them all and cause them
Excruciating pain:
These are selfish ruse-hatchers.

4. These are panderers base
Who trap the unwary
Through bawds of heaving breast
And enchanting beauty;
By money they corrupt.

5. Like ruthless denizens
Of jungle, they ooze out
Cruel unrighteousness
From every pore; they are
Wrought of wicked venom,
Pitiless murderers.

6. By these are forfeited
Our statured greatnesses,
Our manifold arts great
And all their righteous way.
Daily do we wallow
In utter fatigue of mind.

7. O Lord of Vedas four
Who drove the ornate car
Drawn by mighty steeds
To smite and sure destroy
Him of the snake-banner
And his whole race accursed
In the field of battle.

8. O Consort of Lakshmi,
The Bird of Paradise --,
Dispel our ills, as do
The rays of sun, the mist!
You are the sun that rises
In the souls of them who
For ever meditate
Weal and welfare boundless.

- T.N.R.

268. OMITTED

269. PERCEPTIONS

First Section

Joy

Enchanting is this universe, the sky whereof is pleasing;
Its air delightful, fire agreeable, water sweet,
And the earth goodly.

The Sun and the Moon are good.
Exquisite are all the heavenly orbs.
Beautiful is the rain;
Fascinating are lightning and thunder.

The Sea is good;
Enthralling is the hill and luscious the wood.
Lovely are the rivers.
Metals, tree, plant and creeper, flower
And fruits green and ripe, are all of them good.

Beautiful are the birds;
Too, the reptiles are fascinating.
All the beasts of the earth
And the creatures of the Deep are fair and lovely.

Human beings are delightful. Men and women
Are pleasing and ravishing.
The child is sheer delight;
Sweet is Youth and Age agreeable.
Good is this Life and Death is sweet.

2

This Body is good.
Pleasurable and gratifying are the senses
Delicious is this Life. Honey-sweet is the Mind
And so is the Intellect.
Consciousness is Nectar; it alone is Nectar;
Consciousness is God!

3

Mind is God; Will is God; Life is God.
Wood and hill, fountain and river, sea and land,
Water, air, fire and space, the Sun and the Moon
And the skiey luminaries are all Gods.
Metals, trees and plants, beasts and birds,
Reptiles and fishes and humans --
These are nectarine sweet

4

This world is one.
Male and Female, Men and Gods,
Snake, Bird, Wind and Sea,
Life and Death -- are all one.
The sun, house-wall, fly, mountain cascade,
Flute, Sardonyx -- are all one.
Pain and Pleasure, song,
Lightning, cotton --
All these are one.
The half-wit and the poet,
Iron and grasshopper,
Are one and the same thing
The Scripture and the sea-fish,
Hurricane and jasmine flower,
Are manifold appearances of the One.
All that is, is One only.
The name of this One is 'Self'.
'Self' is God; 'Self' is Nectar:
'Self' is immortal, deathless.

5

May all lives attain happiness,
May all bodies be rid of disease.
Know that all 'consciousness' becomes one.
May 'Self' live ever.
May Nectar be ever sweet.

6

We praise the Gods.
May the Gods be pleased.
We hail them!
May they ever prevail.
Gods! May you shine forever;
Forever may you be pleased;
Forever live in splendour;
Forever bless us; forever protect us;
Glory and Good be unto you!
Gods! Consume us your votive offering;
Become our food; consume the universe;
Become the food of the universe;

Glory and Good be unto you!
Gods! To protect is good;
To be protected is also good!
To destroy is good;
To be destroyed is also good!
Eating is good;
To be eaten is also good!
Taste is delectable; Life is good, good, oh good!

7

Consciousness, may you live long!
Thou art One, thou art Light.
Thou art One; thou art many.
Thou art friendship; thou art enmity.
Thou art that which is and is not.
Thou art the Knower and the non-Knower.
Thou art Good; thou art Evil.
Thou art Nectar; thou art relish.
Thou art Good; Thou art pleasure.

A PAEAN OF PRAISE

Second Section
The Sun

What is it that giveth light?
What is it that is eternally young?
Who is He that giveth heat?
Whose benison is joy?
Who giveth the blessing of the rains?
Whose gift is the eye that sees?
Whose the life within?
Who is it that giveth fame?
To whom doth fame belong?
Like unto what doth the intellect irradiate?
Which is the shrine of the God of Intelligence?
The Sun.
That is good.

2

Thou art light, thou art flame;
Thou art illumination, thou art vision;
Lightning, ruby, fire, tongue of flame --
All these are Thy coruscations;
The eye is thy home.
Glory and Prowess -- these are thy play.
Intelligence is thy mark;
Thou art the Ultimate goal of Intelligence.
Thou warmest us, Praise Be!
Thou revealest, Praise Be!
Life thou givest and body too,
Nourishing it and slaying it.
Thou givest the water of life,
And makest the winds to blow, Praise Be!

3

Russet Dawn is delightful.
Praise Be to the Goddess Usha
Who laugheth like the flowers!
We adore Usha: She is Wealth.
She giveth awakening; she giveth clarity.
She giveth life, she giveth zest.
She giveth beauty, She giveth poesy.
Praise Be:
She is sweet as honey;
The bee of the mind longs for her;
She is Ambrosia; She is deathless.
She couples with strength;
The sweetness of the union of strength
With beauty is indeed great!
Dawn would creep up in many forms
Behind Meru in the North;
And encircling the horizon
She skips about in gleeful laughter.
Praise Be to her bouts of laughter!
Out of her boundless love for us,
Peerless she doth come
Southward to bless us.
Is not one sweeter than many?
Dawn is good. We hail it.

4

Thou givest heat and suffering.
Thou givest thirst, fatigue and hunger;
These are good for us.
Thou driest up the waters of the sea;
Thou givest the sweet rains;
Thou lightest a lamp in the skiey expanse;
Thou consumest the murky darkness.
Praise Be to thee!

5

Oh Sun! What hast thou done with darkness?
Driven it away or destroyed it?
Or gobbled it up?
Or embracing and kissing it,
Hidden it away behind thy myriad sunbeam hands?
Is darkness thine enemy?
Or is it thy pabulum?
Is darkness thy beloved?
Did it become lovelorn and gloomy
At thy lover's absence all night?
And on seeing thee,
Assimilating thy light, shed its murk
And become radiantly oned with thee?
Art thou both siblings with a common mother?
Hath she charged you both to go forth
Into the world one after the other
And foster all life?
Art thou both deathless?
Art thou both ambrosia? I extol thee both!
Oh Sun! Thee I praise!

6

Oh Light! Who art thou?
Art thou the daughter of the sun?
Nay, thou art Sun's life, Its Spirit.
We praise only thee in the Sun.
The Sun's form is its body;
Thou art its life;
Oh Light! When didst thou first appear?
Who is it that created thee?

Oh Light! Who art thou?
What may thy nature be!
Perhaps thou art the daughter of Intelligence!
It's only Buddhi which will be asleep;
You are clarity!
Perhaps thou art the body of Intelligence.
How long hast thou been acquainted
With the Empyrean, oh Light!

What is the basis for this, thy love for Space?
How dost thou merge with space thus indivisibly?
She that hath created you all is a great artist;
She is a great enchantress, a sorceress;
We worship and adore Her!
Praise be to thee, Oh Light!

7

Oh Sun! How dost thou sustain light?
Dost thou emit it?
Or does it consume thee?
Or else, art thou naught but light?
The wick of the lamp turns to air and gives light;
What is the nexus between air and flame?
The wick is but a form of air, we know;
Perhaps air is but a form of light itself!
Oh Light! Thou art good.

8

What is the bond between heat and light?
As heat rises, light appears. We adore heat.
Heat is the mother of Light; it is life's archetype
Oh Heat! thou art Fire.

Fire is the Deity of valour: Fire is the Sun.
The nature of fire is light, let fire burn;
Pour we ghee on fire; let fire burn.
Pour we flesh on fire; let fire burn.

Pour we blood on fire; let fire burn.
Make we sacrifice to fire; let fire burn.
We adore: Fire of Dharma, Fire of Intellect,
Fire of Life, Fire of Ritual,
Fire of Sacrifice, Fire of Indignation,
Fire of Enmity, Fire of cruelty.
We worship all these; we tend all these.
We reign over these; Oh Fire!
Thou art our bosom friend; Thee we hail!

Like thyself, may our life give
Heat and Light for a hundred years.
Oh Fire, like thyself, may our intelligence blaze.
We adore Thee only, oh Fire, in the Sun.
God of the Sun! we praise thee.
Thy light is good! Thy work is good! good!

9

The Light God hath wedded the Space Maiden.
Their union is sweet and good.
The wind God beheld this.
The wind hath great strength.
He desired to mate with the Space Maiden.
But she did not love him as much as she loved
The God of Light.
The wind blew his trumpet to show his greatness.

Space and Light fused into one like two loving souls.
The wind God grew envious:
Restlessly he goes about; he seethes in anger;
He buffets about, he erupts;
He howls, he gyrates,he shakes and shivers;
He races and scuds in the skies; he rises aloft.
He writhes in torment, all atremble and agitated.

Space and Light in their silent union in the Empyrean
Laugh at his discomfiture.
True the Wind God is puissant.
His fame is good.
Great is His fame.

But Space and Light are greater than he.
They merge in silence and daily take pleasure.
They are ever triumphant.
Oh Sun! thou art the God of Light,
Thee only the Space Maiden loveth truly and well.
Thy Union is good. Praise be unto Thee!

10

Oh Sun! All that look at thy face
Do get thy light and become bright.
Earth, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Saturn,
Venus, Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune --
And hundreds of Heavenly Houses,
At the touch of thy brilliant beams twinkle joyously.
As sparks flying from a fire-ball
These planets burst out of the Sun, some say.
The thief of time embraced them.
And they lost much of their fiery brightness.
They did not lose their light altogether.
They only became less bright
For , there is nothing without light.
Darkness itself is but light
Infinitésimal.
Mars, Mercury and other orbed maidens,
They circumambulate and haunt the Sun,
They are in love with our Father;
Bound and obedient to his mantric spell,
They whirl about in their own orbits
Without transgressing the limits.
They never pass beyond
Or cross the line of his power.
His face is ever turned towards them.
They roll about in their orbs
In order that they might get doused
And drenched in his light nectarine.
They collect his light in blossoms, and air and water.

The Sun is a great god.
Whatever his hand touches comes alive.
The flower desireth only him.
The leaves, in his divine beauty
Attain yogic beatitude.
Him, land and sea, and air,
Do desire and enjoy.
The sky doth hug him close in love.
Him all other gods obey and serve.
His praise we sing. His praise is good.

11

Bards! Sentient Beings! Living things! Elements! Powers!
Come ye! Come all! Come, let us adore the sun.
He is our help. He giveth rain.
Rain is good! We adore the Rain God.
The Sun performs magic.
He evaporates the waters of the sea,
Takes it up into the sky.
He bids the wind transform it into water.
The rain falls sweetly on the land and sings as it falls.
It is a myriad-stringed musical instrument.
From the heavens, sparkling like diamonds,
Nectarine filaments fall to the ground.
Earth Maiden slakes her thirst.
She gets cooled.
Heat begets coolness and coolness, heat.
For all are one.
Heat is Tapas. Coolness is Yoga.
Heat is Male, Coolness Female.
Heat is puissant, Coolness is sweet.
Is not the Female greater than the Male?
We praise the God of Heat. Praise Be!

12

We praise Heat. God of Heat! Oh Sun!
Oh hill of light! Oh thou that art the Lord of stars
That are the eyes of the body called Universe
That encloseth the Nectar of Life!
Lord of Love, that art the sire of the Earth Maiden!
Thou fountain-head of all strength.
Thou downpour of Light! Thou sea of Life!
The hunter called Shiva bade the huntress called Shakthi
Guard the harvest field called the Universe:
Oh Sun! thou art the lamp he gave her!

We adore thee Oh Sun!
Thou art the veil of Light,
With which Kannan the thief
Hath hidden the face of Intelligence!
The rain is thy daughter;
The earth is also thy daughter.
Wind and Sea and Fire are thy children;
Space is thy Beloved;
Thunder and Lightning are thy divine pranks;
Thou art the chief of the gods. Thee we praise.
The gods are all one.
All that is perceived, is their Body.
All that is thought, is their Life.
Their mother is Nectar. Nectar is God.
Nectarine is true Light.
It is the soul. Praise Be!
Good it is,
To Sing the praise of the Sun!

13

The rain it raineth; the wind bloweth;
The thunder rumbleth; the lightning striketh.
Bards! come let us sing the Lightning!
Lightning is a divine play of the God of Light.
It is but a form of the God of Light.

The Greeks worshipped it and attained light.
We worship lightning.
May it brighten our intellects
The cloudlets shower lightning flowers.
There is no place without electric power.

All Gods are likewise.
In the black granite, the white sands,
Green leaf, red flower, blue cloud,
In the wind, in the hills - everywhere,
This electric power lies dormant.
We adore it.

May our eyes engender lightning.
May it shoot forth into our heart and irradiate it:
May lightning appear in our right hand!
May our song be endued with lightning!
May our words strike like lightning!

Lightning destroys the weak and the feeble;
To the strong it adds strength and vigour.
May it enhance our power!
Light, lightning, flame, gem,
Sun, moon, the heavenly orbs, Stars,
All that hath light we hail,
All that we praise! Praise be to the Sun!

2. Sakti

1

In the Flood of Sakti, the Sun is a bubble.
In the pool of Sakti, the Sun is a flower.
Sakti is infinite, boundless, endless.
Motionless, it betokens motion.
Sakti is beating, chasing, joining,
Uniting, fusing, shaking, tossing,
Buffeting, sifting, twirling, binding,
Scattering, winnowing, blowing, stopping,
Driving, unifying and diversifying.

Sakti is that which gives coolness;
Gives heat, gives warmth,
Gives titillation, gives jubilation;
Gives pain, relieves pain,

Endows one's nature, changes one's nature;
Causes fatigue, stimulates;
Rouses, kindles;
Effloresces, enraptures;
Sakti kills, vivifies;
Sakti gives joy, anger, hate.
It produces pleasure, enmity;
Engenders love;
Makes for resolution and also fear;
Makes one seethe in rage and also assuages.

Sakti is smelling, tasting, touching, hearing, seeking.
Sakti is thinking, analysing, reckoning, resolving,
Dreaming, imagining, seeing, revolving.
Holding fast, reflecting, ratiocinating.
Sakti bewilders, it clarifies;
Sakti is feeling,
Sakti is Brahma's daughter, Kannan's sister,
Siva's wife, Kannan's wife,
Siva's daughter, Brahma's sister,
She is mother of Brahma, Kannan and Siva.
Sakti is the Primordial Ens;
The effectless Effect of insubstantial substance.
In Sakti-sea the Sun is a fleck of foam.
In Sakti-vina, the Sun is a fret; a musical stop.
In the dance of Sakti, light is a beat.
In the aspects of Sakti, light is one.
Praise be to Sakti!

2

The crow is cawing.
The field of earth is irrigated
By the water of the Sun's radiant light,
Sparkling like diamond.
The clouds come between and hide it.
But the light transpierces through the cover of the clouds.
As the water of light is distilled in the sieve of the cloud,
The sediment stays below and the clear essence stands above.
The cock crows. The ant crawls. The bee flies,
The young man concentrates on his painting.
All these are the work of Mahasakti
May she establish us in karma Yoga.
May action become natural to us,
Interesting action, delightful action,
Mighty action, tireless action,
Creative action, glorifying action,
Fruitful action, endless action,
May Mahasakti grace us withal.
Poesy, guarding, nourishing, weeding,
Benefaction, enlightenment --
May these deeds be graced us by Mahasakti.
Irrigating with the waters of love,

Tilling with the plough of reason,
Removing the tares of sastras,
Cultivating the Vedic crop,
Let us reap and enjoy
The harvest fruit of happiness by the Grace of Mahaśakti;
Her divine aid we implore.
May She grant this unto us.

3

Light thickened and darkness came.
The owls rejoiced.
A woman who went alone to meet her lover
In the savage wood grew scared
And began to wail for her lover.
Light returned with the dawn and with it the lover;
The woman rejoiced.

Ghosts there are, and mantras too:
Nay, ghosts there are none; but only 'mantras.'
Maladies there are and remedies therefor.
Weariness kills,
And zest kills weariness.
Nescience kills.
Knowledge overcomes that.
We were possessed by fear.
The Mother removed it and made us resolute.
We became afflicted.
Mother cured it and gave us joyance;
She raised our bowed head;
In our tired eyes she poured light;
To our bewildered hearts she gave clarity;
Our murky mind she illumined.
Mahasakti be praised!

4

Sage Ramakrishna questioned thus:
"One can erect a fence on land.
Can one fence space?"
The inanimate can be bound. Can Sakti be bound?
The body can be bound. Can one bind life?
Bind life; mind can be bound.
The Sakti in me is in my life and in my heart.
Sakti needs innumerable temples.
Every minute of time, that hath neither beginning nor end,
She must have a new shrine for ever and ever.
Of these innumerable shrines, one is called 'the I'.

Only if this temple is kept in good repair,
Ever renovated, Sakti will continue to stay on in it.
If it becomes dilapidated, she will leave this temple.
As of now, my inner being
Is suffused with her presence.
Now my life is replete with energy and vigour.
Now my frame, is full of joy and strength.
Now my mind is blessed with lucidity.
This is sufficient for me.
I shall not reflect on that which is past;
Nor shall I think of that which might accrue tomorrow.
Now Sakti is enthroned within me!
Eternally may she endure!
I worship Her; I adore Her;
Tirelessly my lips sing Her praise;

5

'One can erect a fence on land.
Can one erect a fence in space?'
Well, one can!
For is it not space that filleth the earth too?
If the earth is enclosed,
Is not the space within also enclosed?
Control the body, you can control the life-breath;
Control the breath, you can control the mind;
Control the mind, you can control Sakti.
Sakti Infinite does not mind being bound by you.
There lies a cotton pillow before me.
It hath a shape, a size and a certain order.
Sakti is the power behind, maintaining this order.
This pillow can be maintained as long as mankind lasts,

Without destroying this order.
For, if it is often renewed,
Sakti will continue to stand in that form.
Its shape may change if it is renewed.
Dirty, soiled, old pillows --
Take out the cotton from them
And pack them into a new mattress.
Throw away the covers of the pillows as useless rags.
The shape is destroyed.
If you guard the shape, you can guard Sakti.
That is, you can guard Sakti in that form.
Even if the form is changed, Sakti is not changed.
Everywhere, in everything, always, all kinds of activities
Reveal Sakti.
To guard the shape is good for Sakti's sake.
It is good to worship Sakti to maintain and guard form.
But those that worship form alone will miss Sakti.

6

The snake charmer plays on his pipe.
We have heard tell that 'sweet music is melancholy.'
But the charmer's music though sweet
Is free from melancholy.
This is like a learned disputation by a Pandit.
It is like an eloquent orator stringing together
Short and pithy meaningful phrases in his speech.
What is this snake charmer driving at?
  tana tantat tana tantatta-tanat
  tana tantana tana tantana-ta
  tantanatana tantanatána ta
Like this, in many variations
He twirls and curls and unrolls
The syllables as he plays his pipe.
What does it mean?
A child interpreted it this way:
'With floral wreaths I garlanded Kali:
Alas, an ass 'twas came to eat it!'
This body of mine. I cherished for Kali's sake.
Disease the fruit of my sins, sought to consume it.
In Parasakti I sought refuge:
And the disease, it did vanish.
Parasakti enlightened me
And began to shine resplendent in my heart.
Praise be to Her!

7

The snake-charmer plays on his pipe;
Does the music come from the pipe
Or from the stop in the pipe?
Does it come from the breath of the snake-charmer?
It came from his heart.
It expressed itself through the pipe.
The heart doesn't sound of itself;
The reed cannot sing by itself;
The heart, it cannot touch the reed;
The heart joins itself to the breath;
The breath attaches itself to the pipe ;
The reed sings. This is Sakti's lila.
She singeth within the heart.
It is heard through the stop in the pipe.
Sakti is that which makes incongruous things agree
And produces harmony therefrom.
The gypsy children cry aloud for alms;
Who is it that set the tune
For the musical cry of the gypsy children
And the snake charmer's pipe?
Sakti.

In the street, the filigree man goes along
Offering to buy old 'jari' from housewives.
In the same tune!
Ah! Now I know what it signifies!
In the life-breath of the snake-charmer,
The gypsy children and the filigree man
The same Sakti is at play!
The instruments are many; the player is only one.
Appearances are many; Sakti is one.
Praise be to Sakti.

8

We sing the glory of Parasakti.
How did she become manifest!
We just do not know that.
She is our great Mother, autogenetic,
Born out of 'the Self' of the Supreme Being.
Whence did she appear?
We know not how she appeared
From the Supreme Being called 'Self'

Creation is not visible to our eyes;
Nor to our intellect.
Death is visible to our eyes; not to our intellect.
Life is visible to our eyes; also to our intellect.
Human life is meant to adore Sakti;
Its aim is to attain happiness.
Let our mind and intellect be clear and lucid;
Let our life be warm and full of zest;
Let o body be ıt rest and strong;
To attain the grace of Mahasakti, is true living;
Again we praise Mahasakti who gave us this life!

3. The Wind

A thatched shed over a platform in a house
A Pantal made of coconut fronds!
Seven or eight bamboo poles
Are tied criss-cross with ordinary coir ropes;
Woven palm leaves are spread
Over this structure to make a shade.

From one bamboo, a piece of rope is dangling
Just a span long.
On a certain day, this piece of rope
Was happily swinging to and fro.
It didn't seem to have
The least worry in the world!
On some days,
It would remain sullen and glum, motionless.
Won't even acknowledge if you greet it!
To-day it wasn't like that. It was in a gay mood.
We were good friends, this rope and I.
We used to exchange pleasantries often.

'Can a rope reply if you talk to it?'
Well, try to talk to this one, you will know if it can speak.
But then, you must speak to it when it is in a happy mood.
Otherwise, it would pull a long face
Like sullen women and keep mum.
Whatever it be,
This particular piece of rope can talk like a human.
No doubt about it. Did I say a piece of rope?
Actually there were two of them. One a span long
And the other three-fourths of a span.
They were male and female, husband and wife!

They were ogling at each other with lustful glances,
Merrily joking and teasing each other in a passionate strain.
It was at this juncture I joined their company.
The male was called 'Kantan' and the female' Valliammai.'
(For ropes also can be given names like human beings!)

Kantan nears Valliammai and tries to caress her.
Valliammai withdraws a little.
I went nearer now and greeted my friend.
"Hallo! How are you Kantan!
Have I perhaps come at an inopportune time?
Shall I return after some time?"
To which Kantan: "Go to! You holy panjandrum
Why should I be shy before you?
Hey Valli dear! Are you angry that this Iyer saw our dalliance?"

"Oh, don't ask me anything" said Valliammai in embarrassment.
At which Kantan laughed boisterously, clapping hands,
And even in my presence jumped at Valliammai and embraced it.

Valliammai began to scream in protest:
But inwardly she was very happy!
Aren't we glad to see others witnessing our joy?
I too was happy to see this love-play.
Isn't truly youthful dalliance a great delight for the eyes?
As Valliyammai continued to squeal in protest,
Kantan left her in peace.
But after a few minutes again it neared Valli and dallied with her.
Again noisy protests from Valli, again Kantan moved away.
This embracing and parting went on by turns for a while.
'What is this 'Kantan, you are ignoring a visitor like this?
Not a word for me? Shall I come later!"
'Oh you holy old conformist!
Aren't you being entertained by our play?
I have a few affairs to settle with this woman.
I want to talk to you about a few things after being done with her.
Don't go away; stay around'.

I went on watching their dalliance.
Soon, the female forgot her natural shyness in my presence
In her joyous delirium,
And ceased to be bashful.
They began to sing!
Fine lilting tunes, short pieces;
A change of tune for every line!
Two 'arpeggios,' then another song;
When Kantan stopped, Valli began and then again Kantan;

Like this they were jubilantly trolling their catches
In a singing spree! Music galore!
A while they would part but keep singing,
When Valliammai would be half the wooer
And caress Kantan of her own accord.
When he responded with an embrace she would retreat.
Great delight! After a long session like this,
Valliammai's glee touched its peak.
The two of them didn't notice me
When I went into the next house for a drink of water.
When I returned to the scene Valliammai was fast asleep.
Kantan was awaiting my arrival.
When he saw me again Kantan queried:
'Where have you been, you old puritan
Without even telling me!'
"My lady seems to be fast sleep" said I.

Ah! How can I describe the might and glory
Of the Wind God, at that moment
As He appeared in all his splendour
Bursting out of this piece of rope before me!
The Wind God appeared!
I thought his frame would be huge and broad and ponderous.
It was lean, dazzling like a diamond needle
Resplendent with light!

Namaste Vayo Twameva Prathyaksham Brahmasi!
Oh Wind! Praise be to Thee!
Thou art the visible Brahman.

When He made His appearance,
The entire heaven was filled with His blazing life-force.
A Thousand times I did obeisance to Him
And bowed to Him.

The Wind God began to speak:
"What didst thou ask, my son?
Do you want to know if that little rope is asleep?
No. It's dead:
I am the *life* force.
The body that is associated with me will have life.
Whatever is not related to me will become lifeless.
I am Life.
It is because of me,
That the little rope was vivified.
It was joyous because of Me alone.
When it was a little tired,

I allowed it to sleep, to die.
To sleep is to die;
Death is also a sleep.
Where I am present, there is nor sleep nor death.
I will return at eve and blow (on the rope)
It will revive.
I wake things up; I make them move;
I am the Son of Sakti.
Worship me and prosper," He said.
Namaste Vayo Twameva Prathyaksham Brahmasi!
Twameva Prathyaksham Brahma Vadhishyami!

2

Mid sea, A lone bark.
A fierce tempest as if the entire heavens were angry.
The roaring billows rise and fall in a riot.
They dash against each other and burst in orgy.
The ship is tossing about.
At lightning speed it is raised aloft and dashed against the rocks.
Annihilation! Two hundred lives are lost.
Before their death the poor souls must have had an idea
Of the annihilation's waste at the end of the Yuga.
The end of the worlds will also be like this.
The universe will be just a sheet of running water then.
Fire will turn into water.
And Sakti into wind.
Siva will be in a frenzy.
Then will it appear that this universe is one!
And that it is Sakti, will become apparent,
And behind Sakti will be Siva.
The Wind it is who shakes the ropes of the pandal.
It is He who pours life into them.
It is Wind that displays the tempest at sea,
Electrically charges the skies,
Turns water into fire and fire into water,
Changes water into vapour and vapour into water
With His tremendous power.
It is the wind that ends the age.
It is the wind that guards.
May He protect us.
Namaste Vayo Twameva Prathyaksham Brahmasi!

3

The ear is the abode of the air.
In Siva's ear, abideth air.
Without air, Siva cannot hear.
But, Air hath no ears. He is deaf.
For will any one with ears make such a racket?
Will such a one make the clouds dash against each other
Causing thunder to reverberate and enjoy the fun of it?
Or take delight in stirring up the seas?
We worship the wind, His sound, His prowess.

4

Desert, Sand, Sand, Sand everywhere.
For many 'yojnas' in all four directions,
The same level sands.
It is evening.
Across the desert, riding on camels,
A merchant caravan is wending its way.
The wind God appeared like a wrathful fighter.
The sands of the desert are whirling about in mid air.
Just one moment's torture by the God of Death:
The entire caravan is destroyed in the sands.
The Wind God is ferocious.
He is Rudra
His sound is frightening.
His actions are terrible.
We hail the wind.

5

Bhima and Hanuman the Puranas say,
Are the sons of Vayu.
All that is living
Are the children of the wind,
According to the Vedas.
Air is Life. Life is being; air is its action.
Earth Mother is quick with Life.
Her breath is the air on earth.
Air alone is life. He is the slayer of lives.
Air alone is life. Hence lives don't die.
For the little life merges with the great life.
There is no death.
The entire universe is the abode of life.
Appearance, growth, change, disappearance --
All are the work of life. Hail we life!

6

Welcome, oh wind! Carrying the pollen of flowers,
Come thou laden with sweet odours that charm the mind.
Grazing against the leaves and the waves,
Fetch for us much life-juice.
Welcome, oh wind! Blow thou well on us,
That thy life-heat may bestow on us
Beneficient light steadfastly for ever,
Lest by blowing weakly, it gets extinguished.
Nor do thou blow demon-like
And put it out in one blast.
Gently, rhythmically, blow thou
Steadily for a long long time.
We will sing thee songs of praise:
We will rejoice in thee:
We will worship thee.

7

Look at the tiny ant!
How small it is!
But within its tiny body,
It has all limbs in proportion,
Legs, mouth, stomach, all in order.
Who endowed it so? Mahasakti.
All of them function quite properly.
The ant eats, sleeps, mates, breeds,
Runs, seeks here and there for food
Makes war, governs its realm.
For all these, the wind is the basis.
Mahasakti plays her divine play of life through wind only.
We sing the praise of the Wind.
It stands as resolution in intellect.
It is responsible for the likes and dislikes of our heart.
It stands within life as the life-breath on its own.
Outside, we know,
We know not, its actions.
May the God of Wind be praised!

8

Rainy season. Evening. The Cool wind blows.
The sick man covers himself:
It's in vain.
One can't live happily
In the world, afraid of the Wind.
If life is air, can we live ever in fear of it?
May it blow on us then!
May it guard us against disease!
Mountain air is good.
Sea breeze is medicinal.
Air from above is great.
It is men who make the air in towns an enemy.
For they know not how to venerate the Wind god properly.
So, the Wind god becomes angry and destroys them.
Let us worship the Wind God.
No mud or slush shall be in His path.
Nothing malodorous on His way.
Putrid things shall not be on His path,
Nor dust be allowed to settle.
No kind of dirt or impure things should be there.
The wind cometh.
We shall keep His path well swept;
Sprinkle water over it.
In His track we shall maintain groves and flower gardens.
We shall light fragrant things
Like camphor or incense where He comes.
May His advent be like a sweet balm unto us.
May He come as our life-breath.
Sweet as ambrosia may His coming be.
We worship the wind.
He is the son of Sakti,
Crown Prince of the Empress.
We greet him well.
Praise be unto Him!

9

Come thou wind!
May Thy coming be gentle!
Please don't bang the window panes and break them to pieces.
Do not scatter the papers by your force.
Do not throw down the volumes from the shelf.
Look! You have done that very thing!
The volume has fallen down and the leaves are torn.

Again you have brought the rains down.
Oh, you are an expert in taking delight
In troubling the weak and the powerless.
Dilapidated house, rusty doors,
Crumbling roof, decayed wood,
Emaciated body, effete life, feeble mind,
These the Wind God, will smash to pieces.
Nor would He stop at our entreaties.
Hence oh men, come, let us build our houses strong and durable;
Let us make our doors stout and well-joined;
Let us train our bodies to be sturdy and robust;
Let us make our hearts resolute and firm;
Let us make our life vigorous and powerful;
If thus we do, the wind will become our comrade.
The wind will extinguish the weak fire;
Strong and raging fire, he will foster and raise.
His friendship is great. Him we praise daily.

10

It rains. The village entire has become damp.
The Tamils always stand in damp places like buffaloes.
They sit on the wet ground.
Walk in the slush, sleep on the damp floor;
In the midst of the slush and the wet, they cook, they eat.
A dry Tamilian is rare to find.
The cold wind is blowing continuously.
Many of the Tamils are afflicted with cold and fever.
Daily many pass away.
Those who are left behind, the fools,
Say 'Ah, it is their fate.'
Yes sirrah, it is fatality.
It is the law of God,
That the witless and the stupid shall not be happy.
It is the law, where there are no true sastras,
Diseases will spread.
There are no true sastras in Tamil land.
Without nurturing or cherishing the true sastras,
Forgetting the extant ones,
The Brahmins of Tamilnad make their living
By peddling superstitions and false myths among fools.
Dost thou think cold wind is poison?
Fool, it is nectar divine:
If you live in damp free houses and well-clad,
You will find the wind is good for you.
Wind is good; we worship it.

11

It is Sakti we hail as wind--
Sakti that kicks and throws,
Sakti that smashes and buffets,
Sakti that dashes and bangs,
Sakti that rolls and revolves,
Sakti that blows.
In the many forms of Sakti the wind is one.
All deities are the aspects of Sakti.
Sakti's aspects are hailed as Gods.
The wind is the Son of Sakti.
Him we worship.

12

The crow is flying.
It is swimming on the waves of the air.
What is the banking proposition for the crow to fly
As if it is swimming on the waves? The wind.
Nay, the wind isn't that.
It is the abode of air.
It is Vayu land.
Invisible to us, elemental particles infinitesimal,
Bombard us as the wind blows.
It is common to speak of these particles as air.
They are not air.
They are the chariots of air!
If you heat ice it becomes water.
If water is heated it changes into vapour.
If you heat gold it becomes liquid.
Heat the liquid gold further, it becomes gaseous gold.
Thus all the material things of the world,
Can be brought to the gaseous state.
This gas is a physical state.
The power that carries these particles
We hail as the wind God.
The path of the crow's flight is not air.
It is He that directs the crow along the path.
We worship Him.
We take refuge at the feet of the Life Force.

13

Does life subsist in the waving leaf?
Yes!
The roaring sea water,
Does it move because of life. Yes!
The stone dropped from the roof drops to the ground.
What causes its movement?
Because it has life.
In what state is the flowing runnel?
In the living state.
The quiet silent wind hath begun to blow!
What has happened to it?
Life has happened to it.

The bullock draws the cart.
Therein the life-force of the bullock
Is communicated to the cart too.
As the cart moves, it does so like a living thing.
The fan has life.
The steam-engine has life, large life.
All engines have life.
The globe of earth is revolving fast and ceaselessly.
Mother Earth hath inexhaustible Life.
Hence, everything that is on her divine body is full of life.
The entire universe is revolving.
The moon is rotating.
The sun is in motion
Billions and billions of *yojnas* away,
And beyond and still beyond in the Empyrean,
The heavenly lights and stars scattered in space,
Are ever in motion.
Hence, this universe is full of life.
We call the life of this Universe, Air.
And this Air we shall ever hail.

14

The praise of Air is beyond our tongue.
His glory is endless.
The seers adore Him with the phrase
'*Prathyaksham Brahma*' --
The living visible Brahmam.
We worship *prana vayu*. May he guard us
We worship *apanan*. May he protect us.
We worship *vyanan*. May he guard us.

We worship *utanan*. May he protect us.
We worship *samanan*. May he guard us.
All the activities of air we adore.
We worship Life Force.
May Life endure forever.

15

Oh Life! Who knows thy greatness?
Thou art the Living God.
All order is by Thee ordained.
All order is destroyed by Thee.
Oh Life, Thou art Air,
Thou art Fire, Thou art Earth,
Thou art Water, Thou art Space.
Thou art the Law of appearance of all that appears.
Thou art behind the Law of mutation for all that changes--
Flying insect, ferocious tiger, crawling worm,
All the countless lives on this earth,
The innumerable populations of living things in the numberless universes --
All these are only thy expression.
Consider we the living beings teeming the earth, air and water.
In one square foot of air, millions of minuscule creatures
Are living invisible to the naked eye.
A giant creature -- inside its huge body
There are many small creatures.
Inside these smaller creatures,
Still smaller living things; within these, still smaller --
Like unto this the entire universe
Is interfused with systems of life,
One within the other.
If there is a great thing, there is a greater than that --
A still greater and another yet greater still --
Atom -- a smaller atom than that --
Still smaller;
Yet smaller than that!
Either way, it is endless.
On both sides it is an infinite series.
Bards! On waking up in the morn,
Let us hail all life!
"*Namaste Vayo, Twameva Prathyaksham Brahmasi.*"

4. The Sea

The sea propagates the wind.
How is it that the sea water collected in the cavities on the earth.
Does not capsize in space
As the earth revolves fast on its axis?
By Parasakti's fiat.
She protects us so that the waters of the sea.
Do not fall on our heads and wash us away.
Praise be unto her holy name!
The sea is a big lake, a vast pond, a great well.
Does the well-water fall on our heads as the earth rotates?
So too, the sea does not..
It is as Parasakti has ordained.

She has established gravity on earth.
And it maintains things and objects in their places.
The hill does not roll on our heads.
The sea does not overturn on our heads.
Villages are not disjointed or thrown into disarray.
The world wags on in its manifold ways.
All this is Her Grace Divine.
We hail Her Divine Grace.

2

From the hot torrid zones to the less hot regions,
The wind rushes.
As it comes it drives before it
The clouds also (like flocks to feed on air).
Thus the rains that we get
Comes to us from the littoral regions.
Oh Wind! From the sea of life
Fetch for us plenty of life-giving rain.
For thee we shall offer incense
And light lamps of welcome.
Varuna, Indra, May you flourish!
Bless us now with goodly rains.

Our fields have all become parched
Owing to excess of heat.
Our young ones, our children, calves and cattle
Are afflicted by disease.
In Grace, do thou change this.
The heat waves are intolerable in the day.
The mind is restless because of this extreme heat.

The birds have become exhausted in the heat,
And weary and drooping they have taken shelter
In their nests in the tree-hollows.
For the sun's heat is unbearable.

These many days past,
The clouds gather in the evening sky.
The air has become still, not a leaf stirring,
Because of the congregation of the clouds in the sky,
And the sultriness is intolerable.
After a while, big gusts of wind appear
And scatter the clouds before them.
We are disappointed thus, for many days past.
Indra, Varuna, Aryama, Bhaga, Mithra, --
Your grace I sing in song.
That all our longings be slaked in full
And the world prosper and flourish,
We pray to you for sweet showers.

5. Vignettes of the World

A Playlet

Scene One

Place: A temple of Kali at the foot of a hill. Time: Noon.

The King of the Crows: (Perched atop the island mandapam in the middle of the tank, opposite the temple and looking at the Sun, says)

"Yenkoval !*
Blue mountains are very beautiful.
The sky is beautiful. Space is delightful.
Sweeter than all this,
Is thy Light embracing Space.
Sweet-voiced singers, melodious birds of the air,
Give utterance to their joy in a myriad ways;
Some chant "enke, enko"
Some trill 'Kilukilu Kilukilu'
Some others carol, 'Kikke Kikke',
Some chant kekka kekka, ketka ketka",
Others warble 'cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo cuckoovey!'
Some others chirrup 'keech keech keech keech kisu kisu kisu-keech!'
And some yodel 'ranga ranga' --
Thus the cuckoo and the parrot
And others songsters of the feathered race
Display their musical voice.
Still midst all this joy of life.
Within the heart of the living things,
There is no happiness
What is this cry?
The crow: "Caw caw! *yenko* val!".
The other birds also cry now:
"Yes. Oh Yes! Sirrah! You said it!
Yenko val! *yenko* val!
Well said, King Crow! Mind alone is our enemy,
We have no other enemies.
Our own mind is our internal foe
And cuts at our roots
Like a treacherous friend.
The mind is our foe.
We shall peck at it;
Come on, we shall tear it to pieces.
We shall hunt it down."

Scene Two

Heaven : The Court of Indra.
Devendra is on his throne holding court.

Deva-Servitor : Lord of Lords!

Indra : Speak.

Deva-Servitor : Sage Narada is outside waiting for your pleasure. He desires to have audience with you.

Indra : Welcome!
(Narada enters singing)
Narayana, Narayana, Narayana,
Hari! Hari! Narayana, Narayana!

Indra : Oh Narada! Where is Narayana?

Narada : Haven't you seen Him?

Indra : No. I haven't.

Narada : He is everwhere.

Indra : Is He in Hell?

Narada : Yes, He is!

Indra : Is He in Pain?

Narada : Yes, He is!

Indra : Is He in Death?

Narada : Yes, He is!

Indra : What is the conclusion of your Sarva Narayana Siddhanta?

Narada : All things, all worlds, all states of existence, all qualities, all powers, all forms, Are equal to one another.

Indra : Does it mean that you and an ass are equal?

Narada : Yes, it does!

Indra : Are nectar and poison equal?

Narada : Yes, they are!

Indra : Are the Sadhu and the rogue equal?

Narada : Yes, they are!

Indra : Are the Asuras and the Devas equal?

Narada : Yes, they are!

Indra : Can nescience be equal to gnosis?

Narada : Yes, it can!

Indra : Are joy and sorrow equal?

Narada : Yes they are!

Indra : How is that?

Narada : Everything in the Universe is Vishnu-immanent.

/sings/

Narayana, Narayana, Narayana, Narayana.

Scene Three

Place: Earth. At the foot of a hill.
A grove in front of a Kali Temple.

A Parrot is singing:

Dhairya, dhairya!
Slaying the foe of mind
Conquer thou thy tamas:
Rooting out worry and fret
Charge thy arms with zest.
With cheer in your heart
Clear it free of doubt
And crown it with joy!
Dhairya, hookum, hookum!
Hookum, hookum!
Hookum, hookum!
Yes, my comrade!
Oh Yes.
Yenkova! Yenkova!
Dhairya, dhairya, dhairya!

Cuckoos : Sabash! Sabash! Sabash!
Sparrows : Tirrrrrrrr' Tirrrr'.
Starling : Jeeva, jeeva, jeeva, jeeva, jeeva jeeva.
Sparrows : Siva, Siva, Siva, Siva,
Siva, Siva, Siva, Siva,!

Crow : Yenko val! yenko val!
Parrot : Hear Ye, comrades! There is no greater sin
Than suicide in this world.
There is no greater folly
Than torturing oneself in the mind.
Crow : akka! akka! kavu! kavu!
Sparrow : kottadah! kottadah! kottadah!
Parrot : Hookuckoo
There is no greater pleasure than love!
Squirrel : Hookum, hookum, hookum, hookum!
Cow : There is naught more beautiful
That the sun's warmth!
Squirrel : Oh cow! of all the things
That my eyes perceive in this beauteous sunlight,
There is nothing more beautiful
Than your wonderful eyes!

Starling : Dubuk! No other activity is more delectable
Than the business of singing!

Buffalo : Why is it that the animal race and mankind
Do not have the joy of the avian creatures,
Their zest for life, their carefree flight,
Their merriment, and their melodious voice?

Starling : Dubuk! The contact with the sun, air, light
We have in greater measure than men and beasts.
Our bodies are frail and small
Therefore we eat less
And that too we consume very slowly
Little by little, for a longer time.
Hence we have more pleasure of the palate.
Again, we have more pleasure in love
Than is found among the brutes and humans.
So we spend our time in greater joy,
With song, merry-making, pranks and caressings.
Still, as the parrot king observed,
The herald of the God of Death,
The devil of discontent,
Ultimately destroys our race too.
We must seek a remedy for this.
Let us kill worry and fret, come along!
We shall peck at discontent.
We shall destroy it.

Other birds : Come, come all, come
Let us root out sorrow.
Let us jeer at worry and fret;
Let us be joyous, cheerful and happy!

Scene Four

Place : Sea-shore;
Time : Midnight; Full moon.
Two adders slither out of the murky dark from under a bridge and reach the white sand brightened by the moonlight.

Male adder : I have no joy in living with you.
Because of you my life has become poisoned.
Only because of you my mind is suffering
Like a worm on fire.

Female adder : I take no joy in living with you.
Because of you my life has become
A veritable hell.
Because of you my mind is suffering
Like a worm on hot coals.

Male : I hate you.
Female : I loathe you.
Male : I am going to kill you.
Female : I am going to kill you.

(Both the snakes bite each other and die together)

Scene Five

Place : Sea-shore
Devadatta, a young man : Moonlight is good, the blue sky is good.
Sweet are the beauty and sound
Of the crystal billowy sea.
The world is good.
God is a Being of Light.
Intelligence is God,
Its final state is Release.
I'm liberated.
I have conquered the *acuras.*
I'm myself God.
God is myself alone.
Through Love I attained this God-State.

6. DELIVERANCE

(A Play)

Act 1. Scene 1.

Place : Heaven
Time : The end of the Kali Yuga.
Dramatis Personae : Indra, Vayu, Agni, Light (Surya), Soma (Moon), The Twins (Aswini Devas), The Maruts, The Vasus, Twashta, Visve Devas and others.

Indra : Comrades, I greet you well!
The Rest : We greet you well, comrade!
Indra : Brahmadeva hath given us a charge.
The Rest : Like what?
Indra : That the fetters that shackle men of the earth Must shattered be.
Agni : Hail our Father! Hail mankind!
Others Hail our Father! Hail the Peerless Primal One! Hail Truth! Prosper the World! Perish Evil! Flourish Virtue!
Light : The Being that is Truth, Intelligence and Bliss,
The Supreme Ens that is manifest
In appearances many and actions various,
And in diverse ways doth fulfil Himself!
The Father of all Life and the Mother thereof,
The Lord of all Life and the Guide thereof,
The Life of all Life and the consciousness thereof,
Him shall we perceive and realize inly.
And in righteousness His work we'll do.
Indra : Well, my friends! Let's drink nectar now.
The Rest : Nectar is great! Aye, Let's drink!
[All of them imbibe nectar]
Indra : Ever potent.
Vayu : Ever fresh.
Agni : Endless zest.
The Twins : Bliss eternal
The Maruts : Youth everlasting
Light : Ever pellucid.
Agni : The Soma juice that earth-men distil
And this our nectar taste alike!

Indra : Oh ye men of the earth!
You pray for pleasure
But forget your desires.
Do many deeds but languish in action!
Would like to devour the seven worlds,
In thought merely but forget it again;
Ever attached as comrades, feed us
Ambrosial words with soma juice!
Didst thee the demons ail and torment?
Hey, thou wicked miching mallecho!
Thou Fiend Vridra! Snarer Vile
That obscurest the goodly light;
Vermin Namuci! Hey, thou Valan!
Thou devitalizing dolour embodied!
Unholy Terror and Murk incarnate! Slaves!.
Thou Demon terrible with diverse names,
Serpent base with changing shapes,
Armipotent Chaos that confounds man!
Sirrah! Fallen thou art! and all thy tribe!
Demons! If you quit for good the temple
Of human Intelligence, then will emerge
The Golden Age on earth! All that we deigned
To give mortals from ancient days
To make them prosper, was foiled by the base
Vridra, dark-hued like the rain cloud.
On earth was heard the devil's gospel;
"Weak are the devas; puissant the demons;
Powerless is Dharma; Evil is supreme;
Truth is but a garbage heap; while
Untruth endures hardy as a hill!
Joy's defeat is Sorrow's triumph."
Amazed were the mortals and fled the land
The scriptures primary of Sage Viswamitra,
Vasishta, Kashyap and their mantric lore;
False texts bred apace on earth;
Fables flourished and mere fancies;
Lost were the Vedas; and Wisdom's Light
The smoky murk of nescience enwrapped;
As Tapas languished, intrigues grew.

Ever and anon men yearned for joy,
And finding none did weaken and perish;
Longing for Ganges, they met with mirage;
Desiring nectar, they took instead poison;
Ho! Ho! Perhaps these deceitful demons
Are indeed very puissant?
Godspeed then to what is ordained.
May Man raise himself by will-power.

Light : If we but can make a single man
Steadfast stand in Life Everlasting,
Ridding him of all the littleness within,
The race of man entire will saved be.
For mankind is one; in mind, in life,
And in action, it is one and only one!

Fire : In Bharath land, in Pandya country,
Lives a young man Vasupathi called,
Born in the fallen Brahmin caste
That no more kept its obligations,
Weak in arm he grew, steeped in sorrow,
And daily warred with the dogs of want;
Helpless he stood, nor knew aught to do,
Nor had the will to turn to God.
In the snare of Doubt fallen he hath;
Him shall we choose
And the world he will save!

Wind : I grant him Life abounding!
May he conquer through life!

Indra : Power of Intellect I grant him!
May Vasupathi prevail and prosper!

Surya : In his Reason I've posited Light!
May he prosper and prevail!

Devas : Chant we the mantras!
Truth alone is God! True release
Is freedom from worry!
Happiness is nectar!
Beneficial fruitful action is Dharma!
Fear indeed is inferno!
Burning fear away, and trusting good,
Good thou shalt do for aye and ever!
Rise, Oh son! Vasupathi! Cleared of doubt,
Through askesis shalt thou save this world.

Scene 2

In Pandya Country: Vedapuram seashore; Vasupathi is all alone gazing at the moon. Vasupathi sings:

The Song of the Moon

1. Come thou moonlight, treasure of the world,
   Fruitful sea in an island white!
   Thou ichor bright of the skiey maid,
   Come thou moonlight, come!

2. Charging earth with heaven's nectar.
   And mine eyes with pleasure sweet,
   Within my being as essence of joy,
   Come thou moonlight, come!

3. Turn to the sky, if joy you want!
   The light of Heaven, see on earth!
   Sorrow indeed is childish folly!
   Come thou moonlight! come!

4. Like a weapon slaying the Demon Fear
   Like Joy issuing from the honey of wisdom,
   Come, thou moonlight, come!

- K.G.S.

Father, Son and God

"What if I kill you" growled Hiranyan.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the boy.
"I will lash you to a stone and cast you into roaring sea" said he
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the boy.
"I will throw you to the man-eater" said the evil one.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the boy.
"I will burn you to ashes white" said he.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the boy.
"I will fling you down the lofty peak" said he.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the boy.
"I will so hurl you that lightnings and thunderbolts by the
million shall pierce your bosom" said he.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the hero.
"I will crush you and feed your body to the dogs" said the sire.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the son.
"I will disembowel you and pack it with venom" said the cruel one.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the son.
"We know that all space is filled with beings.
None has seen Vishnu in any of them; how can I?" queried the merciless one.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the boy.
"I will thrust you into the jaws of a whale that is in the midst
of the cold sea" said he.
"Namo Narayana! Om Namo Narayanaya!" said the good one.
"I will break your hip and eat you up" said the father.
"Om Namo Narayanaya" said the tender one.

A sound broke out from the pillar.

Prahlada: "Listen!"
Vishnu : "Are you searching for me, my son, are you?"
Hiranya: "Yes"
Vishnu :Will you surrender, my son? Will you surrender?
Will you practise love my son, Will you practise love?"
Hiranyan : "I will not".
The Pillar sings : I will mash your body and feed it to ghouls!
I will pluck your entrails and fix my nails into them!
And I will grant you Deliverance!"
Hiranyan :"Go away! The pillar . . . . . "

Note: This short skit in Bharati's hand, is incomplete. This does not form part of 'PERCEPTIONS.'

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41. தொன்று நிகழ்ந்த தனைத்து முணர்ந்திடு
42. தாதையர் குருதியிற் சாய்ந்துதாம் மடியினும்
43. சிறந்து நின்ற சிந்தை யோடு
44. தண்ணீர்விட் டோவளர்த்தோம்? சர்வேசா, இப்பயிரைக்
45. நாம கட்குப் பெருந்தொண் டியற்றிப்பன்
46. களக்கமுறு மார்விநடம்
47. வாராய் கவிதையாம் மணிப்பெயர்க் காதலி!
48. ஆயிரத் தெழுநூற் றைம்பத் தாறு
49. இடியேறு சார்பிலுற உடல்வெந்தோன்
50. நளிர்மணி நீரும், நயம்படு கனிகளும்
51. நெஞ்சு பொறுக்குதில்லையே இந்த
52. ஒருநொடிப் பொழுதி லோர்பத்
53. அன்னாயிங் குனைக்கூறப் பிழையில்லை
54. மிகப்பொன் னுடையோன், மிகஅதைச் சிதறுவோன்
55. வெள்ளைத் திரையாய், வெருவுதரு தோற்றத்தாய்
56. பேயவள் காணெங்க ளன்னை-பெரும்
57. விந்தைத் திலகரர விந்தரொடு பாலர்பதி
58. இதந்தரு மனையி னீங்கி
59. தாயின் மணிக்கொடி பாரீர்-அதைத்
60. நாமென்ன செய்வோம், துணைவரே-இந்த
61. அந்நியர்தமக் கடிமை யல்லவே - நான்
62. ஆடுவோமே-பள்ளுப்-பாடுவோமே
63. எண்ணிய முடிதல் வேண்டும்
64. சந்திரி கையில் அவளைக் கண்டேன்
65. மோகத்தைக் கொன்றுவிடு-அல்லாலென்றன்
66. பொழுது புலர்ந்தது, யாஞ்செய்த தவத்தால்
67. எல்லா மாகிக் கலந்துநி றைந்தபின்
68. அறிவிலே தெளிவு, நெஞ்சிலே யுறுதி
69. தினையின் மீது பனைநின் றாங்கு
70. வாழ்வு முற்றுங் கனவெனக் கூறிய
71. ஓமெனப் பெரியோர்கள் - என்றும்
72. வான மெங்கும் பரிதியின் சோதி
73. பச்சை முந்திரித் தேம்பழங் கொன்று
74. உண்ண வுண்ணத் தெவிட்டாதே - அம்மை

75. விண்ணும் மண்ணுந்தனி யாளும் - அடி
76. ஆத்தி சூடி யிளம்பிறை யணிந்து
77. எங்கிருந்து வருகுவதோ - ஒலி
78. என்று மிருக்க வுளங்கொண்டாய்
79. எடுத்த காரியம் யாவினும் வெற்றி
80. அச்சமில்லை யச்சமில்லை
81. எண்ணி லாத பொருட்குவை தானும்
82. செத்த பிறகு சிவலோகம் வைகுந்தம்
83. சுருதி யின்கண் முனிவரும் பின்னே
84. எல்லையில் லாததோர் வானக் கடலிடை
85. ஆயிரந் தெய்வங்க ளுண்டென்று தேடி
86. கரணமுந் தனுவு நினக்கெனத் தந்தேன்
87. காலமாம் வனத்திலண்டக் கோலமா மரத்தின்மீது
88. விண்டு ரைக்க, அறிய, அரியதாய்
89. வெள்ளைத் தாமரைப் பூவி லிருப்பாள்
90. உள்ளும் புறமுமா
91. காலை யிளம்பரிதி வீசுங் கதிர்களிலே
92. ஓடி விளையாடு பாப்பா-நீ
93. திருவளர் வாழ்க்கை, கீர்த்தி, தீர, நல் லறிவு, வீரம்
94. காற்ற டிக்குது கடல்குமுறுது
95. வயலிடை யினிலே - செழுநீர்
96. திக்குக்க ளெட்டுஞ் சிதறி - தக்கத்
97. பொன்னவிர் மேனிச் சுபத்திரை மாதைப்
98. உண்ண உண்ணத் தெவிட்டாத - அம்மை
99. பூமிக் கெனையனுப்பினான் - அந்தப்
100. கூவிமிகக் கேட்பார் கொடுத்ததெலாந் தாமறப்பார்
101. பகைமை முற்றி முதிர்ந்திடு மட்டிலும்
102. யானே யாகி என்னலாற் பிறவாய்
103. சாத்திரங் கள்பல தேடினேன் - அங்கு
104. சின்னஞ் சிறுகிளியே - கண்ணம்மா
105. தீராத விளையாட்டுப் பிள்ளை - கண்ணன்
106. தூண்டிற் புழுவினைப்போல் - வெளியே
107. நேர மிகுந்ததின்னும் நித்திரையின்றி - உங்கள்
108. திக்குத் தெரியாத காட்டில் - உனைத்
109. கண்ணன் மனநிலையைத் தங்கமே தங்கம் (அடி தங்கமே தங்கம்)
110. ஆசை முகமறந்து போச்சே - இதை
111. கனிகள் கொண்டுதரும் - கண்ணன்
112. சுட்டும் விழிச்சுடர்தான் - கண்ணம்மா
113. மாலைப் பொழுதிலொரு மேடைமிசையே

114. தில்வித் துருக்கர் செய்த வழக்கமடி-பெண்கள்
115. மன்னர் குலத்தினிடைப் பிறந்தவளை - இவன்
116. தீர்த்தக் கரையினிலே - தெற்குமூலையில்
117. பாயுமொளி நீயெனுக்கு - பார்க்கும்விழி நானுனக்கு
118. தஞ்ச முலகினில் எங்கணு மின்றித்
119. நின்னைச் சரணடைந்தேன் - கண்ணம்மா!
120. ஊருக்கு நல்லது சொல்வேன் - எனக்
121. மாகாளி பராசக்தி உருசியநாட்
122. (சக்தி பெறும்) பாவாணர் சாற்றுபொருள் யாதெனினும்
123. வருவாய் மயில்மீ தினிலே
124. ராஜமஹா ராஜேந்திர ராஜகுல
125. பாரிவாழ்ந் திருந்த சீர்த்திப்
126. செந்தமிழ் நாடெனும் போதினிலே - இன்பத்
127. பாரத தேசமென்று பெயர்சொல்லுவார் - மிடிப்
128. யாமறிந்த மொழிகளிலே தமிழ்மொழிபோல்
129. ஆதிசிவன் பெற்று விட்டான் - என்னை
130. இரும்பைக் காய்ச்சி உருக்கிடு வீரே
131. பல்லாண்டு வாழ்ந்தொளிர்க! கானாடு
132. மண்ணுலகின் மீதினிலே யெக்காலும்
133. காலா, உனைநான் சிறுபுல்லென மதிக்கிறேன் - என்றன்
134. அல்லா, அல்லா, அல்லா!
135. பாரத ஸமுதாயம் வாழ்கவே - வாழ்க, வாழ்க
136. அன்பிற் கினிய இந்தியா! அகில
137. எங்கள்வேள்விக் கூடமீதில்
138. மலரின் மேவு திருவே - உன்மேல்
139. திருவேநினைக் காதல்கொண் டேனே - நினது திரு
140. நித்தமுனை வேண்டிமன நினைப்பதெல்லா நீயாய்ப்
141. காணி நிலம்வேண்டும்- பராசக்தி
142. போற்றி! போற்றியொ ராயிரம் போற்றி! நின்
143. பகைவனுக் கருள்வாய் - நன்னெஞ்சே
144. மாதவன் சக்தியினைச் - செய்ய
145. பெண்மை வாழ்கென்று கூத்திடு வோமடா
146. நல்லதொர் வீணைசெய்தே - அதை
147. தகத்தகத்தகத் தகதகவென் றாடோமோ? - சிவ
148. வேண்டுமடி யெப்போதும் விடுதலை - அம்மா
149. சொல் வேண்டும் தேவசக்திகளை நம்முள்ளே
150. நிலாவையும் வானத்து மீனையுங் காற்றையும்
151. கதைகள் சொல்லிக் கவிதை யெழுதென்பார்
152. மங்கியதோர் நிலவினிலே கனவிலிது கண்டேன்

153. கண்ணில் தெரியும் பொருளினைக் கைகள்
154. பிள்ளைப் பிராயத்திலே - அவள்
155. நிற்பதுவே, நடப்பதுவே, பறப்பதுவே, நீங்களெல்லாம்
156. தேடியுனைச் சரணடைந்தேன்
157. மனதி லுறுதி வேண்டும்
158. பத்தியி னாலே - தெய்வ
159. வீரத் திருவிழிப் பார்வையும் - வெற்றி
160. இன்னுமொரு முறைசொல்வேன், பேதை நெஞ்சே
161. ஓம் சக்திசக்தி சக்தியென்று சொல்லு - கெட்ட
162. சக்தி, சக்தி, சக்தீ சக்தீ சக்தீ சக்தியென்றோது
163. சக்திதனக் கேகருவி யாக்கு - அது
164. வைய முழுதும் படைத்தளிக் கின்ற
165. தன்னை மறந்து ஸகல வுலகினையும்
166. ஆதிப் பரம்பொருளின் ஊக்கம் - அதை
167. இயற்கையென் றுனையுரைப்பார் - சிலர்
168. போற்றி; உலகொரு மூன்றையும் புணர்ப்பாய்
169. பச்சைக் குழந்தை யடி - கண்ணிற்
170. வில்லினை யொத்த புருவம் வளைத்தனை
171. காவென்று கத்திடுங் காக்கை - என்றன்
172. காற்று வெளியிடைக் கண்ணம்மா - நின்றன்
173. உலகத்து நாயகியே - எங்கள் முத்து
174. ஐயமுண்டு, பயமில்லை, மனமே - இந்த
175. ஜய பேரிகை கொட்டடா - கொட்டடா
176. சொல்ல வல்லாயோ? - கிளியே
177. காட்டு வழிதனிலே - அண்ணே
178. கற்பனையூ ரென்ற நகருண்டாம் - அங்கு
179. யாது மாகி நின்றாய் - காளீ
180. நெஞ்சுக்கு நீதியுந் தோளுக்கு வாளும்
181. வெடிபடு மண்டத் திடிபல தாளம் போட - வெறும்
182. ஜய ஸோம, ஜய ஸோம, ஜய ஸோம தேவா
183. கடலின் மீது கதிர்களை வீசிக்
184. திருவைப் பணிந்துநித்தம்
185. கண்ணிரண்டும் இமையாமல் செந்நிறத்து
186. இந்தப் புவிதனில் வாழுமரங்களும்
187. பூட்டைத் திறப்பதுங் கையாலே - நல்ல
188. எங்கள் கண்ணம்மா நகைபுது ரோஜாப்பூ
189. பறைய ருக்கு மிங்கு தியர் புலைய ருக்கும் விடுதலை
190. உனையே மயல் கொண்டேன் - வள்ளீ
191. சாகா வர மருள்வாய், ராமா

192. நின்னை யே ரதி யென்று நினைக்கிறே னடி - செல்லம்மா
193. பூ......உலோ.....ஓ.....க குமாரி
194. வாழ்க திலகன் நாமம் வாழ்க வாழ்கவே
195. எந்த நேரமும் நின்மையல், ஏறுதடீ
196. பீடத்தி லேறிக் கொண்டாள் - மனப்
197. யாது மாகி நின்றாய் - காளீ
198. காலைப் பொழுதினிலே, கண்விழித்து, மேனிலைமேல்
199. பாருக்குள்ளே நல்ல நாடு - எங்கள்
200. உஜ்ஜயினீ! நித்திய கல்யாணி
201. மாதா பராசக்தி வையமெலா நீநிறைந்தாய்
202. எங்ஙனம் சென்றிருந்தீர் - என
203. வேத வானில் விளங்கி "அறஞ்செய்மின்
204. ஈசன்வந்து சிலுவையில் மாண்டான்;
205. அறத்தினால் வீழ்ந்து விட்டாய், அன்னியன் வலிய னாகி
206. எத்தனை கோடி இன்பம் வைத்தாய் - எங்கள்
207. வாழ்க மனைவியாங் கவிதைத் தலைவி
208. கடமை புரிவா ரின்புறுவார் என்னும்
209. மனமெனும் பெண்ணே! வாழீநீ கேளாய்!
210. கண்ணன் திருவடி
211. சக்தி பதமே சரணென்று நாம்புகுந்து
212. விட்டு விடுதலை யாகிநிற்பா யிந்தச்
213. பெண்கள் விடுதலை பெற்ற மகிழ்ச்சிகள்
214. முன்னை யிலங்கை அரக்கர் அழிய
215. வீரர்முப் பத்திரண்டு கோடி விளைவித்த
216. வாழ்கநீ! எம்மான், இந்த
217. விளக்கி லேதிரி நன்கு சமைந்தது
218. வாழ்க நிரந்தரம் வாழ்க தமிழ்மொழி
219. கரும்புத் தோட்டத்திலே - ஆ
220. சித்தாந்தச் சாமி திருக்கோயில் வாயிலில்
221. கண்ணன் பிறந்தான் - எங்கள்
222. வருவாய், வருவாய், வருவாய் - கண்ணா
223. காயிலே புளிப்பதென்னே?
224. ஓம்சக்தி ஓம்சக்தி ஓம் - பராசக்தி
225. சென்றதினி மீளாது மூட ரேநீர்
226. வலிமை யற்ற தோளினாய் போபோபோ
227. தீ வளர்த்திடுவோம் - பெருந்
228. துன்ப மிலாத நிலையே சக்தி
229. இந்த மெய்யும் கரணமும் பொறிவும்
230. காக்கைச் சிறகினிலே நந்தலாலா - நின்றன்

231. மண்வெட்டிக் கூலிதின லாச்சே - எங்கள்
232. பேயா உழலுஞ் சிறுமணமே
233. அக்கினிக் குஞ்சொன்று கண்டேன் - அதை
234. தாருக வனத்தினிலே - சிவன்
235. எனக்குமுன்னே சித்தர்பல ரிருந்தா ரப்பா
236. கனவென்று நனவென்று முண்டோ?
237. உலகைத் துறந்திர் உருவைத் துறந்திர்
238. வையகத்தேசட வஸ்துவில்லை
239. அருளுக்கு நிவேதனமாய் அன்பினுக்கோர்
240. வானிற் பறக்கின்ற புள்ளெலாநான்
241. எனப்பல பேசி யிறைஞ்சிடப் படுவதாய்
242. குடுகுடு குடுகுடு குடுகுடு குடுகுடு
243. விடுதலைக்கு மகளிரெல் லோரும்
244. இனிஒரு தொல்லையும் இல்லை - பிரி
245. வேளாளன் சிறைபுகுந்தான், தமிழகத்தார்
246. தேகி முதம் தேகி ஸ்ரீராதே, ராதே
247. சொன்னசொல் ஏதென்று சொல்வேன் - எனைச்
248. பச்சைத் திருமயில் வீரன்
249. செல்வத்துட் பிறந்தனமா? அது பெறுவா (ன்)
250. காவித் திருவிழி மானார்தம் மையல் கடுவிஷமாம்
251. வண்டுதேன் உண்ண வரிஇதழ் திறவேன்!
252. நீக்கப்பட்டது
253. நீக்கப்பட்டது
254. கண்ணிலான் காலிற்
255. இந்தத் தெய்வம் நமக்கநுகூலம்
256-261. நீக்கப்பட்டது
262. பந்தைத் தெறுமுலைமாப் பான்மொழியி னுங்கரிய
263. ஏது மறந்துவிட லாமோ? - ஒன்றில்
264. நான்முகன் படைத்ததுவாம் - இந்த
265-266. நீக்கப்பட்டது
267. செயிர்த்த சிந்தையர் பணநசை மிகமிக
268. நீக்கப்பட்டது
269. வசன கவிதை

ADDITIONS & CORRECTIONS

Page No.	Stanza (or) Poem No.	Line No.	Printed Version	Corrected Version
21		79	many	may
24	Note	8	contrued	construed
28	24	2	nonest	honest
32	26	Translator	T.N.R.	P.S.S.
38	7	2	sheet	sheer
43	30	4	speaks	specks
48	7	1	your	you
57	5	2	well	weal
61		34	day	say
62		71	go	to
69		215	aned	and
97	38	8	even	ever
98	42	5	was intellect	was his intellect
99	43	3	has	hast
105	25	4	on	of
106	32	7	These	There
108	42	2	kshtriya	kshatriya
109	44	7	blow	blew
110	50	8	ablution	ablutions
122	113	8	omit the sentence	Add: Passing strange! Sir, is it hard to prevent this?
124	121	4	That	Then
127	135	2	not	nor
135	167	1	replies	replied
142	209	4	through	though

154	Marginal note		Charioter	Charioteer
	249	97	to he	to the
	Marginal note		to knew	to know
157	262	7	is	if
161	Marginal note		Bhisma	Bhishma
162	275	2	Panchalas?	Panchala?
163	282	2	sorth	forth
164	286	6	Dharma	drama
	289	after 4	Add: We are by sin besieged' you say.	
166	299	1	or	of
167	301	7	un	an
170	4	8	ive	live
181	5	4	amsels	damsels
192	2	6	never	ever
253	5	6	new	each new
270	5	The first line is the heading for the Stanza.		
274	3	1	Not	Nor
281	2	1	sorrows	of sorrows
295	28	16	make	Thou make
298	Note	5	is	in
314	133	Translator	T.N.R.	P.N.
315	Note	3	Muslim	Muslim gathering
336	1	5	flame	frame
336	2	5	Delete the sentence	Add: "Does it, in grace, rain from the sky -- thirst conscious? Does rain know of thirst's misery?" I asked.
350	8	4	Delete the word as	
351	15	2	ye	aye
361	2	2	Deleted the word you	
367	Note		Mola	Mula

383	2	4	They	The
386	7	1	rutual	ritual
387	Note	1	from	form
392	3	6	Delete the word the	
393	6	8	hight	high
394	206	Translator T.N.R.		
397	209	Translator	P.	P.N.
403	1	Add: Sub-title of the Poem: **Invocation**		
	1	1	Delete the word invocation	
405	10	3	fiery-eyes	fiery-eyed
407	2	4	lazly	lazily
408	6	2	Tami-land	Tamil-land
409	5	2	rambling	rumbling
410	2	2	of	oh
422	2	4	from	form
424	1	1	Siddha	Siddhas
426	9	5	it	in
429	21	8	is	in
431	33	2	eyes	aye
	34	2	and	am
432	38	8	Freedom	Freed
434	45	8	not	no.
451	1	4	inthrall	in thrall
459	8	4	her	here
461	4	3	breast	breasts
